SCIENCE
Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 19, 1972 50¢

Mankind Enters Phase Four– The Civilized Identity Society

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Mao's Almanac: 3,000 Years Of Killer Earthquakes

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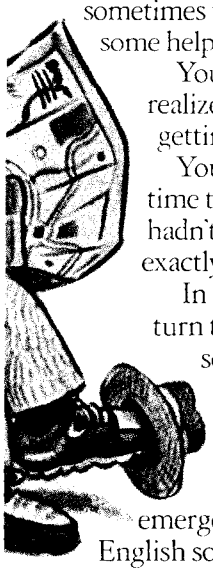

You run a little short of cash. Or you
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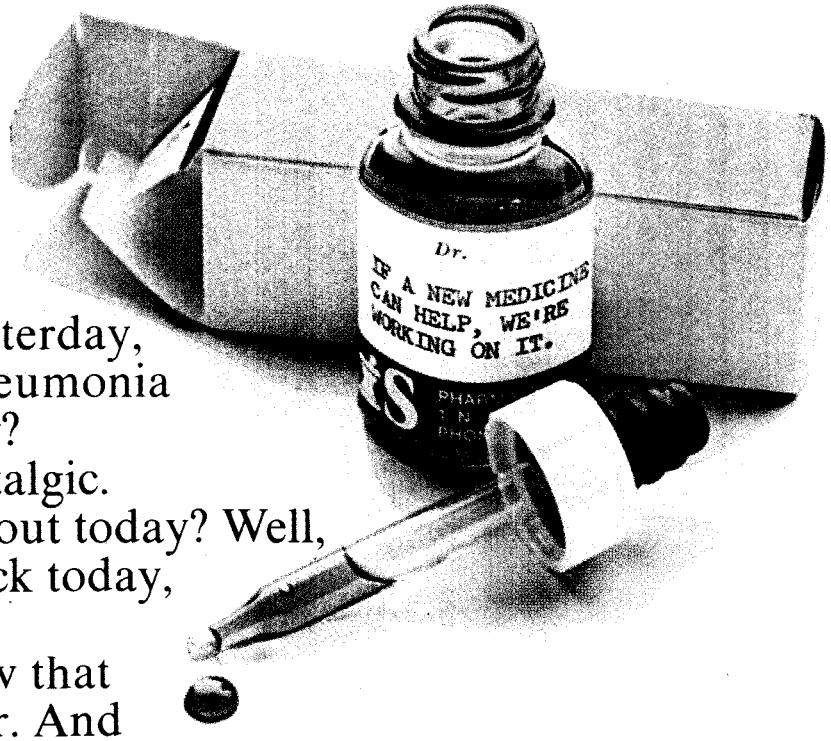

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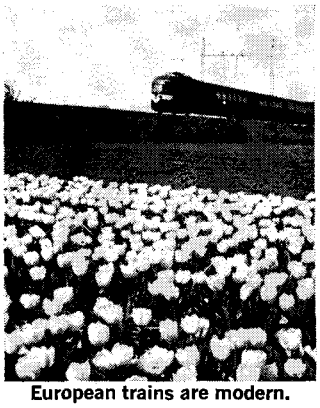

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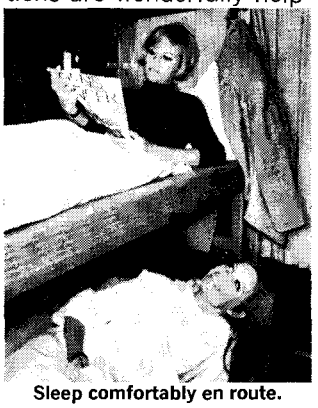

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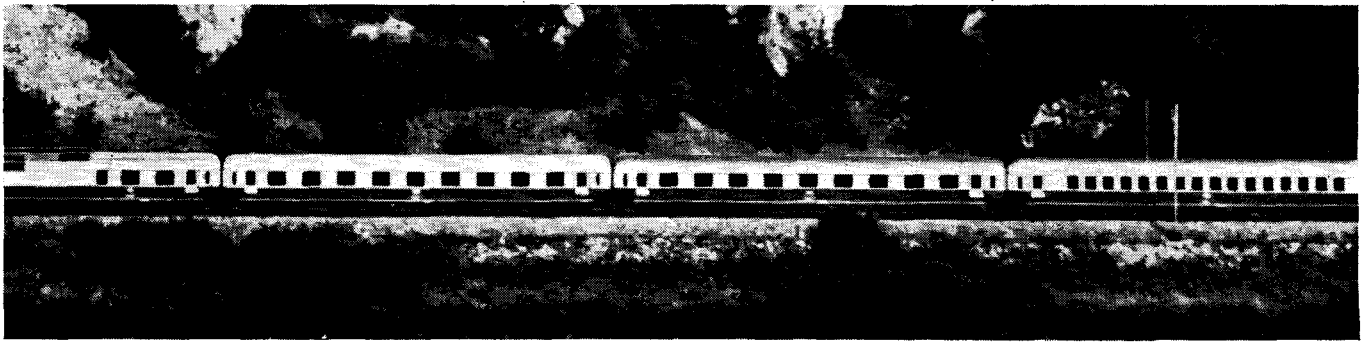

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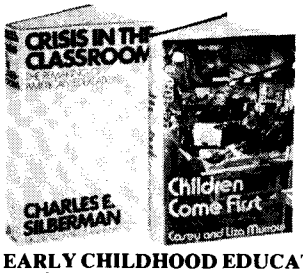

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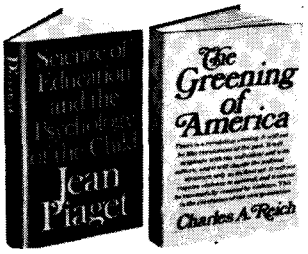

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Hughes Who?

To everyone who has followed the continuing story of the Howard Hughes Biography Caper, it must now be quite obvious that the book, if ever published, will never be able to live up to the suspense, thrills, and intrigue of the daily newspaper accounts, complete with Helga, woman of mystery, young, sexy-looking, in boots and miniskirt.

It's the familiar pattern that announces a book by some big-name nonwriter who's decided it's time to share his memoirs and life-style with us ordinary folk who read books. Remember Svetlana S. and Lyndon B.? The headlines preceding the publication of their books were worthy of the Second Coming.

And now this latest hoo-ha about Howard H. and his purported ghost writer, Clifford Irving, who, it turns out, is the husband of Helga, who bore him two sons and deposited in a Swiss bank, and then withdrew for him, three checks totaling $650,000, advance money paid by the publisher to Mr. Hughes, billionaire.

I can now tell you, without fear of successful corroboration, that it was all planned that way. When publishers pay an advance of $650,000, they want to make darned certain the book will be well publicized. So when they phoned Mr. Hughes to tell him he would have to show up to plug his book on the Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, David Frost, and Merv Griffin shows, the startled Mr. Hughes thought they were kidding.

"Are you kidding or something?" shrieked Mr. Hughes. "I don't even show up at Las Vegas, much less on TV. Get Clifford Irving to do it."

"No, Mr. Irving won't do," said the publisher. "Nobody knows Irving. You're the image we want to sell the public so they will buy the book. Remember Erich Segal, how dapper and clean-cut he looked when he made the TV circuit plugging his *Love Story*? It sold millions."

"Okay," replied Mr. Hughes. "Get Segal to plug my book. I'll buy him. How much does a Segal cost?"

"No, it has to be you, Mr. Hughes, in person."

"Absolutely not. If they like, I'll send them my voice."

"You don't understand, sir. Our job is to get this book rolling by selling your image. And that has to be changed from the image the public has of you as a dowdy-looking billionaire."

"Nothing doing. I'm certainly not going to buy a pair of new sneakers just to go on television. That's final."

With a book hero who values his anonymity so highly, something had to be done. So a yarn was agatha-christied with such cabal that Nixon had to move over for headline honors. To give it an international flavor for sales abroad, the locale was moved to a Swiss bank that features an attractive hideaway plan for savings. Page one all the way. A publisher's dream.

Too bad my publisher at Doubleday didn't dream it when he phoned me to have lunch and discuss my latest book, *The Better of Goodman Ace*. Because, by an uncanny twist of fate, I had the same mysterious adventure. The incredible similarity of names and places and monies is so pronounced, I feel compelled to make it known here. Got a minute?

We met for lunch at the Swiss Luncheonette on East 33rd Street. Our waitress's name was Helga. See how it begins to unfold? The only difference was that, although Helga wore a mini, she did not wear boots. But wait. The Doubleday man said his company would publish the book, and he handed me an advance check for $650. Isn't it eerie?

When I got back to the office, the check was missing. I hurried back to the luncheonette and asked Helga if she had found it. She hadn't, she said, but she would ask her younger sister, Irving, who also works there and had cleaned up our table.

So distraught was I about losing the check, I didn't think to ask Helga about a sister named Irving. Besides, who knows what they're doing these days about genders. In a moment Helga had come back with her sister, Irving. Irving also wore a mini, but more important to this story, Irving was wearing her boots.

She told me she had found the check and had given it to the cashier, a man named Howard, and he had rung it up on the register. Howard said it was the biggest day's business the luncheonette had ever done. The manager was called over, and I told him the story. His name was Hugh. He recognized the stupid mistake the cashier had made and took me over to the Swiss Center Bank, where the check had been deposited, and returned it to me.

Unbelievable, isn't it? But despite not making headlines, my book has sold thousands of copies. If I told you how many thousands, you wouldn't believe that story either. □

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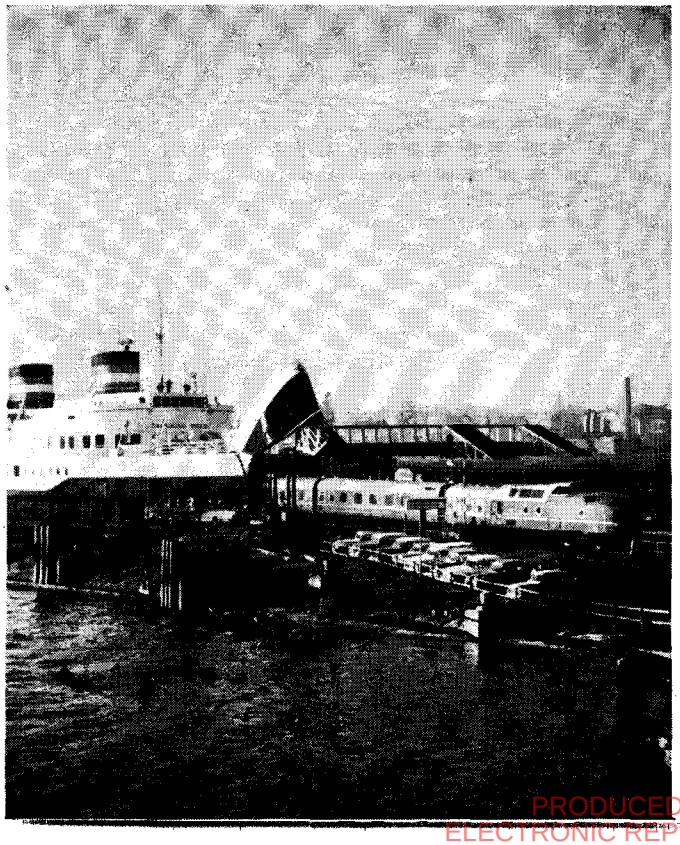

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Names

Let's get one thing perfectly clear. The market isn't seriously ill. It suffers from an overdose of forgettable names.

When people hear about a good stock, they can't remember the name long enough to rush to the telephone and call their broker. Or they ask him for one stock and get another, because the investment community is pretty confused also.

Is it any wonder that everyone gets mixed up when they try to weigh the distinctions between Ametek, Anadex, Astrodata, Autocomp, and Autronics Systems?

It's not difficult to tell these names from Inforex, for example. But who can recall whether he's talking about Inforex, Intertherm, Instrumatics, Informatics, Cybermatics, Cybercom, Comsat, or Comset?

Then there are Teleconsult, Tel Tech, Teledyne, Technitrol, Tech-Sym, Tech Serv, Exotech, Neotech, Technetics, Signetics, Urbanetics, and LogEtronics. None of which are to be confused with Micronics, Micromation, Macrodata, Datatab, Datafollow Systems, and Diversatron.

The noted conservationist John Muir once said that when you try to get a grip on anything in the universe you find it connected to everything else.

One could get that impression from Bio-Dynamics, Envirosearch, Enviro-dynamics, Enviro-Chem, Chem-Kleen, Geolabs, Geotronics, Federal Hydronics, Hydronautics, Hydrotechnic, Ocean Space, and Ocean Systems, to name only a few.

For those who need more dynamic evidence, one could submit the following: Dyna-therm, Dynachem, Dynacom, Dynacon, Dynacor, Dynafab, Dynaflare, Dynaform, Dynalectron, Dynalex, Dynamatic, Dynamco, Dynametric, Dynasciences, Dynatech, Dynatron, Dynatronic, and Dynavac.

There is virtually no end to this. Furthermore, there is literally no end to where it could go, because it feeds the penchant for euphemisms that lurks in us all.

Thus, a heating and air-conditioning contractor has repainted his trucks to say that Environmental Associates, Inc. is at your service. And Waste Management Systems, Inc. is very active in my town—emptying garbage cans.

Any day now, some private detective agency will have a sign painter lettering "Reconnoiter, Unlimited" on the office door. The local supermarket will begin advertising that "Biocomestible Systems, Inc., Cares About You."

Did the village blacksmith resort to such pomposities? Certainly not. Never once did he give in to the strong temptation to call his humble smithy Ductimetal Associates or Fahrenheit Processes, Inc.

Did the Wright Brothers ever swerve from an early resolve to let their bicycle shop succeed or fail on its merits? History tells us they never changed its name to either Chain Drive Systems or Sprocketech.

I submit it is time to reverse this insidious trend. Whatever happened to Acme? Who could improve upon Apex? Down with Cinemas I, II, and III! Long Live Bijou!

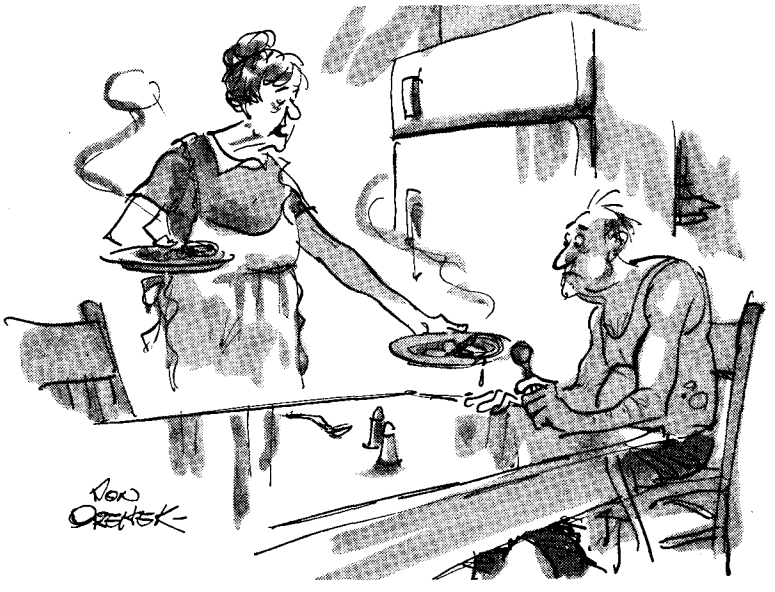
Reform must begin somewhere, preferably at the top. International Business Machines should have known that its IBM would spawn corporate initials everywhere and a plethora of prefixes and suffixes without names in the middle.

Will IBM bring this nation and its people back to reality? Will it go that extra mile to be an exemplary corporate citizen? Will it change its name to Watson's Computer Shop? A grateful and more prosperous America awaits.

The alternative is more confusion, continuing economic languor, and worse. Think what Stephen Vincent Benét would be writing today:

"I have fallen in love with
American names,
The sharp, gaunt names that never
get fat,
Neotech, Datatab, Comsat. . . ."

David R. Bowes



"It's lobster Thermidor, but I didn't have any lobster, so I used hamburger."

Changes of Address

The English language is said to be a flexible tongue, supple in grammar, subtle in shades of meaning. But in naming kinships among people, our choice of terms is meager compared to those of other lands. The Danish have separate words for cousin (boy) and cousin (girl), pertinent information to know if the question is, "Would you like to meet my cousin?" Some Melanesian peoples distinguish between father's brother's child and mother's sister's child. An aunt by marriage has a title different from that of a mother's sister. We need some of this linguistic delicacy. How else are we going to cope with the mod relationships that keep cropping up these days?

There is that young lady, for example, who shares the same address but not the same name with your son. You and she are on such terms that you feel duty bound to invite her for Thanksgiving and Christmas, but when you have to explain her socially, you mumble.

I propose that such relations shall be called the "daughter-outlaw" or the "son-outlaw," as the case may be. You, of course, are the "parent-outlaw." The titles not only are clarifying but have a certain dash.

Two other persons who are likely to be frequent and awkward figures in your conversations are your former spouse and his/her new mate. To call someone "David, my first wife's second husband" is a clumsy mouthful, like those pompous German titles: "Herr Under-Inspector of the Waterworks." The terms "frouse" and "frouspouse" come to mind as substitutes, but they lack pith somehow.

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American breeziness with words suggests another way. A former husband or wife is often called "my ex," which could be further shortened to "X." Using analogical extension, it follows that when you get a look at the new spouse of your X, you ask yourself, "Y?" Right?

So now you have your basic X and Y. Further, if divorce should become a chronic family pattern, as sometimes happens, you now have a succinct way of identifying the cast of characters: "My X-1 and Y-2," etc. But let us rather hope that your X and Y will make a go of it and even have some little Zs of their own.

Meghan Burges

Mini, Minu

A number of years ago, when I couldn't find "miniscule" in my desk dictionary, I briskly turned to my unabridged and didn't find it there, either. How do you react upon not finding in the dictionary a word you think you know? Trembling, I managed to call the reference room of the New York Public Library and was calmly told that the word is spelled m-i-n-u-s-c-u-l-e. As it turned out, this librarian was the last person I've run across who knew how to spell the word. Everyone else spells it wrong, in the same way.

Even when the subject is a dictionary, as in the review of the two-volume Oxford English Dictionary in *Medical World News,* the reproductions are described as "sharp but miniscule."

The *Milwaukee Journal* refers to a chemical additive as being a "miniscule ingredient."

Newsfront tells of someone grabbing a "miniscule slice of the Democratic party pie."

The *Chicago Tribune Magazine* mentions "her cheerful, miniscule candybox of an apartment."

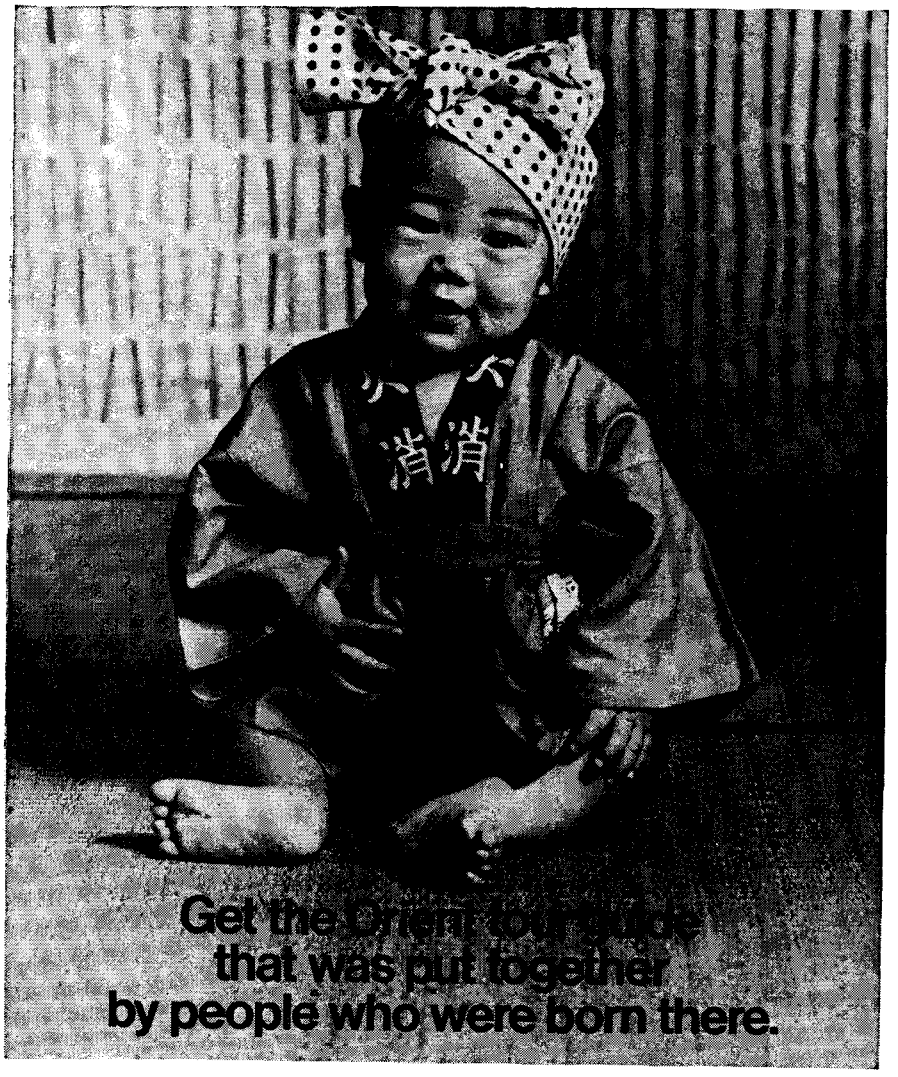
It's rampant in *The New York Times.* On the sports page there are teams of "Lilliputian dimensions and miniscule skills." A sub-headline in the news section reads: "Impressive or Miniscule?" And there is mention of a magazine with a "relatively miniscule 15,000 subscribers"—who, even if they were minuscule, would probably have trouble lifting the magazine.

But don't think it's solely an American failing. The *Montreal Star* tells of an amount of "alleged marijuana that was so miniscule that it was destroyed in the laboratory." It does sound American, though, from the alleged to the miniscule.

And in Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus,* in both the hardcover and paperback editions, a letter is written in "an extraordinarily miniscule hand."

Is this the way language changes?

Sidney Harris



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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Advertisement of the Week was anonymous:

Going to Florida This Winter?
Make Our Excellent Facilities
At Orlando or Pompano Beach
Your Headquarters

Our Staff Will Be Pleased to
Serve You as a Message Center

National Casket Company

Thanks anyway, but we'll stick with Travelers Aid. In any case, on the literary scene, Deborah Bergeron of Wilmington, Delaware, found this news in an interview with Pearl Buck in the Wilmington *Evening Journal*:

Material for her books is gathered from daily experience and the writhings of others.

Gee, and we always thought it came easy for her. Among the columns, Bob Hammack of Burbank, California, found this note in Dorothy Manners's column in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*:

Frank McCarthy, producer of "Patton," is one of the leading bachelor hosts of the town, but he has a small social quirk: he likes to entertain only in the late spring and summer months.

"That's because my hilltop home is small, but I have a large patio surrounding the pool. Besides I love Al Fresco entertaining California style."

We love Al too. In fact, we've always thought he should have his own show.

Finally, our News Item of the Week came from Mrs. Catherine Gibbs of Jacksonville, Florida. She came across it in the Jacksonville *Journal*:

William A. Vessels, assistant professor of music at Jacksonville University, will present a baritone voice recital at 8:30 tonight in the Phillips Fine Arts recital hall. The public is invited free of charge.

The program will include three Don Coyote songs. . . .

What, no Sancho Panther?

Christopher Isherwood is a man to whom one addresses questions about himself at one's peril—or at least at the peril of betraying an ignorance either of one of his earlier, largely autobiographical works; his real autobiography, *Lions and Shadows*; or his latest book, *Kathleen and Frank* (Simon & Schuster), an extraordinarily complete story of his mother and father, largely in the form of their own diaries and letters. Could he, we wondered, be accused of overacting?

Mr. Isherwood, a quick, gentle fellow, smiled. "I think," he said, "heredity is deeper than we give it credit for being. I know about the modern modern theory of it. There are great ideological forces that try to push us into the all environment thing. Socialism comes along and says, 'We can make anybody over into anything. Heredity.' And the Catholic Church says just about the same thing. All I say is it's an open question. I cannot believe there's an absolute answer, and I am exceedingly dubious when anybody says one or the other makes no difference."

We asked Mr. Isherwood when he came to this country and learned he was first here on the way back from China (with W. H. Auden)—a trip that resulted in his book, *Journey to a War*. What, we pursued, about China?

"About China now," he said, "I'm extremely interested but very ignorant." He paused. "However," he continued, "I'm sure the feel of it is the same. The Chinese are Chinese first and everything else second. They're supremely Chinese. They've been at it, don't you know, for so long."

"It's quite a cheerful feeling, really. In the tiny villages which Auden and I were hiking through, even the feeling of being among them was a cheerful one. They had humor even though there was terrible trouble passing over them in great waves."

What about the Japanese? "I know they did terrible things," he said, "but in the past I saw that at least all of them weren't atrocity-minded. I remember they always bombed the railroad stations in those towns. But the Chinese knew it and they seemed to know even exactly when they were going to do it. They would come out and sit on the side of a hill and watch. The bombing of the station was like a show—a traveling show which went from town to town."

Mr. Isherwood, too, traveled a great deal.

"I never lived in England much," Mr. Isherwood continued. "I was always roaming about." Why, we asked, did he settle in, and on, Hollywood? "I had friends here," he replied, "and they got me a job at MGM. The first picture I worked on was James Hilton's *Rage in Heaven*. Ingrid Bergman was in it, and I used to show up in the dressing room with the script. To me she was the most beautiful—the complete star. She was absolutely fresh—like breakfast!"

Breakfast? we queried. "Yes, and I'm afraid she might have heard of my comparison. Because, years later, I met her and she said, 'I wouldn't have recognized you. You look so *old*.' She, of course, still looked absolutely smashing."

Why, we wanted to know, was a writer of his stature satisfied with Hollywood? "Actually," he said, "I never got seriously involved. I did once sign a contract, but I got out of it after a year. I never felt I was a miserable slave. The fun was considerable, and even some of the fellows at the top were all right. I remember the day Dore Schary took over. He came around and said hello to every single writer. Mayer, on the other hand, had never said hello—we never even met him. I thought that was disgusting."

What about film writing in general? "Films are different," Mr. Isherwood told us. "They really aren't writing, at all. They're visual. You're setting visual situations. Even the lines of dialogue aren't real lines. They're lines bounced against the visual image."

Did he ever feel corrupted? "No," he said. "I used to say, 'You can corrupt yourself, but you can't *be* corrupted.' I had a secretary, and I used to say to her, 'Now today you're going to get on with your novel'—she was writing one, too—'and I'll get on with mine.' And we would."

Mr. Isherwood has been keeping a diary ever since he can remember. "Whenever I teach," he told us, "I always say, 'Keep a diary.' But I really recommend more of a notebook than a diary. Put down something about what you read—anything. You don't know whether it will turn into fiction or what—that isn't the important thing. What is important is that you must find out what you're interested in—the essence of your interest.

"So many young writers start writing what they're not really interested in. So their books aren't either—I mean interesting. To be interesting, your book must be your *burning* interest."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1975)

MELINA MERCOURI:
I WAS BORN GREEK

Oh, Greek islands, my islands . . . today I weep for longing of you. I tell people, don't go to Greece, don't bring tourist money to support the colonels' regime, but when they heed me, I feel a pain. I have deprived them of something lovely.

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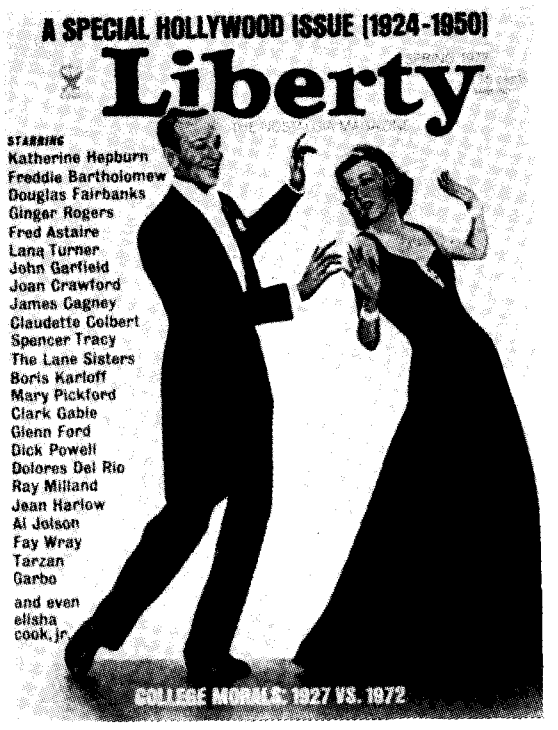

HOLLYWOOD LIVES!

On the current pages of *Liberty*, the Nostalgia Magazine, we've recreated the Hollywood of the twenties and thirties and forties. We've brought back Gable and Lombard, Tracy, Bogart, Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Astaire and Rogers, Errol Flynn, Colbert, Garbo, King Kong and Fay Wray, Frankenstein, Cagney, Valentino, and all the great lights and many of the great movies of the Golden Era of Filmdom. It's an issue you must see if you've ever been hooked on the screen world.

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(Advertisement)

If we are optimistic, we can assume that in 1982 it will take at least one dollar and thirty five cents to buy what now costs a dollar. That grisly bit of information is relayed in the preface of SQUEEZE IT TILL THE EAGLE GRINS (How to Spend, Save and Enjoy Your Money). I, for one, certainly need some advice in handling my weekly paycheck, especially since there doesn't seem to be any money left in my wallet to save or enjoy.

Scott Burns says I am not alone. Most of us are victims of what he calls the "leaky bathtub" syndrome. As a matter of fact, he wrote this book after noticing that he was functioning as a kind of financial Miss Lonelyhearts for most of his friends. He says he dutifully gave practical advice concerning mortgages, insurance, cars, stocks, etc., until he realized that people were concerned about much more basic issues than the mere manipulation of the family income.

All of us really want to alter the quality of our lives. In order to do that, Mr. Burns believes that we must learn to understand and deal with the relationship which exists between our personal economic reality and the current political and social problems. Only then does he think we will be able to effect a change in the existing inequities, absurdities, and hardships, and thus avoid moral, as well as financial, bankruptcy.

But Scott Burns is not just our Friendly, Local Financial Advisor and Social Critic; he's a very funny man. I laughed my way merrily through the chapter on life insurance. Then I realized that I had the wrong policy, bought at the wrong time, for the wrong price from the wrong man.

The title, incidentally, reflects the proper attitude to be taken toward the American dollar. It comes from the lyric of a Jimmie Cox song, "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out." If inflation continues at its present rate, it could fast become the American theme song.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

SQUEEZE IT TILL THE EAGLE GRINS ($6.95), by Scott Burns, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Trouble with Transplants

Sanford and Son (Friday evenings, NBC) is the second BBC comedy series to be transplanted from British to American television. CBS's *All in the Family* was the first; both are Norman Lear/Bud Yorkin productions. *Sanford and Son* will succeed, I hope, although its virtues are not as spectacular as those of its predecessor. Minor surgery is necessary to make the series survive the shock of transplant from one television milieu to another. *All in the Family* had problems making the adjustment, but the production partnership that has given us both series is demonstrating, in programs coming off its assembly line, that it is capable of responding satisfactorily to the challenges. I have seen only the first two programs of *Sanford and Son*, but already it is clear that there is a common pattern in the transplant experiences of both series.

The key to that pattern is in the program's lead characters. The prototype of Archie Bunker was a thoroughly unsympathetic bigot in the original British series, *Till Death Do Us Part*, which was designed for a short run. Presumably the allegedly tough-minded British telly viewers could tolerate such a sour character briefly. But for softer-brained American audiences, who must live with their television saints and sinners indefinitely, our Archie had to be made into a "lovable" bigot.

Sanford and Son was based upon the British *Steptoe and Son*. In his pre-transplant incarnation, the main character was the bitter, irascible, lower-class proprietor of a secondhand shop. In the American version, he has been changed into an essentially sympathetic sixty-five-year-old black named Fred Sanford, played with warm, cantankerous credibility by Redd Foxx. Although the changes made in both Archie and Fred solved some problems, they also resulted in new ones. In the case of *All in the Family*, some critics and viewers charged that presenting Archie Bunker as a warm and funny bigot served only to celebrate intolerance of racial and ethnic minorities and to make sick hatreds into laughing matters. Social responsibility demanded muting Archie's prejudices; yet the dramatic fate of the series rested on the unreconcilable tension between Archie's frailties and society's desired behavioral norms. In recent episodes, producers, writers, and Carroll O'Connor, who plays Bunker, have been suggesting moments of self-awareness as the bigot suffers the arrows of bigotry himself and teeters momentarily on the brink of crucial changes in his belief-system. Given the exigencies of commercial television, this is about the best that can be done in the circumstances. But ultimately this deepening of character makes Archie more interesting, for we are always tantalized by the possibility of his transformation.

In *Sanford and Son*, draining the bitterness and cynicism out of Fred Sanford and casting the role with an actor who has empathic, comic gifts have also brought a transplant difficulty that requires adjustment. Sanford, as presented in the first two episodes, was simply a rather querulous, grouchy old man, incapable of receiving with any measure of appreciation the care, consideration, and gifts of Lamont (Demond Wilson), his adult son and partner in their junkyard business. Both father and son are caught in an understandable symbiotic love-hate relationship. The father is a cultural isolate, apparently unaware of any world beyond his cluttered premises combining home and shop. The son is ambitious and eager for upward social mobility. He loves his father and is tolerant of his frailties and needs.

Although he is forever threatening to leave, Lamont doesn't go. The problem for the series is that Fred appears to be a one-dimensional character. While we can understand his abrasive insistence on maintaining his own identity, we could probably not endure indefinitely his inability to acknowledge love offered. As in *All in the Family*, there is a tension that cannot utterly be reconciled—in this case, the tension between Lamont's desire to strike off on his own and his deep affection for his father. Nevertheless, Lamont's patience would become incredible if Fred refused ever to suggest that he had some wells of gratitude, however shallow, within him. Fred himself would ultimately be rejected by the viewers if he persisted in his extremity of perversity.

Sanford and Son is America's first TV comedy series featuring a warm, sympathetic relationship between black males. As such, it is very welcome, but its long-run chances might be enhanced by minor surgery. Endowing father and son with strong social and political attitudes (as in *Steptoe and Son*) would offer an even better solution; but, regrettably, American TV is still not ready for full-dimensional black males in its entertainment programs. □

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Christos Iannopoulos tells us he wants to be a doctor when he grows up. Perhaps that's because there *is* no doctor to take care of him. Or his family. And yet Christos is just one of thousands of Greek children swallowed up by chronic poverty. Without enough food. Without enough clothing. Without a future. Families living in communities without enough water to irrigate their parched olive trees or keep their sheep from dying of thirst.

But there is hope. If you help. For $15.00 a month you can sponsor a child like Christos Iannopoulos. So he can go to school with a shirt on his back and food in his stomach. So his family can live in a house instead of a shack. So his community can get a self-help, interest-free loan to pay for an irrigation system.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

By Jupiter

If you take the word of the Hellenic historians, cruising the Greek islands was begun by the M/V *Semiramis.* Named after an Assyrian princess whose lurid life is entwined with legend, M/V *Semiramis* is talked about in the port cafés of Piraeus with the same historical reverence that sailors in Cadiz reserve for the *Niña* and the *Pinta.*

Those who claim *Semiramis* had been used by Herodotus in an early odyssey probably exaggerate, but in 1955 she was a doughty old tub smelling quaintly of feta cheese and Diesel oil. I sailed on her that year as she churned diligently in the wake of a famed royal yachting party, staged by the late Elsa Maxwell, that established once and for all, as it ferried assorted heads of state from port to port, the glories of cruising Greek islands. Under the banner of the Epirotiki Lines, the *Semiramis* conveyed me from Rhodes to Mykonos and Delos, ports of great glamour in those Neanderthal years, and it did so, somewhat to my amazement, without springing a leak.

Later, the Epirotiki people, with newer ships, broke out of the Greek island orbit. Ten years after *Semiramis* came the *Argonaut,* a warmed-over yacht. Handsomely decorated and with a small tank pool carved in the aft deck, it ranged into darker waters, slipping into Asia Minor so the passengers could explore the ruins of Ephesus. In that Ionian city, the guides regaled the passengers with legends of the Amazons, who lived there in pre-Steinem days. Incanting tales of history as we picked among the old stones, the talkers set aloft flights of imagination of the era when the citizens worshiped the deity of Artemis, a topless goddess with many breasts whose chief priest was a eunuch.

Eventually, *Argonaut* and her sister ships roamed out of those adjacent waters, cruising to Scandinavia, to the western Mediterranean, and to western America and Alaska. By now, the Epirotiki mariners had established a hitherto little-exercised theorem: Greek island cruises don't necessarily have to stop at Greek islands. All one needs, really, is a Greek ship. Thus, when Epirotiki launched its largest cruise ship, the MTS *Jupiter,* at the end of last year, it sent her, fully provisioned, with a larder filled with stuffed grape leaves, to sail on a sea of magnificent ouzo in the balmy Caribbean.

Jupiter makes a big, lazy two weeks' circle of the Caribbean, swinging eastward from Jamaica to San Juan and St. Thomas, south to Martinique and Trinidad, then skipping westward like a skimmed stone across the top of South American waters to Panama, then northward again to Kingston. I joined her recently for the western circle—a semicircle, really—picking her up in Curaçao, where she was parked in some raffish backwater not exactly designed to send you away with sweet dreams of the pleasant Dutch-accented island Eden.

As cruise ships go, *Jupiter* is as far

Beachside at the Irotama Hotel—"A secret hideaway, altogether comfortable, off the beaten trail, and not expensive."

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away from the old *Semiramis* as the *France* is from the *Merrimac*. Unlike some ships on which the captain is an unapproachable, unseen divinity, *Jupiter*'s master, Capt. Evangelos Kouris, is a cross between mariner and master of ceremonies. He stood at the gangplank and welcomed his arriving passengers, kissing the hands of the ladies. Dinner that night proved hardly a whit less Continental. As Sunday night buffet suppers go, it had as heavy a Greek accent as a Manhattan florist. Under the ice sculptures lay banks of *tiropita*, which are miniature cheese pies, and *spanokopita*—tiny spinach pies—piles of big Greek olives called *kalamata*, mountains of stuffed grape leaves. The wine steward fetched chilled flacons of retsina or bottles of Fix beer, which had been ferried clear from the brewery in Athens.

On that Greek note the ship slipped out of Curaçao and headed for other cultures. There was a morning stop at Aruba, with barely time for a quick lunch at Bali, a familiar haunt where the *nasi goreng* is as good as it is in Djakarta, the beer is from Holland, and the *sambal* that comes with *rijsttafel* will cauterize your tastebuds till Whitsuntide.

Jupiter sailed from Aruba on a sunlit afternoon, plowing across the top of the Gulf of Venezuela and riding down the coast of Colombia. Garbage dumped from the stern brought a school of rollicking porpoises to jump and dive, a show of gratitude, likely, for the bits of old stuffed grape leaves and snippets of spinach pies left over from the night before and surrendered now to the sea.

Colombia is one of the world's few nations possessed of ports on both the Atlantic and the Pacific. It is joined in the center of its coastline by the umbilical cord of the Panamanian isthmus, which connects Central America to South America. Santa Marta, the first Colombian port of call, gets few points on looks if you consider the view from the wharfside where the ships tie up. It is too busy shipping timber, coffee, cotton, bananas, and processed meat to worry about processed tourists. Yet Santa Marta is the beginning of what the Colombians like to call their Costa Esmeralda, the Emerald Coast. The waters surely aren't emerald the way they are on Sardinia's Costa Smeralda, but then Colombia mines 95 per cent of the world's emerald gems, and, if the artful application of that indisputable statistic is a stretch of the imagination, charge it off to romantic fiction.

Avianca, the Colombian international airline, publishes a map that I treasure as much for its information as for its quaint ways with the English tongue. Of Santa Marta Avianca says:

> The Rodadero Beach. Modern hotels. Gay of living near the snow-capped ridge of mountains called Sierra Nevada arising 19,000 feet above the Caribbean Sea.

There was plenty of gay of living going along Rodadero Beach the morning I set foot on the sands. There was hardly room to set more than one's foot since most of the strand had already been occupied by Colombians down from the big city for a holiday. Those who were not supine on the gray sand were bonging a ball back and forth with goat-skin tambourines, crowding about a pushcart that offered shaved ice sprinkled with flavoring, or huddling against the stiff wind in rows of make-do, flat-top canvas tents.

The casino, which allows the sports to charge money on their Diners' Club cards, was deep in the doldrums of the morning after a hard night. It had closed at 6 a.m., and it reeked of stale tobacco smoke and gamblers' sweat. The air conditioning had failed sometime in the night, but that technical collapse hadn't seemed to have thinned the crowd. In the casino's big pool the next morning, only one lone swimmer, too young to have lingered in the casino the night before, was doing laps.

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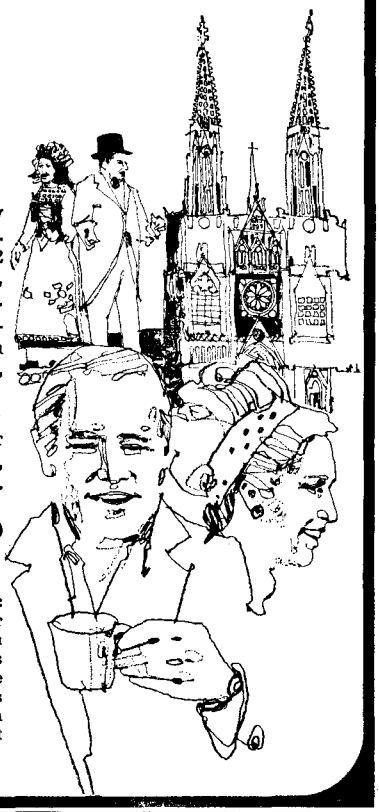

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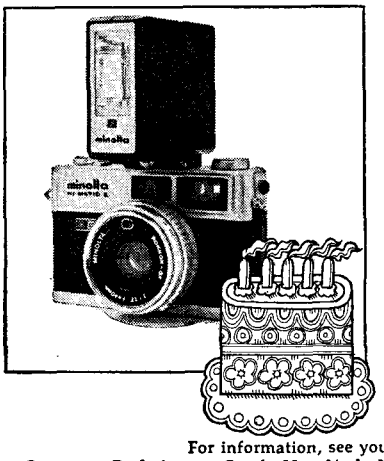

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the eight bays around Santa Marta, gives off the air of a little Miami. The curving beach is bordered by white high-rise citadels. Most of them are condominiums rammed one against another, shoulder to shoulder. The Tamaca is a passable inn, operated by a group of Colombians in partnership with businessmen from Columbus, Missouri. A low-slung, four-story hotel, it is a honeycomb of balcony rooms, all with a view of the ocean.

"The jet set hasn't discovered Rodadero yet," says the Tamaca's folder. The chances are it never will. Rodadero is too crowded and too jerry-built. A more likely candidate would be Irotama Beach, a mile-long expanse of sand five minutes from the airport. The Irotama Hotel, the lone entry on the beach, is a sort of secret hideaway that is not grand luxe, not on a beaten trail, and not expensive. Swiss-run, it is altogether comfortable, with a few rooms in the main hotel but with most in seventy scattered, air-conditioned bungalows at the edge of the sea. Strangely, only some of the rooms come with hot water, and washing in it, or so I was assured by a pair of Colombians in my company that day, is not a form of lavage to which they are especially addicted.

There is a seaside bar, and at noon a movable band arrives, throbbing with marimba, maracas, and a merengue beat. The chef sets up an alfresco lunch by the edge of the Caribbean, and on the day I was there the specialty of the house was salpicon—deviled fish with arroz con coco (coconut-flavored rice)—and fried plantains.

Irotama's highest rates embrace the winter season, Easter Week, as well as the summer months, and range from $11 for one person in a standard bungalow to $18 for two in a bungalow suite, European plan.

The hotel can arrange helicopter flights into the Sierra Nevada and to nearby Indian villages. And there are further safaris into Salamanca National Park, where a motor-powered dugout canoe can be engaged to invade the jungle hothouse of monkeys, parrots, alligators, and the stilt villages of the fishermen. A city tour of Santa Marta has little to show except the villa on the outskirts of the city where in 1830 Simon Bolivar ill of tuberculosis and racked with the despair of trying to effect a South American union ("We have plowed the seas," he said), finally left a world that would only begin to appreciate him long years after his death. He was forty-seven.

Santa Marta, to which Bolivar in the early liberation years of the wars against Spain had laid siege, was established in 1525, and it became the first important Spanish city in South America. But today, more than 400

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years later, its streets are narrow, its houses poor, and the iceman still comes in a horse-drawn cart. It is a relic of an older world with few of the hallmarks of the new, and there is little for a visitor to do save to sit in a sidewalk café by the sea's edge and contemplate which flavor ice cream he will have from the sign that offers papaya, *zapote, piña, nispero,* mango, and *guayaba*—that, and ruminate on the tragedy and the brilliance of Bolivar.

By now *Jupiter* had pulled away from its wharf, and we drove south along the very northern rim of South America to meet her in Cartagena. It is a hot, tiresome, dusty, dispiriting drive with nothing to relieve the monotony except for the Magdalena River. It is crossed in a rickety ferry that seethes with irrepressible vendors and smells of urine. There are the beginnings of a bridge, and when it is completed on some brilliant come-and-get-it day, it will mark the end of the cacaphony of the barkers who assault the cornered ferry passengers with lottery tickets, bottles of pop, and fritters.

But the pot of gold at the end is Cartagena, a city of enormous vitality larded with historical relics. The bay was discovered nine years after Columbus found America, and the city was founded in 1533, seventy-four years before the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown. The gold that the Spaniards found in Peru was brought up to Panama and tracked overland to the Caribbean. The ships of the Spanish Main, en route from Cadiz, stopped off at Cartagena on the westward run, and again, filled with booty, on the way home to Seville and Cadiz.

An early warehouse for the Inca wealth, Cartagena became a fat plum for pirate picking. Slaves were brought from Africa to build walls and fortresses. Even so, the city was repeatedly assaulted—once successfully by Sir Francis Drake, once in 1697 by a French fleet—but the forts were strengthened, and after a long siege in 1741, the city held out against the English admiral Sir Edward Vernon.

Today the great ramparts, the domed sentry boxes, the towering walls serrated with gun ports loom everywhere, suffusing the city with historical import. One dines stylishly on shrimp sautéed in brandy at the Club de Pesca, a restaurant within a fortress wall. In Bolivar Park, with its tropical trees and silent air, one sits on a bench and listens to the facades of the facing buildings talk of colonial times. Across the street is the Inquisition Palace, where in 1610 the Inquisition Court handled cases of heresy.

The fishing boats that sail before the dawn and are back before tea are tied in the Bay of the Souls in the middle of town. And the market is a noisome mélange of banana stands, papaya hawkers, and oyster pushcarts artfully decorated with bottles of catsup. The swells live out in Boca-Grande in trim, square, tropical houses splashed with a hint of lawn and planted with palms and croton leaves. The new Americana Hotel rises smartly over the sea, but it has an unfinished look inside. Surely it doesn't threaten the venerable Hotel del Caribe, which evokes memories of the old Nacional in Havana. Splayed on the sand between the sea and the bay, the Caribe has built a new wing to keep up with the times. Despite the hotel's nearness to the open water, no seashore seems to entice the lollers away from the Caribe's pool, as much an aqueous forum as the celebrated waterworks in the Beverly Hills Hotel far to the north.

Outside the door, selling ponchos and serapes and other knitted goods, are those remnants of another time in Cartagena, the Indians. Done up in felt hats borrowed from the white man, they are in physiognomy and dress a race apart from all those who gather in the porte-cochere of Cartagena's grand hotel. Of Cartagena, my Avianca map, in its own pearly prose, says, "Noble balconies and the inmost condition of windows are a nice invitation to romantic serenades."

Besides Cartagena, from which we sailed on a sapphire night, *Jupiter* also calls at the Colombian island of San Andres, an all but unknown sandbar 600 miles dead south of Miami. Toasting there in a Caribbean backwater, San Andres is less known today than it was in the time when picaroons cruised the warm southern seas trying to pick off the gold the Spaniards were extracting from South America.

Only eight miles long and two miles wide at its broadest girth, San Andres is an off-trail abode for 18,000 souls. Of these, 6,000 are Colombians, the rest descendants of Zulus brought over in the slave days. They are as adept in Spanish as they are in a Jamaican-accented version of English.

Take away the automobiles and San Andres looks like a West Indian island of a hundred years ago, long before Hiltons, Sheratons, casinos, and Orange Julius stands. The handful of hotels are usually packed with Colombians who fly here from the mainland to stock up on household goods in the duty-free shops. Either El Isleño or the Royal Abacoa will provide adequate air-conditioned shelter in case of a storm, but no Rockefeller lounge lizard ought to put in here with dreams of some satiny hideaway nobody else ever heard of.

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Letters to the Editor

Bubble Burst

A minor criticism slightly diminishes the bubbling enthusiasm with which I greeted Duncan C. Blanchard's article "The Borderland of Burning Bubbles" [*SR*, Jan. 1]. Typhus fever is caused by the transmission of infectious agents *Rickettsia prowazekii* and *R. mooseri* from one human to another by the louse *Pediculus vestimenti*. Clinical signs include chills, fever, headache, and a characteristic rash; it was this disease that decimated Napoleon's army before Moscow.

Typhoid fever, on the other hand, is caused by bacteria of the Salmonella group, which enter the human body in contaminated food or water. Symptoms include fever, anorexia, malaise, and abdominal tenderness, but rarely diarrhea; it is this disease that makes many beaches of the Italian Riviera health hazards because of focal contamination of the Mediterranean.

Daniel J. Fink,
Rochester, N. Y.

Commoner's Relevance

We offer an addendum to the recent commentary by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren in "People in the Machinery" [*SR*, Jan. 1]. . . . While we would agree with Professor Ehrlich that global population changes show some of the problems clearly, the questions that might be raised in urban revitalization are quite another thing. For example, in a context similar to zero population growth over the past decade, New York City has experienced average annual increments of 3 per cent per capita in solid waste disposal requirements, 6 per cent in energy consumption, and 4 per cent in automotive vehicle entries into Manhattan.

In other words, with constant population (although, admittedly, its type, income level, etc., may be changing), dramatic changes in consumption patterns have increased the pressure on our environment. We attribute this to misdirected technological advances that make it more profitable, for example, to dispose of bottles (which we, in New York, think of as a source of pollution simply because we have no landfill for them anymore) and also to a more plug-in, electrical society.

Another way to look at this pattern is to analyze the effects of population and growth on the Gross National Product. With population growth presently at 1 per cent per year and with an adjusted GNP growth rate of 5 per cent per year, only 20 per cent of the GNP growth is then attributable to population growth.

The rest, 80 per cent, is due to increased consumption and replacement. For the latter, it is estimated that roughly 4 per cent of the GNP would be needed to guarantee reasonable income floors for all families (beginning in 1976). This is a very small component, indeed, of the growth due to consumption. The rest is related to a series of affluence and replacement factors that are prime targets for the strategy suggested by Barry Commoner.

We in no way wish to underestimate the importance of population factors, but we do stress the relevance of Commoner's arguments, especially with regard to our urban areas. As Professor Ehrlich has pointed out, "complacency concerning any of these factors is unjustified and counterproductive." But we emphasize that they must be treated in their proper context.

Herbert Fox and
Clarke Rees,
Old Westbury, N. Y.

(Mr. Fox is associate dean of the Division of Science and Technology at the New York Institute of Technology; Mr. Rees is the principle planner of the New York City Planning Commission and director of the Center Transportation Improvement Project.)

Please inform *SR* readers of an error in our article that escaped our attention in proof. The sentence that reads, "Though these bottles undeniably represent a waste of energy and resources, they are not a pollutant," should have read, "Though these bottles undeniably represent a waste of energy and resources, they are neither a major fraction of U.S. glass production nor an ecologically significant pollutant."

John P. Holdren and
Paul R. Ehrlich,
Pasadena, Calif.

On the Puritan Ethic

Re: Richard L. Tobin's editorial "The Puritan Ethic Today" [*SR*, Jan. 1]. The editorial well illustrates a certain high-sounding but misleading manner editors, teachers, preachers, and politicians have of speaking about deeply controversial subjects, such that nobody is offended, everybody is in fact pleased, the ancient myths are pleasingly perpetuated, and educationally nothing changes. It calls to mind, indeed, Plato's castigation of the poets, who say so many fine-sounding things yet cannot, under questioning, tell us precisely what they mean.

Thus Tobin states that the Puritan ethic is "the traditional American pattern of freedom and strong moral fiber woven together from the opposite natures in men," and, again, he speaks of the "faith and sturdy character" of "the early American Puritan," as well as of the Puritan's belief that "in the end Providence would take care of those who sincerely believed and obeyed nature's arduous laws." Finally, he quotes another's observation that "the Puritan mind was one of the toughest the world has ever had to deal with."

Now all this is well-sounding: It lifts our pride in the sturdy character supposedly possessed by our ancestors and, presumably, ourselves. But when we analyze it for precise meaning it descends to this: Our Puritan forebears based ethics not on *reason* but on *fear* of eternal damnation in the real fires of a real hell. For that is the foundation of Christian moral law, and it explains why Christian believers are so insistent that everyone believe in God. Not to believe in God is not to believe in hell and eternal punishment for transgressions of the moral laws.

Yet, by simply reiterating the high-sounding "faith of our fathers," in solemn tones, to youth, without reminding it of the ghastly ideas of hell, which comprised a good part of that noble-seeming "faith," we mute the truth and mislead the young, like Plato's poets. Thus, we perpetuate harmful myths.

Likewise to speak of the Puritan mind as "the toughest," when in reality it was the most bigoted the world may ever have known, is again to betray our trust to speak the clear truth to the young and to the unreflecting. Moreover, the faith "that in the end Providence would take care of those who sincerely believed and obeyed nature's arduous laws," is to hold up for emulation a faith that actually runs completely contrary to all reason and reality. It is to urge youth to be foolish; it is to elevate wrongheadedness.

Pray, what are those "arduous laws" of nature which the sturdy Puritans obeyed? If perchance they are those "laws of Nature" named by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, then they have nothing to do with religious faith, for Jefferson, pre-eminently a man of reason in the Age of Reason, was presumably speaking of natural law, which is necessarily reason. Yet, reason and religious faith are mutually contradictory. We cannot have both and remain sane. That is why the liberty of the Age of Reason has come unwoven. The two threads cannot permanently coexist as a single fiber.

In the end Tobin vaguely admits the separation of the fabric of religion and reason, but he fails to make it clear that reason and unreason cannot truly exist as one thing. Instead, once more, an important voice in an important periodical has seemed to say to youth, in solemn tones, that American freedom is firmly grounded in a belief in hell-fire and eternal damnation. No wonder that the progress of enlightenment is so slow. Plato had a point.

Conner Reed,
Seattle, Wash.

Accidental Gamesmanship

Congratulations on the new Table of Contents format [*SR*, Jan. 29]. I especially enjoyed the "little game" you played with the Games section. I presume the bollixing-up of pagination was designed to cure us "crypto-twisto-I.Q." freaks from flying immediately to the good stuff, without landing first in the Phoenix Nest or on top of Goody Ace's Head. You succeeded!

Mrs. Ritchie Laymon,
Columbus, O.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Queries should be sent to "Reader Services." Manuscripts or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

The Ballet Scene

When you lose one royal Dane, the only sensible thing to do is to borrow another. And that is exactly what the American Ballet Theatre did for its January season at the City Center 55th Street Theater. Erik Bruhn, who, in addition to his duties for his own Royal Danish Ballet, the Royal Swedish Ballet, and other companies, was associated with ABT for twenty-one years, suddenly retired from the stage a few weeks ago (*SR*, Feb. 12) because of a chronic illness. To replace him in certain roles, he suggested a fellow Dane, Niels Kehlet, who was quickly granted a leave from the Royal Danish Ballet. Kehlet was a smash.

The young Danish dancer boasts a prodigious technique. He has the soaring Danish leap and the brilliant *batterie* preserved in the Bournonville ballets first created more than a century ago. In addition, he excels in dazzling turns, elegant and easy arm movements, immense skill at characterization, and, of course, that national Danish asset, charm. Among the works he performed for ABT were the full-length *Coppélia* and *La Fille Mal Gardée*, both comedies. Interestingly, Kehlet is celebrated for his interpretation of the role of Franz in the Danish *Coppélia*, presumed to be close to the French original of 1870, but he is equally striking in the ABT staging, which stems from Russian Imperial Ballet sources and which he recently learned. In *Fille*, which he mastered after his arrival here, he was delightful. Chiefly, he partnered the adorable Italian ballerina Carla Fracci.

Fille, incidentally, is not only one of the oldest ballets extant—it's about two hundred years old—but also one of the best. It is, indeed, the first great ballet comedy, and ABT, in its sunny new production, restaged by Dimitri Romanoff and with scenery and costumes by Rolf Gerard, gives renewed vitality to its humor and lovely tenderness to its airs of romance.

A special joy of the engagement was the return of Eliot Feld to the Ballet Theatre after a creative and instructive period as head of his own troupe. What a dance-actor Feld is. Superb! His new choreographies for ABT were not first-class Feld—*A Soldier's Tale* (derived from Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*) was a distant echo of Kurt Jooss's *The Green Table* and *The Big City*; *Eccentrique* (also set to Stravinsky) was a combination of pretty feeble free-dance patterns and not very stirring ballet—but his earlier creations and his own performing made for a happy and fruitful return to the fold.

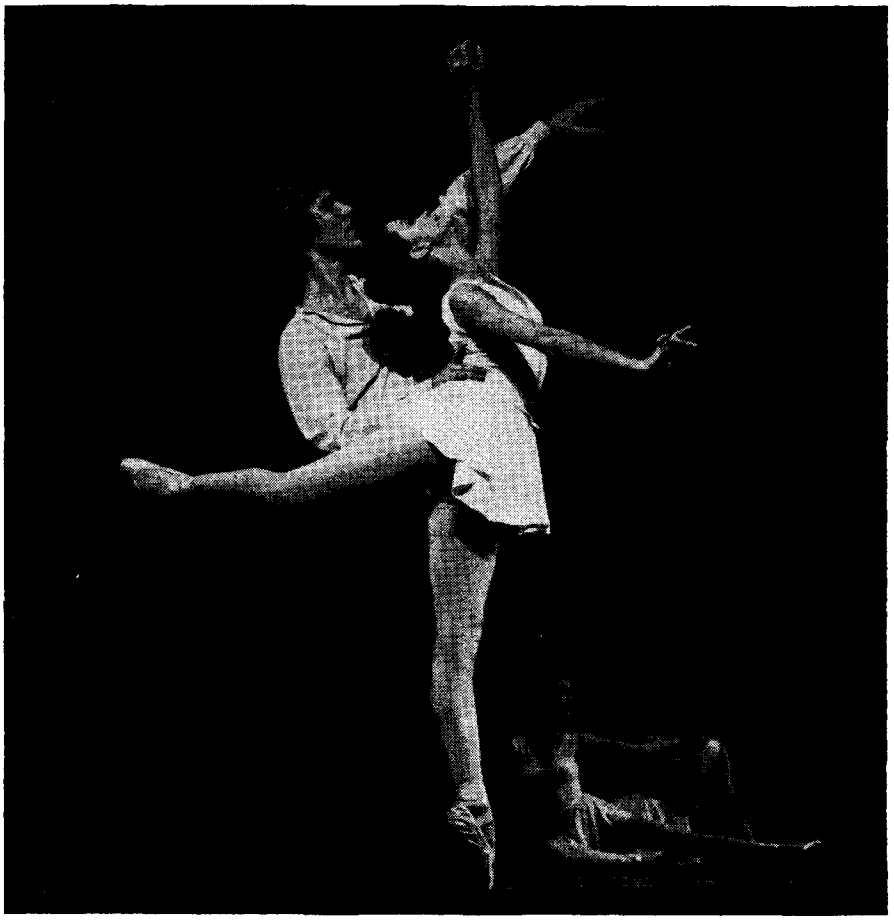
One of the great folkloric classics in American ballet history, Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, returned to the repertory in an exuberant revival. Christine Sarry was the Cowgirl, hilariously butch on the outside and utterly feminine beneath the veneer, the best portrayal, or one of the best, since de Mille's. Both Terry Orr, who danced excellently throughout the four-week stand, and William Carter were admirable as the Champion Roper in alternating performances.

The season itself had a rather shaky start because of tired, injured, or flu-affected dancers, but in no time ABT was at the top of its form and was providing its public with a repertory unmatched in the history of ballet. It also develops, hires, and honors stars; so, in addition to Kehlet as a guest, it gives its real balletomanic public such regulars as Fracci, the tiny but glittering Natalia Makarova, Ivan Nagy (very probably Bruhn's heir as a *premier danseur noble*), Cynthia Gregory (with a great ballerina destiny), Eleanor D'Antuono (versatile and virtuosic), and a host of other first-class artists who generate enthusiasm and affection as well as admiration.

The American Ballet Theatre, by the way, prides itself on having the last production of Michel Fokine's *Les Sylphides* supervised by the master himself not long before his death. It is beautiful. It is romantic. It may well be definitive, although Fokine did rework it from time to time over a period of many decades. The New York City Ballet, for some odd reason, decided to add the work to its repertory for the winter season at the New York State Theater under the original title of *Chopiniana* (a title still used by Russians and Danes).

The great Russian-American Alexandra Danilova directed its restaging, but somewhere along the line someone in authority decided to dispense with the calf-length white tutus and the romantic airs and to do it in practice clothes. A long and pretentious program note, prepared by the company's general director, Lincoln Kirstein, ends with these words: "The present recension is not offered as a pious museum restoration but as a testimony of approximate efficiency in a context of its contemporary vitality." The new *Chopiniana* is just about as lucid and cap-

Kay Mazzo and Peter Martins in the New York City Ballet's new production of Fokine's "Les Sylphides," presented under the original title, "Chopiniana."



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tivating as that sentence. But, then, the New York City Ballet has slowly been turning into the bones of ballet while the American Ballet Theatre has elected to do honor to the living flesh of ballet.

The avant-garde in dance, classical ballet, and ethnic forms are equally welcome at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, one of the nation's major dance centers. In late January, two independent but closely related avant-garde troupes were honored guests in the academy's beautiful gray-and-gold opera house. They were the Nikolais Dance Theatre and the Murray Louis Dance Company (for more on Louis see *SR*, Feb. 5). Louis, in the not-too-distant days of the Nikolais regime at the Henry Street Playhouse, was a pupil, product, and honored alumnus of Alwin Nikolais, whose unique form of theater is a coequal combination of motion, shape, color, and sound.

Since their independence in terms of individual companies and choreographies was established—they are united at all times with respect to studio enterprises, film experiments, collaborations—Nikolais has triumphed in foreign countries, including the Soviet Union, and Louis and his unit have been cheered from Henry Street to India and back.

Both groups, in new pieces as well as in repertory successes, did handsomely in Brooklyn. Since I've written about Louis so recently, I would like to focus this report on a new Nikolais work, *Foreplay*, which departs from the Nikolais norm. "Nik," as the dance world knows him, has frequently disguised the human body in fantastic costumes, behind wild and wonderful props, and dappled and distorted it with lights of all hues. Creatures from space? Martians? Venusians? We have all, including wide-eyed youngsters, marveled at his fascinating creatures.

In *Foreplay*, he has surprised us. As usual, he did the choreography, composed the music (as a fourteen-year-old he played mood music for silent films on a theater organ in Westport, Connecticut), designed the lighting, and arranged for all theatrical effects, but this time he celebrated the unadorned, or almost, human body. He did a fabulous job of it. Beauty and strength and prowess, both male and female, were presented in patterns of dance expressivity. In a curious way the work reminded me of the tenets of the late Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, progenitors with Isadora Duncan of our modern dance, who lauded the human body and its classical lines. How splendid that Nikolais can not only give us fabulous visions of outer space and other-world forms and shapes but also offer dance praise to man in his highest plane as a godly athlete. □

WIT TWISTER #257

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

A — — — — — old figure was Cole.

Ah, — — — — — were his heart and his soul!

No — — — — — or grimace
Disfigured his face

As — — — — — o'erflowed from his bowl.

Mrs. Norman A. Keys,
Scarborough, Ontario

(Answer on page 74)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Adultery for Fun and Profit

Several months ago I came across a small book by Edna O'Brien, published in England, titled *Zee & Co.* It was labeled a novel, but an author's note explained that it had been written as a screenplay, which it turned out to be. When one reads a screenplay far in advance of its emergence as a film, there is the opportunity to do one's own casting. The story had to do with a long-married couple, ever on the verge of breaking up. The husband, a philanderer as well as an architect, finds a new field for conquest in the person of a young widow called Stella. The wife, whose name is Zee (maybe for Zeena or Zelda), is determined to keep him no matter what—and the no matter what eventually turns out to be her arranging of a nice, cozy, sexual threesome. Thus, the screenplay ends as follows: "The last we see are their three bodies —arms, heads, torsos, all meeting for a consummation."

Well, there's many a slip between screenplay and finished film, as practically every screenwriter who has dreamed a movie knows. For one thing, when reading the book, I failed to see Elizabeth Taylor as the monstrously determined Zee. I saw Glenda Jackson, who is well known for getting herself into perverse filmic situations. Nor did I see Michael Caine as the architect-husband; I had his role played by Peter Finch, though I would have settled for Dirk Bogarde. I came closer with the third party of the triumvirate, for I had Susannah York as second choice for Stella, after Claire Bloom. Well, the film has come along, retitled as *X Y & Zee*, and, if you're wondering, as I was, whether or not Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susannah York would end up "all meeting for a consummation," your fears or hopes (as the case may be) won't be realized.

Since it's not fair to give away an ending, see for yourself what happens, should you care. Not that there's compelling reason to, for the acid comedy of contemporary manners written by Miss O'Brien has come out a screechy, flamboyant vehicle for plumpish Elizabeth Taylor, whose machinations to hang on to her wayward husband do not include dieting and exercise. Yet, her performance does curiously fascinate, overdone and blatant as it is. If Miss Taylor lacks the kind of style suitable for the piece, her display of temperament is occasionally quite funny. By contrast, Michael Caine seems a cold fish, so remote and emotionless a fellow, so weary of sex and love and all that rot, that it's hard to accept the fierce devotion to him of Zee, Stella, and an ever-willing secretary to boot.

The art director has seen to it that Zee and company move about in settings that are as overstated as everything else in the film, which is so much larger than life that it hardly resembles life at all. I still think my production would have been classier, that is, if I could have induced Bryan Forbes, instead of Brian G. Hutton, to direct it. On the other hand, I wouldn't have known how to handle that last scene either. In fact, assuming I'd had the opportunity, I probably wouldn't have made the picture.

But, then, I also wouldn't have made *The Visitors*, Elia Kazan's new film. A distinct problem these days is the film that is neither needed nor welcome. What appears to be happening is that some people get together and say, "Hey, let's make a movie!" *The Visitors* is sort of a Kazan family production. Mr. Kazan's son, Chris, wrote the script, and the family farm in Newton, Connecticut, was used as the setting for a story of violence and rape, which I, for one, have had quite enough of in movies lately. The cast of characters dwelling on the farm includes a young Vietnam veteran, his common-law wife, his baby, and his father-in-law, who writes Western novels between bouts of drinking. The visitors of the title are two former Vietnam buddies of the veteran who have just emerged from a spell in Leavenworth, where they were sent after the rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl. The buddies, we soon learn, were fingered by veteran number one, and we immediately expect that the story is going to wind up in violence and rape. And it does, right on schedule. While Mr. Kazan's direction provides enough realism for a certain believability and impact, it hardly disguises the crudeness and banality of the story. Particularly bothersome are some scenes in which the young lady of the household encourages the advances of the creepier of the two visitors, thus precipitating the foregone conclusion. Her first impulse, which was to call the police, would have made considerably more sense.

Although *The Visitors* purports to show the brutalizing effect of the war on American soldiers and civilians alike, there is little in it that can be regarded as enlightening, and its effect, message-wise, is akin to receiving a telegram from Western Union that has been delivered several months late. □

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Rennert "Boris"

MUNICH, GERMANY

The particular pride just now of the company that makes its home in the beautifully reconstructed house on the Max-Joseph Platz is not an opera of Mozart or Wagner, as might be expected, or even the newest new production of Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (due any day now). It is a treatment of Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* that would honor the stage of any opera theater in the world. Günther Rennert's production has been such a success that even on a frigid Sunday night with the temperature in the teens and snow on the ground, a hundred optimists huddled in the lobby in hope of a cancellation that would offer a ticket buying opportunity not available at the box office.

For those far-sighted enough to book now, something may still be available for a performance during the summer season of festival opera marking Munich's Olympic year. The lucky few may confidently expect an experience geared to an international standard. This is not entirely because of such names as Martti Talvela, Franz Crass, Fritz Uhl, Gerhard Stolze, William Cochran, and Martha Mödl, which are, to be sure, "international."

It is, rather, the organizational effort of Rennert, now Intendant (our equivalent would be General Manager) of the Bayerische Staatsoper, that makes this *Boris* the unique thing it is. When Vancouver was looking for a man to stage *Don Giovanni* at its opening festival in 1958 (with a little-known soprano named Joan Sutherland as Donna Anna), Rennert was the choice. When Rudolf Bing decided to give the Met its first version ever of Verdi's *Nabucco* in 1960, Rennert was his director. He could have been encountered almost any year thereafter at La Scala or Glyndebourne, and he was, of course, in charge of the staging at the new Met of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* in 1967, for which Marc Chagall designed the décor.

The outgrowth of all this is simple. When Rennert came to the problem of creating a *Boris* for Munich, he was, inferentially, creating a *Boris* to standards comparable to any in the operatic world. It has become fashionable to blame the jet for the wanderlust that causes singers to perform in New York on a Saturday and in Scandinavia on a Monday. Here, for once, the jet may contribute to a positive rather than a negative result.

Working with such able collaborators as conductor Rafael Kubelik and designer Jörg Zimmermann, Rennert has brought off a *Boris* that comes closer than most to satisfying the vexing problems left by Mussorgsky in his uncompleted score. Basic to the production is neither the debatably brilliant edition of Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, which contributed enormously to the spread of esteem for *Boris* in the early years of the century, nor the recent edition with Dmitri Shostakovich's subtractions from Rimsky and additions of his own (including a stage band at one point!).

Munich is hearing *Boris* in the 1928 edition of Russian musicologist Paul Lamm, which seeks conscientiously, methodically, to honor Mussorgsky's intention in every musical way. However, Kubelik, Rennert, *et al.* have not been doctrinaire in their choice. As the "original" version from which Lamm worked did not include the scene in the Kromny Forest that Mussorgsky added subsequently, they have not hesitated to include it as the most suitable of all ways to end the "chronicle play" based on Pushkin.

For his part, Zimmermann has created what might be called a colorfully colorless décor. His peasants of sixteenth-century Russia are appropriately drab and ill-attired; when they own furs, they are crudely made. And the soldiers dress for warmth not for show. Rough planks blunt the cold of the frozen earth. When Boris finally makes his ceremonial appearance in the "Coronation Scene," the shining gold of his robes, scepter, and crown illuminates the stage, like the return of the sun after an eclipse.

It is one of the clichés of the operatic business that the central personages of *Boris* are not the guilt-ridden Czar and the several avid aspirants to his throne, but the people themselves. Rennert's staging is one that renders more than lip service to this truism. Always a strong hand at moving people on a

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stage, Rennert has gone a step beyond to motivate each member of the chorus to participate as an individual rather than merely as a tenor or baritone, soprano or bass.

The extent to which this enters into the effect of the production was graphically demonstrated at this final performance of the winter season. Mighty Martti Talvela (at six feet five and with a voice to match, the Finnish basso deserves the nickname) was unable to perform, nor was his indoctrinated understudy available. A hasty call to Cologne produced the unlikely alternative of a Japanese Boris, Takao Okamura, who went on after a brief walk through the action with a stage director. Though Okamura is no Talvela in stature or vocal weight, he has a flexible, well-produced sound and a thoughtfully composed sense of character. Uncommonly young in appearance at the outset, Okamura's Boris waxed with power and waned with the exercise of it. At the end, he had a curiously Mongol sallowness to gratify those who attribute some Tartar blood to the Godunovs.

Meanwhile, the closely knit cast functioned as an ensemble, whether in the dialogue of Pimen and the false Dimitri, in which the American-born Cochran matched well phrased exchanges with the booming voice of Crass; in the sinister emphasis of Uhl's Schuisky (one of the best ever); in the Rabelaisian revels of the wandering monks (Karl Helm as Varlaam and Lorenz Fehenberger as Missail); in the sharply etched characterization of the Innkeeper by Martha Mödl (the premiere Brünnhilde and Kundry of the Fifties at Bayreuth playing the part of the *Künstlerin* to the end); or in the plaintive despair of Stolze's finely voiced Idiot. Standing in for Kubelik (and in Munich a conductor truly "stands" in) was Heinrich Bender, who exerted a positive influence on the strong lines of musical discipline previously established.

Those who associate a lack of "presence" or orchestral fullness with the Lamm edition would have found little to justify their apprehensions in the Munich sound of *Boris*. The National is not one of the largest opera houses, but at 2,100 seats, it is far from small. Even the "Coronation Scene" and the riotous background for Varlaam's "Town of Kazan" did not sound undernourished. As for the German text by Max Hube, it cohered with the music and served Pushkin-Mussorgsky as well as any language other than the original Russian.

The week's American performers at the Munich Opera included Lilian Sukis as Mimi in an Italian-language *Bohème*. Also held in high regard are Claire Watson and Reri Grist. □

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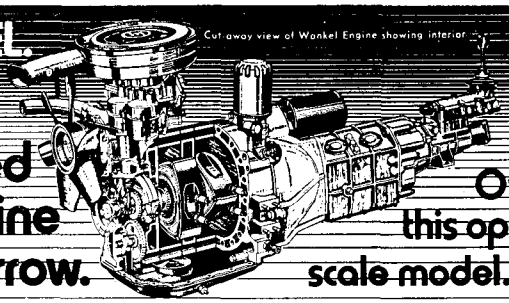

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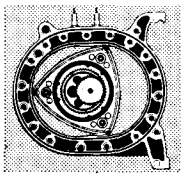

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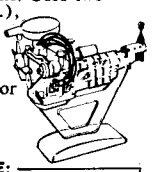

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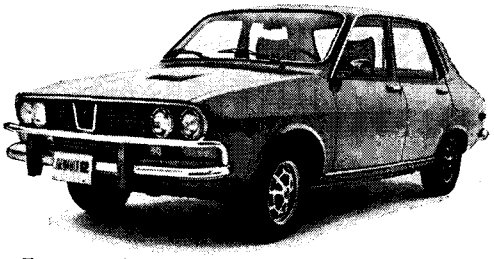

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THE CIVILIZED IDENTITY SOCIETY

Mankind Enters Phase Four

BY WILLIAM GLASSER

So quickly that few have recognized what is happening, a society that had lasted for 10,000 years has begun to dissolve. In its place, a new society has been growing up, one in which the mores, habits, and goals of a hundred centuries are being profoundly altered. Some might take longer than others to recognize this colossal reorientation; many will undoubtedly spend the rest of their lives resisting the new direction of humanity. But it is real.

This, of course, is not the first time that a significant new pattern of social organization has evolved. In the approximately four million years that have transpired since man has been considered a more or less distinguishable entity, I believe there have been three other societal transfigurations of comparable magnitude.

I call the earliest human society the *primitive survival society*. It lasted three-and-a-half million years. During that long period, man's primary goal in life was survival in a rigorous, often hostile, environment. He was able to survive because he cooperated intelligently with other members of the species in defending against predatory animals, in killing other creatures for food, in rearing the helpless human young, and in helping his fellows in myriad ways to overcome individual weaknesses. When men failed to cooperate with one another, they suffered, and sometimes they died. During those several million years, the need for intelligent cooperation became built into the human nervous system by the normal evolutionary process of natural selection.

From the little we now know about these primitive strivings, we can see that as early man cooperated successfully he was able to enjoy increasing periods of rest and of freedom from stress. During these off-hours, he learned to enjoy the company of his fellows, and that enjoyment motivated him to cooperate still further. Men were helping one another not just to survive but also to feel more pleasure. As pleasure occurred more and more frequently during the millenniums of man's slow acquisition of competence in overcoming surrounding dangers, the ancient need for intelligent cooperation evolved into a sister need: the need for the human individual to be involved in the affairs of other individuals. About 500,000 years ago, in pursuit of this need, man evolved what I call the *primitive identity society*.

This was undoubtedly a natural evolution of man with time on his hands. We have some evidence that primitive identity man lived peacefully in a fairly abundant, nonstressful environment. Although there was conflict in his life, it bore little resemblance to the incessant struggle endured by primitive survival man. Able to take survival at least partially for granted, primitive identity man developed other priorities. He finally found time to have a little fun—to love and be loved, to become involved, or, for those who could not, to learn the pain of loneliness. He formulated complex kinship systems, ornate rituals, ceremonies, dances, and religious beliefs. He learned how to use both his brain and his body for enjoyment and pleasure. High on the list of pleasure activities was sex.

If an unrestrained enjoyment of that activity led to the creation of large families, no matter. There was plenty of room to spread out. So few people existed that children could grow up and leave home—find a new territory and form their own nonstressful but generally complex society just as their grandparents and parents had done. These were the years in man's evolution when intelligence, applied at leisure, produced not merely cooperation, but probably music, magic, religion, art, and poetry as well.

Wars or conflicts between groups during this time were identity wars fought for personal status rather than for power. Wars were neither organized nor lengthy; people did not systematically kill or enslave each other, nor did they prey wantonly upon one another. There was no need to do so. Even the cannibals who ate the flesh of their human victims did so not to survive but to obtain for themselves the spirit—in a sense, the identity—of the persons eaten.

One lingering example of a primitive identity society is that of the Cheyenne Indians of the Great Plains in North America. The Cheyenne were typical Plains Indians. Their problem of survival was solved by an annual cooperative buffalo hunt in which thousands of animals were killed. Some aspects of the hunt itself make more sense in terms of identity than in terms of survival. For example, though the hunt's proceeds were divided evenly among the tribe's families, each young warrior strove to kill as many buffalo as he could so as to enhance his social standing in the tribe. Warfare, which occupied much of the rest of the year, was embellished with displays of bravery that did little to ensure victory; bravery became an end in itself. Thus, prestige drives overrode the more limited military requirements, making war a deadly game rather than a quest for power or property.

The Kung bushmen of the Kalahari Desert in southern Africa are a similar example of a primitive identity society that has endured into the twen-

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William Glasser, M.D., is a California psychologist. The concepts he delineates in skeletal form here are fleshed out in a new book, *The Identity Society*, which will be published next month by Harper and Row. Glasser arrived at them through elaboration of ideas he had developed in two earlier books, *Reality Therapy* and *Schools Without Failure*.

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tieth century. Having no single source of food equal to the buffalo, they hunt continually during most of the year. About 80 per cent of their food is supplied by the women, who gather edible plants and nuts; only 20 per cent is gained by hunting. Because most of the game animals are divided equally among the members of the tribe, the hunter receives no larger share than any other male. Still, because of great social pressure, the male spends most of his time hunting. If survival were primary, if the male were not concerned with his image, he would be better off gathering.

At one time, there were a large number of primitive identity cultures. Their populations tended to be small, and put little pressure on available food resources. As leisure time for personal involvement increased, these cultures developed more and more complex ways to maintain or enhance their role or identity. Compared with the way most people live today, it was a good life.

Over the period of the past several thousand years, however, primitive identity societies ended in many parts of the world, when population increased, until man outstripped the environment's capacity to furnish him abundant food. The discovery of agriculture, an important means of survival, caused land to become valuable. To ensure access to land, men began to prey upon their fellows. Conflict became the rule, not the exception.

Enter mankind's phase three—that which I call the *civilized survival society*. Survival again became a paramount priority, but civilized men did not revert to the cooperative instincts of their forefathers. Once the idea of conquest became common, survival of the aggressive became the ruling theme of existence. Aggressive men tried to overpower, enslave, or destroy those who posed a possible danger to them, and unhesitatingly plundered the land resources of those who posed no danger at all. Because of an innate need for involvement, these conquerors probably suffered brief pangs of guilt. But these could easily be overcome or repressed by a multitude of moral excuses, all of which rationalized the claim that the stolen resources were necessary for the conqueror's survival. A few primitive identity societies lingered during this period, but they were quickly snuffed out by the power and aggression of the civilized survivors. The American Indian is a classic example. He was identity-oriented, occasionally warlike and hostile, but seldom motivated by aggression or fear. The American frontiersmen were survival-oriented, and all but eliminated the Indian in the acquisition of power and land.

PHASE I

Primitive Survival Society

For three-and-a-half million years, man's major preoccupation was to survive—in an environment that was constantly rigorous and often hostile. For the species of man to survive, human cooperation was necessary.

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PHASE II

Primitive Identity Society

As pleasure and leisure time became part of man's experience and as the world became a less hostile place in which to live, man had time for rituals, symbols, and religion as ways in which to identify himself.

The civilized survival society was a goal-oriented society. To survive in it, men relinquished their individuality and became subservient to the group. Work became necessary, and strong men, to ensure their own survival, forced or persuaded others to labor for them. The control by one man of other men was common to this society.

Concern with role was possible for some men. But even for those, the role was not freely chosen, independent of goal, as was true in the primitive identity society. It was a limited, specialized, dependent role, related to a survival or security goal. For example: A soldier fought, a politician led, a cleric prayed. Most men, however, struggled to survive. Only during frequent wars were they able to gain even the severely restricted role of the expendable soldier. Because this dangerous role was attractive to men with no identity, there was rarely a shortage of soldiers.

A few men were able to gain an independent role in the civilized survival society and to concern themselves primarily with the pleasures of involvement with like souls. It was the rare man, however, who tried to help the many who had little chance for a life beyond bare survival. These men who helped others toward involvement are recorded in history as the great humanitarians. They were always few, however frequently history mentions them, and, much as they tried, their effect was limited. Lincoln could free the American slaves, but he could do little to give their freedom meaning.

Only after a civilized survival society became strong enough so that others did not prey on it, and satisfied enough so that it did not prey on others and waste itself in conflict, could it start to concern itself with identity—with human rights and privileges. The United States, Canada, Switzerland, and Sweden are countries in which some degree of this concern has almost always been present.

Despite such limited concern for identity, civilized survival societies have been and are power hierarchies. The top is occupied by a few strong people, the bottom by large masses grubbing for existence at a bare survival level. Between the two is a wide variety of people who make up the middle classes of any civilization. Power keeps these classes in their established order. One moves up if the order gains power, down if it loses. Any upward movement within the society threatens others because there are limited places to go. If too many or too few people exist within a class, their survival is threatened; there is either not enough or too much for them to do. Conflict occurs when they try to move out or to keep others from moving in.

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No matter how many classes exist, it is always the bottommost layer of the population—the slaves, serfs, minorities, peasants, or mill hands—who do the hard, disagreeable work of the society. If many of them stop working, the whole hierarchy is threatened. Any attempt to organize this class and give it power is strenuously resisted, not only by those at the top but by almost everyone above the bottom.

Many people without identity have tried to gain a little security and a dependent role within the power structure by taking on aspects of their ruler's identity. History is replete with people who followed a leader blindly, often to their own destruction. Nazi Germany is an example. After World War I, both the upward aspiring middle classes and the always desperate lower classes in Germany were sufficiently stung by defeat and the loss of prestige to chase an illusion of power that was to destroy thirty million people. As a means for survival, wars lost their original justification long ago. They have developed into senseless power struggles. Bolstered by contrived and self-perpetuating propaganda, war as an institution has taken on an identity of its own that deludes leaders and followers alike.

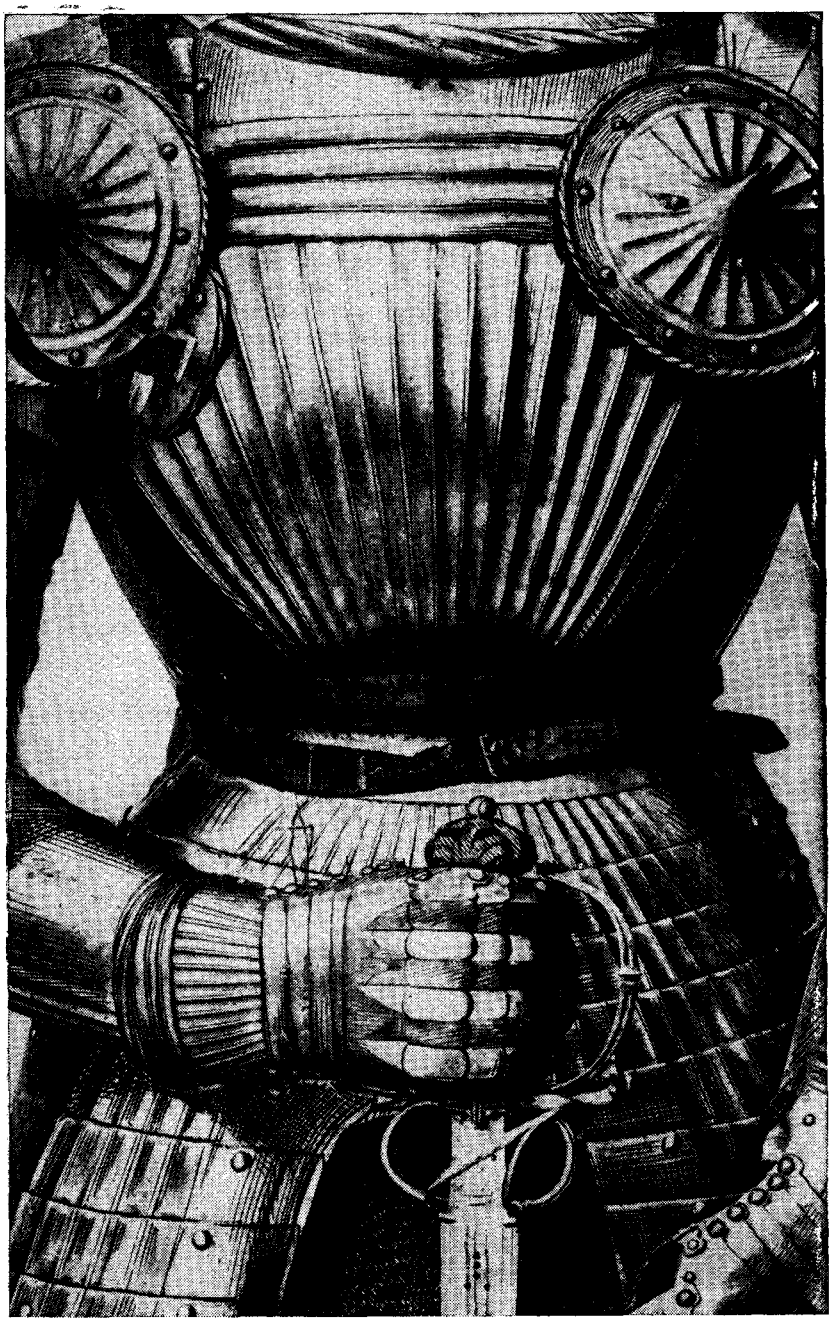
Because civilized survival societies have dominated the earth for the past ten thousand years, and because the written record of man's behavior is contained entirely within that period, the human species has come to be deluded by its own propaganda. There is now a common belief that life became easier for man with the advent of civilization, that the species has enjoyed more happiness during the recorded history of settled, agricultural, property-owning people. This belief prevails in spite of little evidence to support it. In fact, there is good evidence that the lives of two-thirds of the people in the world today are much less gratifying in terms of ease and human satisfaction than were the lives of men who lived during the almost half a million preceding years of the primitive identity society.

Both primitive survival man and civilized survival man were hard pressed to survive the stresses of their environment. Both worked to survive, but with one major difference. Primitive survival man struggled against the hostile environment into which nature brought him; it was not of his own making. Civilized survival man struggled against a hostile environment almost entirely of his own making. Primitive survival man suffered from lack of food, lack of shelter, lack of ability to make tools and materials to survive, but he got along with his fellow men. Civilized survival man has demonstrated an outstanding ability to

PHASE III

Civilized Survival Society

With the increase in population, the decrease of available game, and the discovery of agriculture, land became extremely valuable and aggressive men fought one another to obtain and exploit it.



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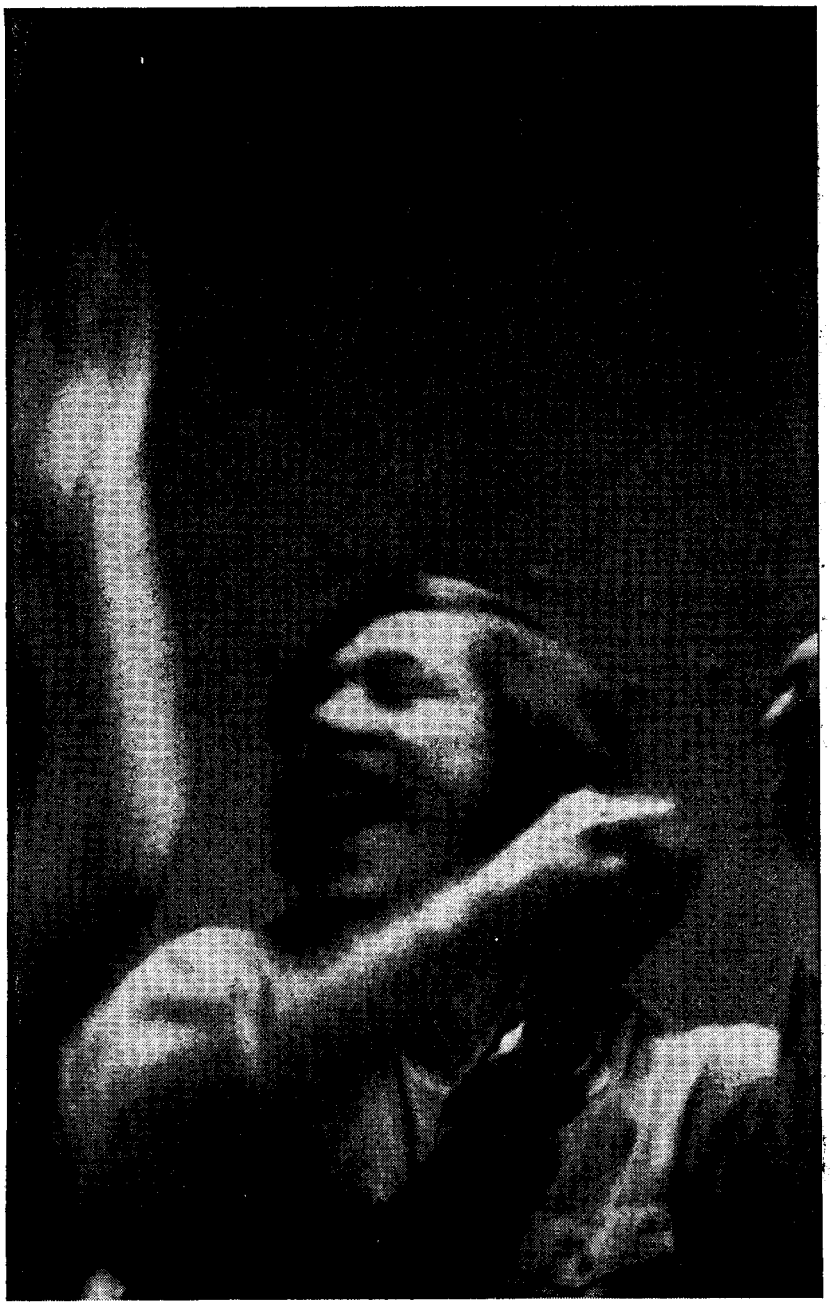
PHASE IV

Civilized Identity Society

In the past twenty years, man has begun to move away from the collected inertia of centuries and toward a role-dominated society in which human concern again centers on self-identity, self-expression, and cooperation.



utilize the resources of his environment to his own advantage, but he has rarely demonstrated an ability to get along with his fellows.

Vestiges of the ancient tendency toward cooperation are still apparent in many of man's primitive behavioral relationships today. We cooperate, for example, to avoid suffering if we are stranded by fire or flood. But the inherent neurological need for men to cooperate for the common good has been mainly suppressed; for a hundred centuries we have denied its urges. The stresses and strains to which we have been subject in the civilized survival society have forced our conscious minds to choose behavior that conflicts with the cooperative behavioral tendencies built into the human nervous system during the two primitive societies that preceded civilization. The civilized survival society taught most men to suppress awareness of the suffering and deprivation existing all around them. The hostility and antagonism of the deprived helped the more privileged to rationalize this behavior. These defensive reactions have been so much a part of our civilized history that scholars studying the consequences have often, it seems, erroneously concluded that aggression and antagonism are innate human qualities while cooperation is not. Written history backs their theory. Human history seriously challenges it.

All the institutions of our society were, and for the most part still are, organized to preserve this 10,000-year-old distortion of our evolutionary heritage. The situation is heavily weighted against either understanding of, or preparation for, the new social stress that recently has caused most young people and a surprising number of older people to spend much of their time and energy pursuing a role independent of any specific security. Moving against the accumulated inertia of centuries, these people are trying to gain a successful identity—a pleasurable belief in themselves and in their own humanity and in the companionship of others in ways not necessarily related to security. Thus, in the past twenty or so years, a new society has begun to emerge. I call it the *civilized identity society*, because it is motivated by a respect for individual integrity. It cannot be passed off as a mere "generation gap," because the conflict involves a cleavage between contrasting cultures, not age groups.

As early as 1950, the change from a civilized survival society came about for essentially the same reason that the primitive survival society gave way to the primitive identity society half a million years ago.

The need for defense against the environment had been diminished by

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affluence, and the affluence made it possible for more people to become politically concerned with human pleasure and the right to enjoy that pleasure. Affluence also increased access to communications, primarily to television, which directly or indirectly urge people to enjoy themselves and to live a better life. These forces combined to strengthen actual security and to decrease everyone's concern for security, thus weakening the power hierarchy. As the weakness became evident, almost all young people and many older people took advantage of the opportunity to escape the rigid goal orientation that insecurity had necessitated for everyone below the top of the power structure.

Led by the young, the half-billion people of the Western world have begun a tumultuous revolution toward a new, role-dominated society in which people concern themselves more and more with their identities and how they might express them. Of course, people still strive for goals, but increasingly these are vocational or avocational goals that their pursuers believe will reinforce the independent human role. The goals may or may not lead to economic security, but they do give people verification of themselves as humans. Not everyone can work at a job he would enjoy identity with, such as doctor, artist, or teacher; but now anyone can pursue a recreational goal (such as bowling or bridge-playing) or a volunteer goal (such as working at a hospital or fund-raising) that reinforces his identification as a worthy person. A young doctor's view of himself in the new identity society illustrates the changed situation:

I am a doctor not because I can make money and find a very secure place for myself high in the power structure, but because I think I can practice medicine to become involved with my fellow man. I'd like to work in an inner-city hospital, in the Peace Corps, in a "free" clinic, in research, or for the Public Health Service. I expect to get paid enough to live, perhaps to be comfortable; but, to me, being a doctor is much less to gain money, prestige, and power than it is to reinforce my own role, my belief in myself as a human. As I struggle helping others, I will enjoy the satisfaction that comes when I do this well.

The dean of my medical school has confirmed that before 1950, students who answered the standard question, "Why do you want to become a doctor?" by saying, "For the human involvement it provides" (the role answer) were often rejected as candidates for a physician's training. They were suspected of being deviants or troublemakers. The student who answered that he wanted a secure profession (the goal answer) was accepted. This attitude began to shift about 1950. Since then, many medical schools have been admitting students who proclaim interest in public service; Western Reserve University Medical School is a good example.

In the new identity society few people renounce the opportunity to struggle for an independent role. In this struggle, however, many people fail; they are unable to find such a role. They do gain an identity, but the identity is that of a failure. Failures involve themselves with feelings that reinforce their unsatisfactory attempts to find successful identities. Many retreat into unreality through the use of alcohol or drugs; or they find escape in psychosomatic ailments: headaches, back pains, digestive distress, heart palpitations. Others find independence in growing beards, participating in peace marches or in voter-registration drives. Whether children succeed or fail in their search for roles they can be proud of, the denials, the attacks, the rejections they encounter in the process are bound to separate offspring from parents. But again this is the symptom of a cultural, not necessarily a generational, gap. Today, about twenty years into the new civilized identity society, most families in the Western world are culturally divided. During the next twenty to twenty-five years, as the identity society children become parents, the gap should narrow. Now, while the gap is widening, it is important to keep in mind that the young are now struggling for involvement, that is, they believe role takes precedence over goal. They do so because they have had security and freedom within their families. They believe an independent role is natural; they do not hear admonitions that the security and freedom are temporary because they are provided by the family and not by the society. They believe that the government or private enterprise should provide work where work is necessary for the good of mankind. Work for them is not necessarily sacred. If one chooses not to work, he should have that right. When one asks, "If a person doesn't work, who will support him?" they say, "His friends." They do not believe a person has a right to prey upon others who do not wish to support him, but they believe no one should be criticized if his friends decide to care for him. They also believe that not only each person but also the government has an obligation to work to improve the quality of life for all. This obligation includes limiting births, because overcrowding is the direct path back to the survival society. The new identity society is a regeneration of intelligent cooperation and involvement, reverting back hundreds of thousands of years to humanity. □

The Bigot

by Harold Witt

It's neither black nor white
and lives beneath a stone—
writhes out only at night—
touch it and it's gone
boring deeper down;
it knows what's wrong and right,
likes a backwoods ground
but also thrives in cities
and hides in every town;
velvet in its stealth,
it couples in the dark,
secretly feeds on filth,
avoiding human pities—
pretends to mean no harm
except as a defense,
but poisoner of life,
at either of its ends
it has a lethal mouth.

The Relationship

by Harold Bond

Someone is out to
burn you all the time.

I have nothing to
give you if I have
nothing. Sorry we
met. One of you has

been either sleeping
with me or painting
my car. You refuse
my money because

I have none. One of
you is out to do
me a favor all
the time. One of you

is out to burn me
all the time also,
to light a fire
under me, as it

were. Do you not know
that you would only
singe my vitals?
My last check arrived

predated, "in view
of your financial
condition." I have
nothing to lose if

I have nothing. May I
sell this poem for you?
May I offer you a
eucalyptus branch?

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Romance, Anyone?

Dippy has passed his fifth birthday as a handsome bachelor, and how long can I keep him from romance? It is time I arranged a marriage for him, and, not knowing any other way to go about it, I take this means of offering him to love.

"Dippy" is our shortening of Serendipity. I wanted to call him Umlaut when we first got him, but the children held out for something fancy, and I maneuvered them into settling on Serendipity because it would shorten to the simple and doggy Dippy.

On his registration papers Dippy is Bejomy's Neo, German shepherd dog, black-and-tan, #WB 392796. His dam is Trainein's Faustina II, and I tried to register him as Faustina's Serendipity, but the American Kennel Club said Serendip was a registered name and instructed me to come up with two unusual names. So I took the first two letters of Benn, Jonnel (John L.), and Myra, and made Bejomy with Neo thrown in because he was definitely a neo-fluff when we first got him.

It is now time, and past time, that I tended to my marriage brokerage. I asked the vet, and he told me to get in touch with the kennel Dippy came from, but the kennel has gone out of business. That leaves me, alas, a stranger in town without so much as one working number in the black book and unable even to get a cab and have the driver take me somewhere he knows.

Some of our readers, it occurs to me, must have some family connection with a proper bitch. As serious parents, they will want to know something about Dippy, alias Bejomy's Neo, alias #WB 392796. For my part, I am eager to do the right thing in whatever form and on whatever forms are called for. I can begin by certifying that Dippy comes of a fine family. His dam was sired by Champion Bee Jay's Jerry on Trainein's Baltassy. His sire is Hazewood's Emo, whose line is sprinkled with champions, some of them of German rather than American registry. Dippy accordingly tends to the heavier build of the German stock rather than to the lighter lines of the American-bred German shepherd. He is a nicely marked black-and-tan, though one of his grandfathers and one of his great-grandfathers were grays and two others were black-and-tan with silver, a genetic fact to which I attribute the especially handsome silver ruff he is now developing. I have his pedigree for five generations and would be happy to trade specifications with qualified parents. His bloodlines are so obviously more distinguished than my own, however, that it seems all but insolent at this point to probe further.

In his own right, furthermore, Dippy is a champion Frisbee catcher. A Frisbee—let me explain to that generation that has lost touch with central realities—is one of those plastic flying-saucer pie-plates that boys (and sometimes their fathers) skim back and forth across the lawn. Dippy's central passion is to crouch facing me when I hold out a Frisbee. On signal, he races around me to get a running start. Then I skim the thing and he sprints thirty or forty yards to leap into the air, catch it in his teeth, and bring it back.

There is a flaw in his performance. Once he has caught the thing, he is under some inner compulsion to worry it until it is folded over. Folding it over seems to give his teeth a better purchase on it. When Benn is willing to work with me, however, I post him across the lawn to pretend that he is going to snatch the Frisbee away. When Benn does that, Dippy doesn't stop to worry the thing but runs right back with it in something like its original condition.

He is, and I say it in parental pride, a spectacular leaper, twister, and catcher. He can sail up for Frisbees like a marlin breaking the surface or scoop them at near ground level in a way to make a shortstop envious. Nor can he be fooled when I throw him a curve, for he does not follow the Frisbee but judges its line of flight, cuts across the curve, and grabs it at just the right point of intersection. I am prepared to match him against pro football's best pass receivers.

He is, moreover, a natural athlete who taught himself—and me—the game. I am not smart enough to teach him much, though I think I am smart enough to take advantage of what he has taught me. Our game started when Dippy was a pup and the boys and I were on the lawn flipping a Frisbee back and forth. Dippy appointed himself monkey-in-the-middle, and in no time at all it took all our trickery to throw a pass he did not intercept. It also cost me the temporary loss of a fingernail to learn not to grab for the thing at the same time he did. One of the boys had thrown me a high floater, and just as I reached up for it—it must have been at least eight feet in the air—Dippy sailed by like a black-and-tan falcon and snapped it up as his own. Dippy collects on all ties. The fingernail grew back in about two months.

Having learned not to poke my finger into cases of disputed possession, I switched the game to chase-and-fetch. There is, I submit, no better way for a lazy man to exercise his dog. All I do is stand and flip while Dippy sprints, leaps, trots back, and crouches ready to spring again. He does chew up the Frisbees, but by making do with a tattered one I can get most of a week's use out of one. What I am looking for is a wholesale connection. Please quote prices by the dozen.

That fingernail was an accident. Dippy is not snappish. He is definitely a watchdog, and his growl is worth believing when you come to the door or approach the car if he is in it. Out on a walk, however, when he has nothing to protect, or once you have been properly introduced, he is ready for play.

I write as a parent, and I am prejudiced in favor of my own, but I must confess that Dippy has three bad habits. He ignores cars, but cannot resist anything on a bike or motorcycle. He growls at anyone who walks with a cane. And he always attacks the nozzle of the vacuum cleaner when it growls at him. Eating the vacuum cleaner is just silly and comes to nothing, but I do have to keep an eye out for kids who come by on bikes and, on our strolls, for people who walk with canes. Something about the flying feet of cyclists calls to him, the motorcyclists exciting him, I guess, by analogy. And something about canes seems to menace him. At such times I have to bellow to make him obey, but he does obey. A couple of times, I should add, he has run off toward a neighborhood bitch in heat, but though I worry when he is away and in the possible line of traffic, I have to grant that much to nature.

Can anyone tell me how to grant nature the one thing more it needs? For propriety's sake, I must insist that any romance be arranged through a registered kennel. I am prepared to make whatever marriage settlement is called for in such cases. I'd be a poor father if I failed to do right by him.

Besides, I want to be a grandfather, and Dippy is getting no younger. I want one of his pups. Dippy is too gorgeous an animal not to have a sequel. Since propinquity is most of romance, and since Dippy lives in New Jersey, I'd prefer a local bitch of good family, but eastern Pennsylvania is within an hour's drive and so are western Long Island, southwestern Connecticut, and Westchester and Rockland counties. Dippy and I could certainly arrange to go that far for the honeymoon, and we are both eager for it.

Romance, anyone? □

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Music

Berlioz in Boston

Running her own personal and dedicated decathlon, Sarah Caldwell is not only artistic director of the Opera Company of Boston but its director and conductor as well. Among the hurdles she is forced to surmount are a peripatetic existence in aging moviehouses and gyms and the forces she must muster into being three or four times a year. Given the odds, most producers would opt for a series of small, easily mounted works. Not Sarah Caldwell. She has tackled the American premiere of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* and the first East Coast *Lulu*. Now to open her fourteenth season she has compounded the impossible with the incredible by staging and conducting the American premiere of Berlioz's full-length *Les Troyens*, a work that has been heard in edited versions with the San Francisco Opera and the New England Opera Theater. The challenges of this masterpiece have been bypassed by some of the great opera houses, including the Metropolitan, which chose to ignore the 1969 Berlioz year. Its demands in terms of casting, production, conducting, and rehearsals are as mammoth as anything ever created for the lyric stage. The miracle is that Miss Caldwell ever did it at all, let alone with the distinction she brought to it.

Written between 1856 and 1858, Berlioz's epic score pays homage in various directions simultaneously. Musically, it was his paean to Gluck and the French classical style. Although composed at the height of the romantic era, it is an almost austere work, rigidly molded by set musical forms. Yet the Berlioz orchestration is unmistakable, particularly in the woodwinds and brass. Given the moment, he could create love music of sublime tenderness and passion. Vergil's *Aeneid* was another lifelong passion, its epic sentiments stirring Berlioz's thoughts during most of his years. The opera, then, pays tribute to the classicism of a lost Greece and Rome, as well as to Shakespeare, whose presence is felt in this great canvas.

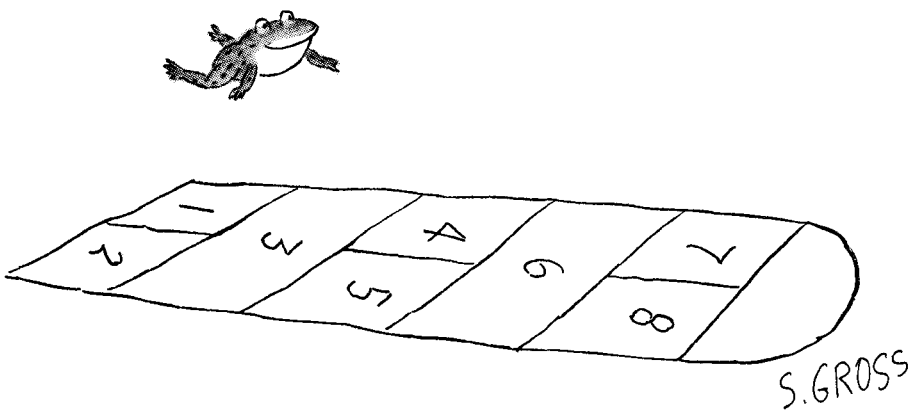
With Colin Davis's recent recording (based on a 1969 complete Covent Garden performance) and Miss Caldwell's reading in mind, it must be concluded that Berlioz's opera is great in spite of itself. One comes away awed by the idealism and nobility of the composer's vision. His imagination was immense, his view of the classical past haunting and poetic. Its four hours-plus running time is near that of *Tristan und Isolde*, but Wagner as composer-librettist set up a continuous thread of psychological, emotional, and dramatic values. Berlioz has not. *Les Troyens* is more a series of magnificent tableaux; human relationships are cemented only in the middle of Part II when Dido and Aeneas have declared their love. Dramatically, the two great moments are dominated by the two heroines, Cassandra and Dido. Both are set in the midst of destruction, both meet their ends with a knife. Yet one knows that, as much as Berlioz was fascinated by them, he was even more concerned with his tale of historic mission and destroyed civilizations. Despite the fact that he was dealing more in abstract concepts than in meaty relationships, the work remains enormously stageworthy. However—and cries will go up from the purists—it needs judicious cutting, beginning with the lengthy, less than good ballet music.

For most individuals, either staging *or* conducting *Les Troyens* would have been the challenge of a lifetime. Sarah Caldwell chose to tackle both for her Boston performances, and, although both were accomplished, it was her staging that found the lady at her highest powers. On the narrow stage of an old moviehouse (the Aquarius) she worked wonders. Her main plan brought the action outside the proscenium, with stairs and platforms built over the side boxes. This gave her long diagonals on which to move the action, which she did with great authority. The crowd scenes of both the Trojans and the Carthaginians had fluidity and purpose, and the technical effect of the sacking of Troy (fire, smoke, tumbling temples, crumbling statues) was an imaginative tour de force. With Helen Pond and Herbert Senn's sturdy, realistic sets and Suzanne Mess's vibrant costumes, the spirit of the ancient cities was well re-created. Certain details in the direction—such as having Cassandra's first big scene set so far back and beginning the Dido-Aeneas love duet in a cramped tower—were questionable. With regard to the conducting, long immersion in the score's depths and a lengthy rehearsal period are necessary to realize its full measure. Miss Caldwell opted for its more classical tone, leading the music with the straightness and clarity needed to keep it moving. What she missed was the burning intensity and romantic sweep; and less than the full orchestral force (owing to an inadequate pit) detracted from the sum.

In an uneven cast, the two soprano heroines dominated—as they should. In Part I Maralin Niska was dramatically superb as the crazed prophetess Cassandra. Indulging in what can only be called a Maralin-athon across the stage and up and down the maze of stairs, she created the demanding role with fire and physical grace. Vocally, her lyric sound was at least one shade too light to fill out Berlioz's writing; yet she cleverly projected words and music. Régine Crespin, as Dido, had everything but the ultimate control of her large instrument in the top register. Her farewell to her city was done with the magnificence of a great tragedienne, and it was movingly, opulently sung. Together with her extraordinary *plastique*, innate nobility, womanly voice, and commanding style, this was a performance to cherish.

Making his American debut, English tenor Ronald Dowd sounded too past his prime to do justice to Aeneas's heroic music, and as a stage figure he managed to turn the warrior into a dullard. Baritone Louis Quilico was a vocally sumptuous Corebus, and among the other positive assets were Gimi Beni (Panthus and Narrator), Herbert Beattie (King Priam and Ghost of Hector), Ronald Hedlund (Narbal), and especially tenor Grayson Hirst, who had two beautiful moments with Iopas's poem and Hylas's poignant song. Now we have had *Les Troyens* in full—at long last and under albeit the most trying circumstances—whetting the appetite for a truly full-scale production by the Met in 1973. □

Robert Jacobson



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Editorial

Science—Communicating Its Relevance

Until the end of the nineteenth century, educated people everywhere followed with fascination, and a high level of comprehension, the progress of science. Frequently, even the layman was able to make distinguished contributions. Ironically, almost at the moment when science began to uncover increasingly spectacular facts, the nonspecialist was cut off from this knowledge by growing tangles of technical jargon.

As a result, a communication gap has opened between scientists and nonscientists. Moreover, a similar gap exists even among scientists. In this age of increasing specialization, every scientist, outside his own field, is another scientist's layman.

Science has been defined as a method for the organized investigation of nature. Employing this method, man has produced many of the tools he uses to cope with and alter his environment. Even a brief list is impressive: the iron plow, the stirrup, the printing press, spectacles, electronics, antibiotics, contraceptives, the nuclear reactor, the computer, the laser, etc. Armed with such tools, we now possess awesome powers—or at least they seem awesome to us. We are capable of ending life on the planet and perhaps, if we set our minds to it, of destroying the planet itself. On the other hand, we are capable of rebuilding and renourishing our cities, putting an end to hunger and disease, and passing on a legacy of abundance.

Science has also been called a force for change. This is an apt description, especially in terms of Newton's three laws of motion. In his first law, Newton states that a body continues in a state of uniform motion unless acted upon by an outside force. Clearly, science is one of the forces that acts upon our society—that changes it.

Newton, in his second law, defines force as something that changes the momentum of the body upon which it acts. Science unquestionably has produced a change in the momentum of society. The tempo of our lives has accelerated markedly enough to produce serious technological, sociological, and psychological consequences. As Alvin Toffler warned in *Future Shock*, we may soon face "an abrupt collision with the future."

According to Newton's third law, forces occur in pairs: For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. In the nineteenth century, science produced the mechanical loom, and thousands of weavers were thrown into poverty. In more recent times, science has made enormous inroads in the fight against disease and pestilence, and, in response, the world's population spirals ominously.

Nevertheless, there is room for optimism that man will prove capable of harnessing and directing the force of science and that he will survive the collision with the future if and when it occurs. Homo sapiens is a rugged species. Although he is a relative newcomer to the planet, overwhelmingly outnumbered (by the insects) and physically inferior to any number of the planet's other inhabitants, he has survived and flourished. And he possesses the skills to continue to do so.

But what has all this to do with the communication gaps between scientists and nonscientists; between scientists and their colleagues? Simply this: To control and direct the force of science requires a thorough understanding of that force. The editors of *Saturday Review* believe that increasing such understanding must be one of our prime functions. In other words, we aim to narrow the gaps.

Toward that end, this week we introduce our fourth expanded supplement: *Saturday Review of Science*. Like its sister supplements—*Saturday Review of the Arts*, *Saturday Review of Education*, and *Saturday Review of the Society*—it will appear once every four weeks in a repeating cycle.

Coverage of science by *Saturday Review* will be extensive. We will strive to present the ideas and discoveries of the top men in the various fields of science. We hope to describe their findings in terms that the layman can understand, while at the same time preserving the integrity displayed in *Saturday Review*'s coverage of science in the past. This does not mean, however, that we will ignore the so-called fringe areas of science. Genius often operates on the fringes.

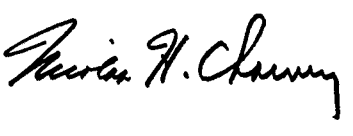
The articles in this issue reflect the direction we will be taking. In future issues we will examine new developments in biology, the findings and theories of psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists about why we seem to enjoy clubbing each other to death whenever possible, and the workings and implications of cryogenics, a science that may someday allow people with incurable diseases to be safely stored in a deep freeze until researchers can discover cures for the illnesses. We will take a close look at such things as President Nixon's newly announced Technological Priorities Program and investigate what happens to all those tax dollars slated for scientific research. We will consider what would happen if industry suddenly stopped manufacturing synthetic crystals, those tiny chips of matter found in television sets, watches, spark plugs, and telephones; some researchers say that without them, our technological society would suddenly grind to a halt. We also will explore the "softer" areas of science, presenting what scientists have to say about such matters as the rearing of children, the depression common to executives, and the role of women in our accelerating society.

In the months to come *Saturday Review of Science* will be adding regular editorial departments focusing on such areas as health and medicine, environment, physical science, life science, social science, and applied science. In these departments we will provide the reader with up-to-date news coverage of the latest advances and events in a variety of disciplines.

The coverage of science in *SR* will be impartial, for impartiality forms the very backbone of science. As we noted earlier, science is a method. It makes no claims to truth or right or wrong. These are the realms of other disciplines. When an apple falls from a tree, science says the apple acted *as if* the laws of gravity were true. The next apple might soar out of the atmosphere; it *probably* won't, but it might.

The recent arguments for and against the space program are a case in point. Critics of the program state that we are throwing away money sending men to the moon—money we could use to solve more urgent problems here on earth, cleaning up the environment, feeding the hungry, curing the sick. Could we? Or better, would we? Proponents of the program argue in turn that spinoffs alone—new techniques in management, new products, new discoveries in weather control, new jobs—will make the money well spent. Will they? Science cannot answer these questions. It can, however, equip us to make a guess. A scientific guess.

Finally, *Saturday Review of Science*, primarily through the use of photographs and illustrations, will attempt to convey to its readers some of the excitement and beauty of science. This, it seems to us, has been a much neglected aspect of science coverage. Yet, since man first gazed at the stars or tried to understand the workings of the world around him, science has been a source of fascination and wonder. We hope we will make it so for you. □



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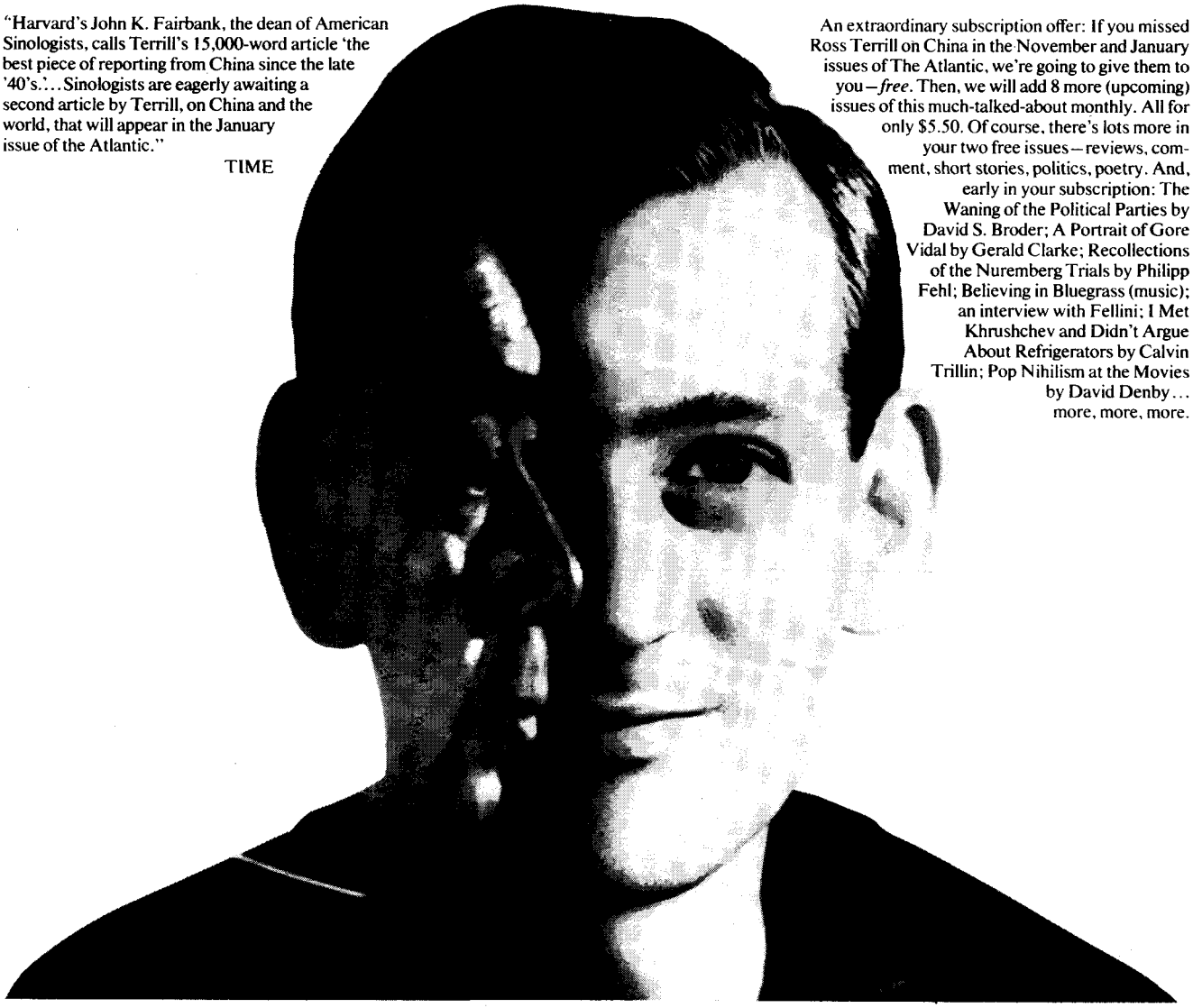
Ross Terrill and China

Eyeball to eyeball in The *Atlantic*

"Harvard's John K. Fairbank, the dean of American Sinologists, calls Terrill's 15,000-word article 'the best piece of reporting from China since the late '40's.'... Sinologists are eagerly awaiting a second article by Terrill, on China and the world, that will appear in the January issue of the Atlantic."

TIME



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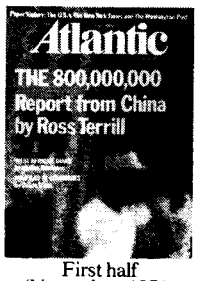

First half
(November, 1971)

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Second half
(January, 1972)

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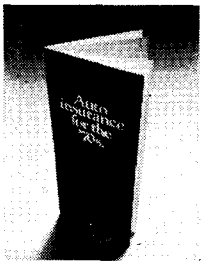

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Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

Scientists today are surveying vast vistas stretching from the structures of atoms to the swirls of galaxies; from the caprices of single cells to the activities of entire populations. The following pages present some of their findings—a report on plans to seed the American breadbasket with nuclear wastes, a journey into the minute and dazzling world of microcrystals, and an examination of recent discoveries about our planet's crust.

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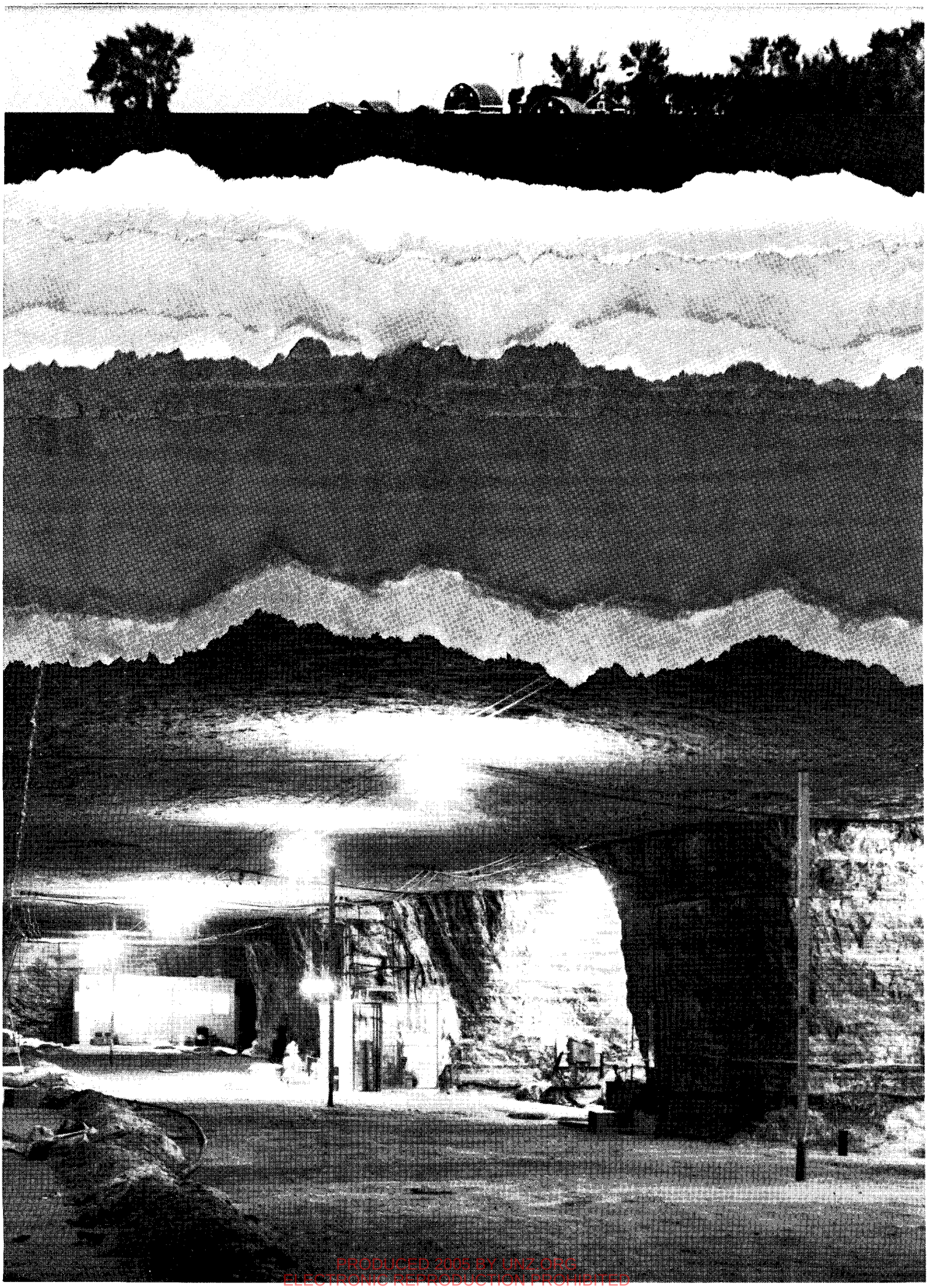

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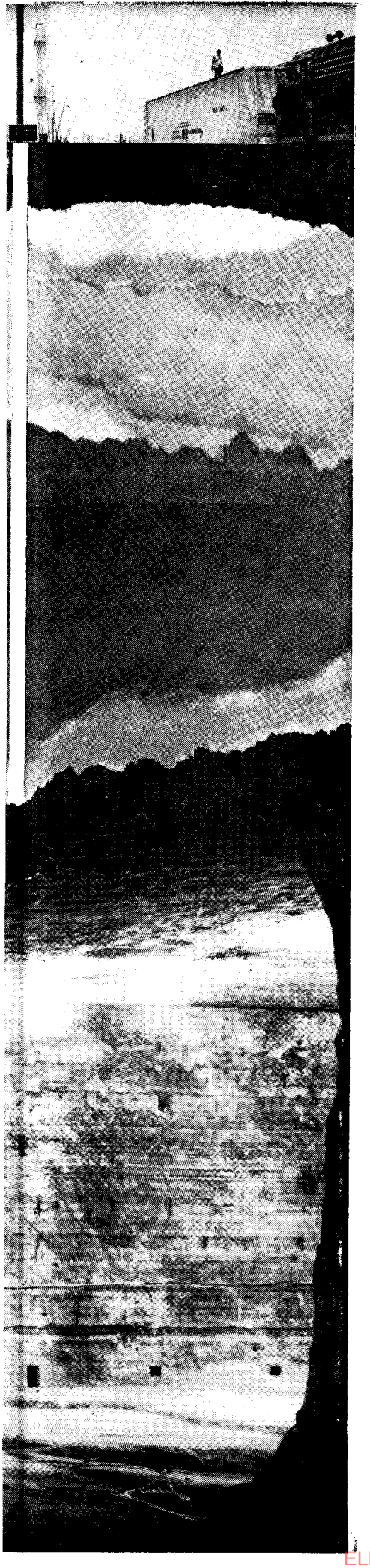

RADIOACTIVE ASHES IN THE KANSAS SALT CELLAR

BY JOHN LEAR

The town of Lyons Kansas (pop.: under 5,000), sits over two salt mines, one beneath the north end of town, the other under the south end. The main tunnels of the mines head directly toward each other and come within 1,800 feet of meeting, 1,000 feet below the streets of Lyons. The north-end mine has been abandoned for some time, and the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission wants to buy it and turn it into a dump for disposal of the radioactive ashes of all the atomic furnaces in the country. The south-end mine is in daily operation. Its owners oppose the opening of the radioactive dump because they fear it would harm their business —people might think their salt was contaminated by radioactivity.

The south-end mine owners are not alone in their fears of radioactivity's contaminating effects. These fears have spread all over Kansas and have reached Washington, D. C., where Kansas Congressman Joe Skubitz talks of changing the wording of billboards that stand alongside every main highway leading into Kansas. Now the billboards flaunt this legend over Governor Robert Docking's name: "Welcome to Kansas. Home of beautiful women. Please drive carefully."

Skubitz says that if the north-end mine at Lyons is finally taken over by the AEC the billboards will have to read: "Welcome to Kansas. Home of beautiful women and the national nuclear waste dump. Please be careful."

The fears arise, of course, from the peculiar nature of splitting atoms as displayed in the fissionable isotopes of uranium and plutonium. In one respect, these radioactive fuels are the same as fossil fuels: wood, coal, oil, and natural gas. They all burn in a relatively steady process. Oil and gas are not good illustrative analogues, however, because their burning leaves little residue. Let us take coal instead. When coal burns, both the flame and the source of the flame can be seen clearly. When part of the coal is exhausted of its energy, that part dies; if the ash does not crumble away, it can at least be discerned and knocked away. It is finished burning. Not so with radioactive fuels. They burn internally. The combustion can be neither seen nor felt. The ashes are all mixed up with the still energetic fractions of the fissioning isotopes. At any time the potent fractions are a large proportion of the fuel in the furnace (which scientists confusingly call a "reactor"), for nuclear combustion is more efficient if exhaustion of the available energy does not pass a certain point. Hence, any batch of fuel removed from the furnace is still dangerously hot.

In fact, the radioactivity contained in atomic furnace ashes is so intense that the ashes must be handled at a considerable distance from the human keepers of the furnace. Remotely controlled mechanical slaves, often of enormous size, do the sifting behind thick walls of concrete, lead, or steel and at the bottoms of deep pools of water. The ashes themselves boil spontaneously, and some will continue to boil for half a million years. The AEC allows private atomic furnace operators to keep these seething brews on private premises under proper safeguards for ten years. Then the ashes must be taken to a reprocessing facility. Only one such facility is operating in the country today. It is near Buffalo, New York. Another is under construction in Illinois. A third is planned for

An ancient mid-continent sea left 10,000 square miles of salt under the Kansas wheat fields. Pictured at left are caverns dug in salt by miners at Lyons, where the disposal of radioactive ash is a subject of hot debate.

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South Carolina. In the reprocessing, acids chemically separate the isotopes, which continue to change identity as they lose energy. The ones that are still useful as fuel are shipped back to the atomic furnace. Regulations recently put into effect require the residual mixture to be dried to a solid state and bundled in glass or ceramic before being capsuled in metal for permanent burial in some such place as the abandoned salt mine at Lyons.

Why a salt mine? Why Lyons? Why Kansas? Kansas has no atomic furnaces. Why should America's breadbasket, its fabled wheat fields rippling golden in the sun, become an inglorious cover for the radioactive ashes of everyone else's atomic furnaces? Because seventeen years ago, when atom-splitting was still a federal government monopoly (inherited from the military makers of atom bombs conceived as a last-ditch defense against Adolf Hitler and finally used to erase two Japanese cities from the earth), a panel of specialists chosen by the National Academy of Sciences looked into the future and saw only one possible containment for the furious energy of radioactivity during the thousands of years it would remain perilous to man. That containment was in geological structures lying deep within regions of the earth's crust that have long established records of stability, few visitations from earthquakes, and no access to flowing water. Thickly bedded salt looked safest of all. Salt resists corrosion, and flows slowly under the influence of heat, like a tallow candle. At a certain distance from the heat source, the flowing stops and the salt hardens again, sealing up whatever space has been opened by the flowing.

Five hundred thousand square miles of the continental United States is underlain with salt, but only three patches of it meet the minimum requirements of a radioactive disposal site: salt at least 200 feet thick in order to absorb the most extreme radioactive effects with space to spare; salt buried at least 500 feet below the surface of the ground so that even glacial erosion could not wear away the rocky overburden and expose the salt to the rain; salt within a 2,000-foot depth to avoid prohibitively expensive access. One deposit of such dimensions is in western New York State, another lies under the city of Detroit, and the third stretches tens of thousands of square miles from central Kansas west and southwest through the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma into New Mexico.

Millions of years before there was a state of Kansas, the breadbasket of today was occupied by a shallow sea intermittently connected to the Gulf of Mexico. Salt, evaporated from the sea water by the sun, accumulated to depths of between 200 and 300 feet all along the shore. During subsequent geological ages, successive layers of sedimentary rocks formed above the salt, and water gathered within these layers to feed the soil from which the wheat, the alfalfa, the sorghum, the soybeans, and the tall corn grow.

Perhaps because the salt around the city of Hutchinson, Kansas, had been easily mined since the 1800s, the AEC chose it as the first site for radioactive ash disposal. In 1959, Congress was asked to finance the underground carving of a giant Atomic Age replica of an old-fashioned moonshiner's still. It was proposed that, deep within the Kansas salt bed, a great cavern be cut in the shape of a laboratory flask. Into this chamber radioactive liquids from atomic furnaces throughout the country were to be poured and allowed to ferment into impotence. Congressman Skubitz, then administrative assistant to the late U.S. Senator from Kansas Andrew S. Shoeppel, recalls that piping was to run upward from the cavern to the ground and back to carry hot gases, cool them, and return them to the cavern. Senator Shoeppel considered this a "harebrained" idea. Congressman Skubitz still thinks it was and calls it characteristic of the superficiality of the AEC's attention to the need for atomic furnace ash disposal while billions of tax dollars are lavished on the AEC's "client relationship with private companies operating power plants" that will steadily produce more radioactive ashes.

Two years after abandoning the idea of the moonshiner's still, the AEC asked the American Association of Petroleum Geologists to select some saline aquifers (underground reservoirs of salt water) into which the radioactive liquids might be put. When the AAPG study committee recommended an aquifer under Lincoln County, Kansas, the designation was deleted from the committee report at the AEC's request.

Two years after that, in 1963, having accepted a National Academy of Sciences suggestion that radioactive ashes be solidified before their permanent disposal was attempted, the AEC returned to the salt cavern concept. An existing cavern was available in a worked-out segment of a mining property of the Carey Salt Company at Hutchinson. Hutchinson, the state's old salt marketing center, has excellent transcontinental rail connections that would facilitate transport of atomic furnace ashes from all directions. But the AEC soon shifted its attention twenty miles away to the entirely abandoned Carey salt mine under the north end of Lyons.

In 1965, a crew of scientific observers from the AEC's Oak Ridge National Laboratory moved into Lyons and lived there for the next year and a half, conducting Project Salt Vault. They drilled holes in the floors of five empty mine caverns, filled the holes with encapsuled radioactive ashes from the AEC's atomic test furnaces in Idaho, and measured the effects of the capsules' heat and radiation on the surrounding salt. The ashes from Idaho were old and not nearly as hot as ashes from a reprocessing plant of today; so electric heaters were brought in to approximate reality. The only unexpected observation was that a few drops of water moved through the salt toward the ash-filled capsules. Calculating the total effect of their findings, the AEC crewmen estimated that if twenty capsules containing radioactive ashes in glass blobs eight to ten feet long and six to ten inches in diameter were spaced out in a cavern 300 feet long and 30 feet wide, and if the caverns then were refilled with salt, the ceilings would sink two feet, the floors would rise two feet, each wall would move one foot inward, and each capsule of ashes would move two feet up and six inches sidewise during the following ninety years.

After the Oak Ridge crew left Lyons, nothing further was heard of the need for a radioactive dump until the General Accounting Office of Congress reported, in May 1968, that its men had been scrutinizing the AEC's management of the radioactive waste problem. They learned that ninety-three billion gallons of very hot furnace ashes had been stored in supposedly leakproof tanks in the states of Washington, Idaho, and South Carolina, where the AEC's own facilities are concentrated. The GAO reported that several hundred thousand gallons of these dangerous liquids had leaked out of their containers and had escaped into the ground.

Silence fell again for eighteen months. Then, late in January 1970, AEC geologist Tom Lomenick appeared without notice in the offices of the Kansas State Geological Survey on the University of Kansas campus at Lawrence. Lomenick asked for help in determining how to predict geological change in central Kansas during the next million years.

The next silence was shorter. On March 24, two AEC representatives arrived unexpectedly in the offices of Kansas Governor Robert Docking in Topeka and requested an immediate interview. They told the Governor that the Carey mine at Lyons had been chosen for use as an atomic furnace ash dump and that it would be advisable to prepare the people of Kansas to accept the proximity of radioactivity.

When news of this interview reached the university campus at Lawrence, it set geology professor William Hamble-

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ton to growling. After many years of service in the State Geological Survey, he was preparing to assume its directorship at the beginning of the new fiscal year, only three months off. He did not agree that people should accept the proximity of radioactivity unless they were confident that they would be safe. He mulled this dissent for three weeks and then put it into a letter to the Governor.

The letter pointed out that once the AEC took title to the Lyons mine the state of Kansas ever after would be helpless to protect its citizens against mistakes. Lacking detailed geological information about the mine himself, Hambleton pleaded with the Governor to demand thoroughly documented scientific data establishing the safety of the mine for the designated purpose.

Hambleton's advice seemed sound to the Governor, who immediately authorized the State Geological Survey to undertake as much study of the Lyons site as the state budget would allow. The Governor also suggested to the Kansas legislature that it summon a symposium to corral all views of the controversy. State Attorney General Vern Miller was ordered to take whatever legal steps were necessary to protect the rights of the citizens of Kansas from abuse by any AEC action at Lyons. At the same time, the Governor's position was transmitted to the AEC and to the Kansas Congressional delegation, which includes U. S. Senator Robert Dole, national chairman of the Republican Party.

Reaction in Washington was prompt. The National Academy of Sciences Committee on Radioactive Waste Management invited Hambleton to join the committee's Panel on Disposal in Salt and to participate in its next meeting at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He joined the panel and, after hearing the AEC's case in favor of Lyons, refused to sign the original draft of the panel report, insisting on the insertion of a number of precautionary provisos.

The scientific community is notoriously allergic to public exposure of its internal politics. The AEC had to go through the motions of placating someone it continued to underrate as a hick surveyor from the Bible Belt. Hambleton was asked to play host to a scientific group discussion of the recommendations the academy panel had asked him to make. After a full day of talking at Lawrence, on June 16, the conferees went into executive session on the 17th. While they were still debating, AEC Assistant General Manager John Ehrlwine summoned news reporters in Topeka and announced the "tentative selection" of the Lyons mine. Even Oak Ridge employees of the AEC at the Lawrence meeting were embarrassed by this *fait accompli.*

> The question now is whether the AEC's tactics at Lyons have stigmatized the radioactive dump concept too starkly to restore it to respectability in the public's mind.

Hambleton expected some signal of disapproval from the academy panel. When none came, he compiled his own "interim report" of events. "Unquestionably," he wrote, the AEC would now proceed to buy the Lyons mine and prepare for operation of the radioactive dump by 1974. He said that it was now more crucial than ever that Kansas protect its citizens by carrying through adequate investigation of the Lyons site and by exploring the possible "selection of more appropriate sites, either in Kansas or elsewhere."

On December 2, Hambleton wrote a further report. He distributed copies of it to interested scientists, the Governor's office, and the press. In it he disclosed that, pursuing one of the recommendations he had made to the academy panel, the AEC had added $100,000 to State Geological Survey funds already assigned to make a detailed study during the month of August of the surface geology, groundwater hydrology, and subsurface geology of a nine-square-mile area centered on Lyons.

Hambleton said he had proposed the drilling of four holes from the surface of the site through the salt to a depth of approximately 1,300 feet. Two holes had actually been drilled. A core had been drawn from the full length of one while core samples had been taken from the other. The corings would make it possible for the first time for the AEC to do what he said should have been done earlier on its own initiative: analyze the order and respective thicknesses of the layers of rock and salt at the mine and locate possible fractures along which fluid movement possibly could occur.

To date, he revealed, the AEC had based all its calculations on the supposition that there was a single layer of pure shale underlain by a single layer of pure salt. The cores, however, contained many alternating layers of salt and shale. Hambleton then explained that discrepancies between the AEC's assumptions and the geological realities "could be responsible for breaking the seal" of rocks overlying the salt and for permitting entry of surface or subsurface waters into the salt bed to create erosional problems and to invite dangerous convection effects.

Hambleton's December 1971 report also discussed the energy to be buried. "As long as the waste containers maintain their integrity, only very small quantities of salt would be subject to high-energy, heavy-particle radiation," he agreed. "However, release might occur once or twice a year for about three years, and melting or explosion might cause containers to migrate to lower depths, possibly the shale areas, and faults could develop in overlying rocks because of explosions. In addition, the metal containers are expected to deteriorate within six months, and the ceramic material [binding the radioactive ashes] is expected to deteriorate within several years. Accordingly, radioactive particles could migrate through the salt. . . . Water is available in the salt, and the waste particles could be suspended by turbulent boiling." The released radioactivity could also cause chemical breakdown of the salt itself. The salt molecule is constituted of chlorine and sodium atoms, and sodium burns intensely in the presence of water.

The AEC was hard pinched. The disproportionately low priority it had assigned to atomic furnace ash disposal over the years had left it vulnerable now that the private industrialists it had subsidized were reaching for the market they had been promised. Twenty-one atomic furnaces were in operation, fifty-five were under construction, and thirty-six more were under contract. Some time had been bought for solution of the ash problem by allowing the furnace owners and reprocessors to hold the ashes on their own properties for a decade, and the space necessary to accommodate the ashes had been reduced by the order to solidify the liquids. Nevertheless, the ash pile estimated for 1980 would make a cube thirty-three feet on a side; by the year 2000 the cube would be 180 feet on a side. It would be necessary to move only three capsules of ashes into the Lyons mine in 1976, but by 2000 there would be 500 intensely radioactive capsules ready for disposal every year, plus 700 capsules of less virulent stuff. The AEC could not afford any further delay, but it could not escape circulating a statement of environmental effects before going to Congress for funds with which to buy the Lyons salt mine.

Governor Docking got his copy of the environmental impact statement in December 1970. Almost everyone in Kansas who read the copies Hambleton distributed was enraged by the AEC's continuing failure to answer his questions. There was an even more hostile reaction to the AEC's insistence on preparing to put radioactive stuff into the mine and experimenting with it on

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the assumption that whatever difficulties might arise could safely be "engineered out." Moreover, Kansas hooted at the AEC's vague promise to remove the radioactive capsules from caverns refilled with salt should removal become necessary. What fantastic excavation instrument would be used? It had not been invented yet and would not be until need for it arose. This would happen in Kansas?

Both houses of the Kansas legislature and the whole Kansas delegation in Congress had joined the uproar by the time the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy called a public hearing last March on the AEC's request for $25-million to buy 180 acres of the Lyons mine property and 900 additional acres of salt plus subsurface mineral rights to a 1,700-foot-wide buffer zone surrounding those two adjoining properties. Activation of the appropriation would take out of production, for twenty-five to thirty years, 1,000 acres of Kansas farm land now planted in wheat, sorghum, or soybeans, or devoted to pasture.

Governor Docking authorized Hambleton to testify in the name of the state of Kansas. Among the other hearing witnesses was a functionary of the National Academy of Sciences who admitted that the AEC had not told the academy whether or not the salt panel's provisos had been satisfied. Another witness disclosed that the AEC had managed to make one computer calculation based on the multilayered rock and salt core provided by Hambleton. A third witness explained that the scientist responsible for the heat-transfer studies repeatedly requested by Hambleton had died and was only now being replaced. Hambleton's own remarks occupied about six of the 279 pages of the Lyons appropriation hearing transcript. Almost all the rest of the space was taken up in defense of the AEC, enunciated not only by AEC officials but also by members of the joint committee, only two of whom—Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island, the committee chairman, and Senator Howard H. Baker, Jr., of Tennessee—expressed sympathy with Kansans' fears. A prediction that Senator Pastore made, however, turned out to be right: Congress was not willing to act against the unanimous opposition of the elected representatives of Kansas. Instead, it approved an appropriation bill amendment submitted by Senator Dole prohibiting the AEC from purchasing the Lyons mine within the following three years unless the acquisition was first approved by a special committee to be appointed by the President.

The AEC did not confess any change of attitude after the Congressional rebuff. But it did completely reorganize its machinery for administering the radioactive waste disposal system. Closer to Hambleton's home grounds in Lawrence, the members of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce—who at first had enthusiastically favored the abandoned Carey mine purchase—experienced a modification of opinion. They had originally looked upon Hambleton as a crank, but last June they invited him to Lyons to address interested townspeople at their high school. They met his University of Kansas plane at the Lyons airport in a playful mood, displaying a hangman's noose and asking whether the plane could fly home if it were tarred and feathered. Half a hundred Lyons residents went to the schoolhouse to hear what Hambleton had to say. One of them was J. B. Allen, superintendent of the mine that the American Salt Corporation operates at the south end of Lyons. After the meeting, Allen asked whether or not Hambleton had seen a letter the corporation president and general manager, Otto Rueschhoff, had written to the AEC from the corporation headquarters at Kansas City, Missouri.

At Allen's suggestion, Rueschhoff sent a copy of the letter to Hambleton. The original, dated May 4, had been dispatched in reply to one that F. M. Empson, an AEC health physics specialist at Oak Ridge, had written to Rueschhoff on April 14. Empson had been in the crew that lived at Lyons during the Salt Vault experiment. As the only AEC employee known to have met Rueschhoff personally, Empson was picked to ask the salt mine company executive for proprietary information that probably would not be forthcoming—such as how much salt the south-end mine at Lyons produced each year. Rueschhoff did not give this information, but his letter to Empson did list some interesting reasons why the abandoned Carey mine at the north end of Lyons might not be a safe place for a radioactive dump.

Although the American Salt Corporation and the Carey Salt Company were competitors in a business notoriously reluctant to share information, Rueschhoff was familiar with the Carey property because each of the Lyons mines has only one entry-and-exit shaft. In the 1930s, the rival mine owners considered connecting their main tunnels in order to provide each other with a back door in case of accident. These plans were abandoned when the Carey salt mine was closed, but the negotiations lasted long enough for Rueschhoff to learn that the Carey mine shaft drillers had passed through forty feet of water in the rock overlying the salt; a caisson had to be installed to complete the operation.

The shaft of American's own mine at the south end of Lyons, as Rueschhoff reported in mining parlance, is "wet." Water regularly collects in a receiving ring at the shaft bottom and has to be pumped to the surface.

Only five days after Empson's letter to Rueschhoff was written, drillers and blasters in the dry-mining segment of the American mine bored seven feet into what they thought was solid salt and hit a hole from which mud and water poured until the hole was closed with concrete. No one knew how the hole got there. Mine records gave no clue. The owner of the land above the mine was equally nonplused. An unrecorded well was suspected, but no opening could be found in the ground above, even after a bulldozer dug up the soil to a depth of four feet in a 200-foot radius from where the entrance to such a well should have been.

An equally puzzling episode of 1965 was recalled by Rueschhoff. It occurred in that part of the American mine where hydraulic methods are used to remove the salt. In the way customary to such operations, three vertical holes were drilled 600 feet apart in a triangular configuration. Fresh water was pumped into one hole with the expectation that it would break through the salt below, find the other two holes, and wash the dissolved salt back up to the surface in them. In this instance however, the brine did not come up. The downpouring water—170,000 gallons of it—simply disappeared.

After Hambleton went to see Rueschhoff and reported their conversation to the AEC, enthusiasm for a dump anywhere in the Lyons neighborhood waned perceptibly. In a subsequent talk to the Kansas Engineering Society, the new director of the AEC's waste disposal system, Dr. Frank Pittman, referred to unresolved "problems" that had arisen. AEC Chairman Dr. James R. Schlesinger wrote a letter to Tammy Lee Estes, an anxious Fort Scott, Kansas, schoolgirl, and promised her that the Lyons mine would not be used unless its safety could be guaranteed. However, he reiterated the scientific preference for disposal in salt beds.

Hambleton had never questioned the desirability of using the salt beds under adequate safeguards, and a recent report of his to the AEC identifies seven other places in Kansas that might be suitable as atomic furnace ash disposal sites. The question now is whether the AEC's tactics at Lyons have stigmatized the radioactive dump concept too starkly to restore it to respectability in the public's mind.

If a dump is not established somewhere, the American people will have to relinquish the benefits of the Atomic Age until scientists learn to effectively control the fusion of atomic nuclei and thereby open a new era of almost clean power. □

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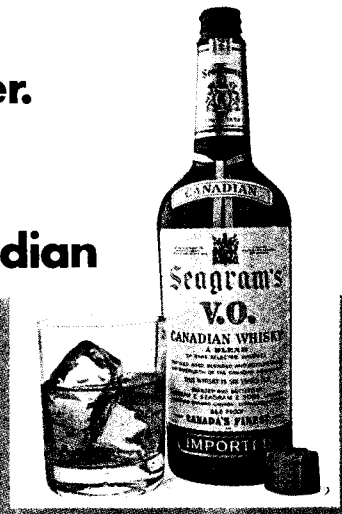

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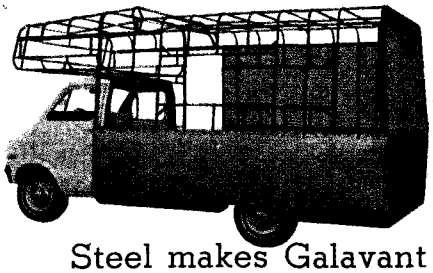

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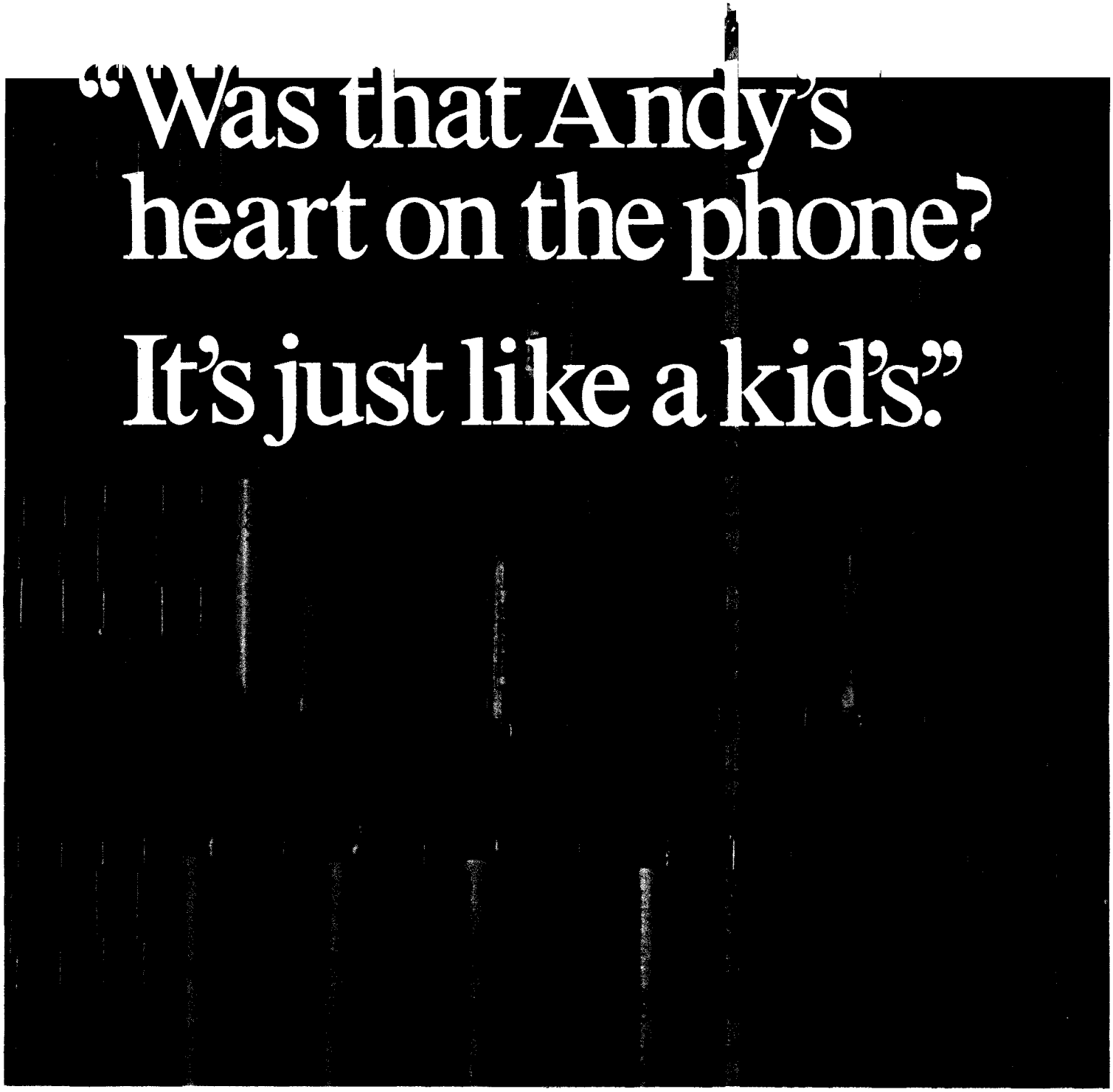

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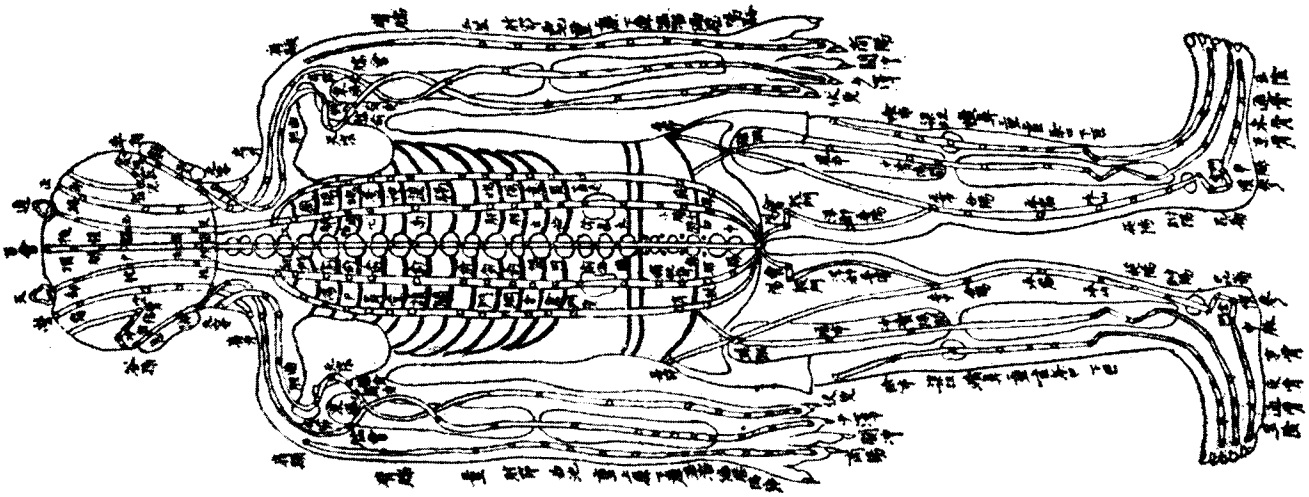
ACUPUNCTURE
(à la française)



BY EILEEN SIMPSON

American exposure to acupuncture has been marked by stories of seemingly miraculous cures and by photos of smiling Chinese patients, their bodies studded with long, thin needles. When this side-show phase passes, as I believe it soon will, American doctors will have to settle down to the serious business of how to adapt a 3,000-year-old Oriental practice to Western medicine and, after a brief flirtation with Peking, will turn to Paris, the Occidental center of acupuncture.

Jesuit missionaries first introduced acupuncture into France in the seventeenth century. Although it had some celebrated supporters—including Dr. Louis-Joseph Berlioz, the father of the composer, and Claude Philibert Dabry de Thiersant, consul general to Shanghai in the nineteenth century—its practice was never widespread. Until the 1930s, the posture of the French medical community toward Chinese traditional medicine resembled that in America today: The French were aware of acupuncture but were skeptical of, if not hostile to, its claims.

Then, in 1927, George Soulié de Morant, a Sinologist and diplomat who had become a master *acuponcteur* during his long residence in Shanghai, gave a demonstration of Chinese techniques at the Hôpital Bichat in Paris. Most of the assembled physicians greeted his demonstration with suspicion, but Dr. Paul Ferreyrolles, the hospital's chief of staff, was impressed. He saw that acupuncture could be a useful adjunct to hospital therapies and urged Soulié de Morant to quit the diplomatic service and to write a text that would be comprehensible to Westerners. His *Précis de la vraie acuponcture* was published in 1934.

Soulié de Morant's work led French physicians to take a long, serious look at the practice of acupuncture. Some liked what they saw. The thin needles of the *acuponcteur* began appearing in hospitals and private offices, and the Académie de Médicine soon restricted their use to M.D.s and arranged for patients' fees to be reimbursed by Sécurité Sociale. There are now about 700 M.D.s practicing acupuncture in France.

To discover the state of acupuncture in France today, I recently talked to Dr. Jean-Claude Darras, the editor of the multilingual quarterly *Nouvelle revue internationale d'acuponcture* and acting head of the Institut du Centre d'Acuponcture de France. He told me that acupuncture was now in great demand in France and that, following a recent television program describing its history and use, his office had been deluged with calls from doctors wanting to enroll in the institute's three-year course. He then invited me to attend the opening lecture and case presentation at the Hôpital Saint-Jacques the following Saturday.

In the intervening days, I found acupuncture to be almost a part of the dove-gray Paris air. Every day I met someone who was either going or had gone for needle therapy. A writer friend's intractable insomnia had been cured after nine treatments; a woman who had suffered from low-back pain following the birth of her third child had been advised by her gynecologist to take needle therapy; a prominent banker, for years skeptical of this *chinoiserie*, had shaken a debilitating case of flu after a single visit to an *acuponcteur*.

On the way to an interview with Dr. Henri Eraud, president of the Syndicat National de Médecins Acuponcteurs de France, I asked a taxi driver for his thoughts on acupuncture. As we drove into the 17th arrondissement, a quarter with a density of medical specialists equivalent to that of New York City's upper Park Avenue, he told me that he was a firm believer. A karate enthusiast, the driver went to his *Chinois* whenever an opponent dealt him *un mauvais coup*. Why a *Chinois*? I asked. Wouldn't a French practitioner do? "No," the driver said. "The Chinese are born with the gift of using the needles. The French have had to learn it."

I related this incident to Dr. Eraud,

Eileen Simpson is a psychologist at Downstate Hospital in New York City. She lived in France from 1962 to 1964.

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"I found that my waiting room was filled with patients I couldn't help short of drugging them and then only with limited success. When I became an 'acuponcteur,' the patients didn't change, my treatment did."

who argued that most *Chinois* were not M.D.s and that a medical school education was essential for competence. When I asked about China's 500,000 lay practitioners, he said: "This is Europe, not China. What is expedient in an underdeveloped country is out of the question in France." I asked what he thought of the many recent Chinese claims. "Of producing anesthesia? Yes, that's quite believable. We've performed similar, if less spectacular, feats here." And the curing of deafness? Dr. Eraud shook his head dubiously. "We in Europe must practice within the framework of general medicine, treating primarily functional illnesses. We have no conflict with our medical colleagues, partly because our patients are those with whom they have failed—those with asthma, hay fever, colitis, bursitis, low-back pain, and minor psychiatric problems."

At midday on Saturday, I arrived at the Hôpital Saint-Jacques. Nuns were bustling through the halls carrying trays of food (*pot au feu*, by the aroma), and one directed me to the outpatient department, where I found Dr. Darras and several of his students, all M.D.s. Each of us was given a copy of *Pathogénie et pathologie énergétiques en médicine chinoise*, a recently published text by Nguyen Van Ngui, a Vietnamese who is now practicing in Marseilles, and then everyone followed Dr. Darras into a classroom.

Dr. Darras told the students that, while they might not think so, there would be no conflict between what they had learned in medical school and their practice as *acuponcteurs*. But in the beginning, as they picked their way through the Taoist philosophy, on which Chinese traditional medicine is based, they would get lost, find themselves, and lose their way again. He told the students that health, according to the Chinese, depends on the free circulation of vital energy (*t'chi*) through a network of meridians (*ching lo*) that irrigate the body and nourish its organs. Illness is caused by an imbalance of yang and yin forces in the vital energy—an excess in one organ, a lack in another. To restore a proper balance, the skin is pricked—usually superficially, occasionally deeply—at one or a number of the 824 acupuncture points distributed over the body, most of them along the meridians. A diagnosis can be made by taking the six pulses in the radial artery of each wrist. A careful reading tells which organs are affected, and a knowledge of the meridians tells which points to puncture. But for a French doctor in the twentieth century, Dr. Darras noted, it would be absurd to make a diagnosis solely on the basis of pulse readings. They would use X rays and laboratory workups as well.

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(Westerners often are amazed by the fact that, in acupuncture, the skin frequently is punctured at points distant from the diseased organ or the site of pain. In heart diseases, for example, the needle often is applied to the little finger. This amazement dwindles, however, in the case of the common heart disease angina pectoris. In angina pectoris, as many Westerners know, the pain moves across the chest, down the arm, and terminates in the little finger —following the path of the heart meridian.)

Dr. Darras told the students that acupuncture is not a panacea. It cannot rejuvenate worn-out organs, although it can regulate them to work more efficiently; it cannot heal lesions or remove cancerous growths, although it can help to prevent them; it is no longer used to treat cholera or other infectious diseases now that there are antibiotics, but it is used to dissipate their disagreeable effects. He further said that acupuncturists do not make grandiose claims to cure paralysis, deafness ("We must wait and see"), tuberculosis, or schizophrenia. On the other hand, they would find that, with training and experience, they could expect a 60 per cent rate of cure with functional ailments and minor psychiatric problems—the majority of cases a physician treats in general practice. At this point an assistant entered the classroom and announced that the patients were ready. We followed him into a clinic room divided into cubicles by curtains.

In the first cubicle was a sixty-five-year-old woman who had been brought in by her general practitioner. She was suffering from bursitis, which had been unresponsive to treatment (medication, diathermy, and exercise). Dr. Darras questioned the woman about her symptoms in relation to the cosmos —to the time of day, to the weather, to the seasons—and felt her pulses. He then began to palpate her skin near the shinbone, noting that while experienced practitioners find the acupuncture points by palpation, as he was doing, beginning students must learn their locations by taking anatomical measurements—hip to knee, knee to ankle, etc.—and by studying charts. One student asked if there was a machine to locate the points. Dr. Darras said that there was, an electric *palper*, but that they would be trained to find the points without it.

A nurse then brought in a box of fine-tipped steel needles, slightly longer and heavier than those used for sewing, which were lying on a bed of cotton saturated with alcohol. Dr. Darras selected one and, holding it at a 45-degree angle to the skin, inserted it close to the shinbone with a slight spin. He then inserted another needle into the thumb, near the nail. The woman said that she experienced no discomfort, but when the third needle was inserted in her right shoulder, she winced slightly. The needles were to remain *in situ* for fifteen minutes. "We should have excellent results with her," Dr. Darras said. "Her general health is good, and she has taken few drugs. The longer the patient has taken drugs, the slower the response to acupuncture."

I asked Dr. Darras about the risk of serum hepatitis, a question raised by many American doctors. "The needles are not inserted into the blood stream," he said, "and even if they should accidentally draw blood, as they occasionally do at points between the toes, for example, cleaning with alcohol is sufficient for sterilization." "As you can see," he said, letting us examine the needles, "there is no opening as there is in needles used for injections, so the blood is not trapped and carried to the next patient." Dr. Darras also noted that the French were much less concerned with the type of needle used than were the Chinese. Many Chinese practitioners, believing that the color of the needle influences the treatment, use gold, silver, and steel needles. Dr. Darras uses only steel but, when asked, said he would use disposable needles if they were readily available.

In the next cubicles were two boys, both suffering from asthma and both about eleven years old. One was dark-complexioned and shy, the other tow-headed and extroverted. The onset of the illness and the symptoms were as different as the patients' coloring and temperaments. Had he arranged the cases by design, Dr. Darras said, he could not have planned so graphic an illustration of the cardinal principle of acupuncture: Each patient, even if he has a disease common to many, is unique and must be treated as such. With these boys, a few needles were inserted at identical points—most were not. Dr. Darras noted that one acupuncture point located at the base of the nostrils, considered highly effective with asthmatics, was not used because it causes considerable pain and is therefore psychologically contraindicated in an initial treatment, especially with children.

A *lycée* teacher in the next cubicle complained of migraine headaches and, after a short interview, was needled in the back of the neck. Points on his chest were also punctured to ease depression, a problem of which he had not complained but which had become obvious during Dr. Darras's questioning. The doctor was then asked how many of his cures were attributable to suggestion. "About the same percentage as you have in your practice," he answered. "I turned to acupuncture, as did most of my colleagues, when I found that my waiting room was filled with patients I couldn't help short of drugging them, and then only with limited success. When I became an *acuponcteur*, the patients didn't change, my treatment did. Of course, the relationship between doctor and patient is always an important one, but it's no more important in acupuncture than in any other therapy."

When the session was over, I asked Dr. Darras the question most asked by American doctors: What scientific evidence is there for the vital-energy theory, the points, the meridians? He called my attention to French experiments on animals conducted at the Ecole vétérinaire d'Alford designed to show that acupuncture cures cannot be attributed to suggestion or placebo effect; to Japanese demonstrations that the electrical potential of the points along the meridians is higher and more varied than those of the surrounding area of the skin; and to Russian reports, from the Laboratory of Reflex Therapy, that the needles raise the tone of the parasympathetic sections of the vegetative nervous system. (These findings, however, are not conclusive and serve to convince only those already converted.)

Recently it looked as if there had been a major breakthrough with the publication of an article by Kim Bonghan, a North Korean biologist, who claimed to have isolated the vital-energy system (*kyangrak*, in Korean) by classical methods of microtomy and staining, and with the use of radioactive tracers. According to Bonghan, the system is composed of hitherto unobserved corpuscles and ducts through which an acellular yet microscopically observable fluid circulates. But although the North Koreans are now claiming Bonghan's work as a revolutionary discovery, American and European scientists are extremely skeptical.

Despite this lack of scientific evidence, acupuncture is currently practiced by approximately 2,000 M.D.s outside the Orient. In the United States, however, there are only two licensed practitioners, a situation causing serious concern to French observers. The French are worried that acupuncture will be taken up by people who, eager to capitalize on the current excitement, will learn the location of a few points from inadequately trained teachers. They are worried that acupuncture in the United States, to put it simply, will fall into the hands of quacks.

As I left the Hôpital Saint-Jacques, Dr. Darras said, "What I am now devoting my time to in France and in other European countries, and what I would hope to see in the United States, is the marriage of acupuncture to medicine, an alliance that would enrich both partners." □

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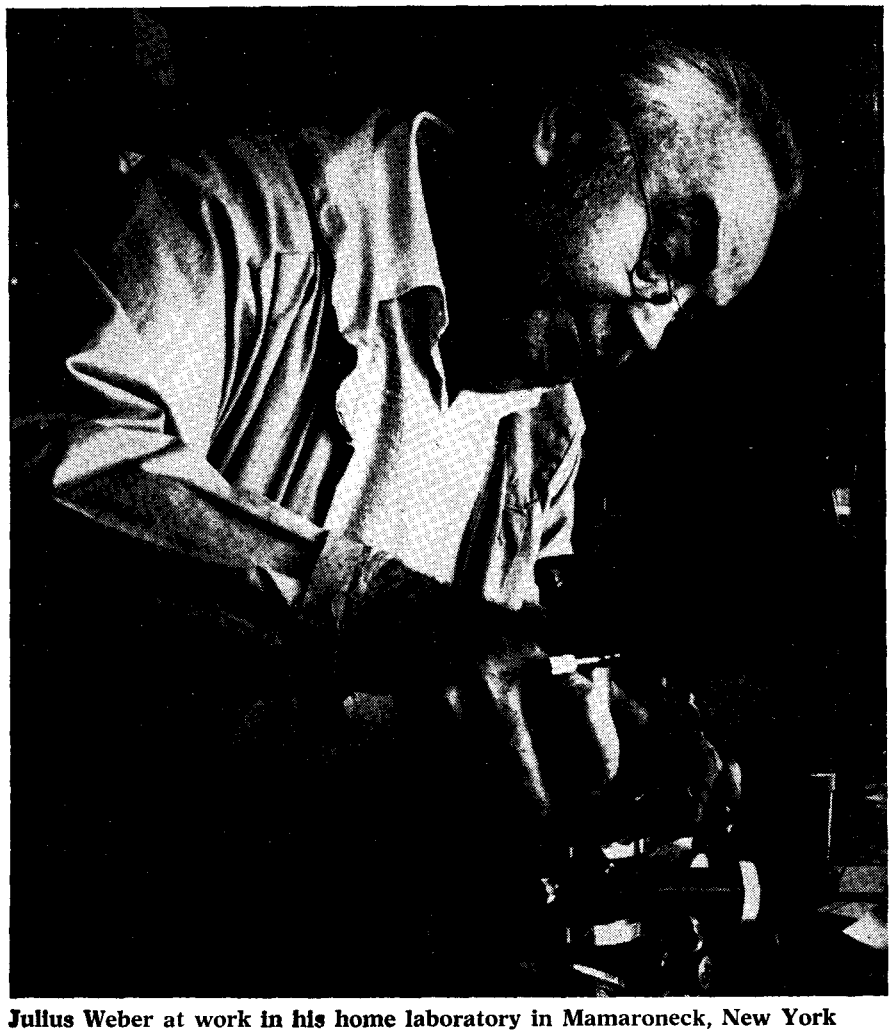
FRAGMENTS OF BEAUTY FROM THE MINIATURE WORLD OF MICROCRYSTALS

BY J. A. MANDARINO



Julius Weber at work in his home laboratory in Mamaroneck, New York

The microcrystals that emblazon the following pages were captured on color film by the celebrated photomicrographer Julius Weber. They are remarkable not only for their great beauty but for their minute size: Most of the minerals pictured here are no larger than the period at the end of this sentence. You will not see minerals like these even in the finest museums. Museums, by necessity, must display only large, easily viewable specimens since they are not able to provide the public with the microscopes required to view microcrystals.

Julius Weber began his love affair with minerals fifty years ago when he attended Saturday morning classes at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. There he studied under a truly gifted teacher, Jack Boyle, who opened his eyes to the wonders of the natural world. The properties Julie learned to look for in minerals as a youngster were the same ones I was taught, on a more elaborate level, in my first college mineralogy course. We studied the minerals, with the naked eye and under the microscope, for such properties as cleavage, symmetry, color, and luster. The most important aspect of our studies, however, was crystallography.

The crystal face of a mineral reflects its internal arrangement of atoms, much as a human face reflects the shape of the bones beneath it. A mineral the size of a pinhead might contain some eighty trillion atoms, arranged in a precise, three-dimensional latticework. (Almost all minerals display an orderly internal structure.) The kinds and arrangements of the atoms are responsible for all the physical characteristics of the mineral, such as luster and hardness. For example, one three-dimensional arrangement of carbon atoms forms graphite, which is used in the manufacture of lead pencils and in certain lubricants. Graphite is a black, opaque mineral that is soft and greasy and that splits easily into thin sheets. Another arrangement of carbon atoms, however, forms a totally different mineral, a transparent, colorless, high-luster stone that is extremely hard and that breaks or cleaves along four planes: the diamond. How could two such dissimilar minerals, the lowly graphite and the gem diamond, materialize from the same kind of atom? It is rather like the way the notes of a musical scale can be arranged into a rock tune or a Bach fugue.

Athough Julie Weber has cherished minerals since his days at the Brooklyn Children's Museum, for twenty-five years he worked primarily in the medical sciences. The techniques he helped develop in photomicrography have been responsible for any number of advances in medicine. About fifteen years ago, Julie came upon the rela-

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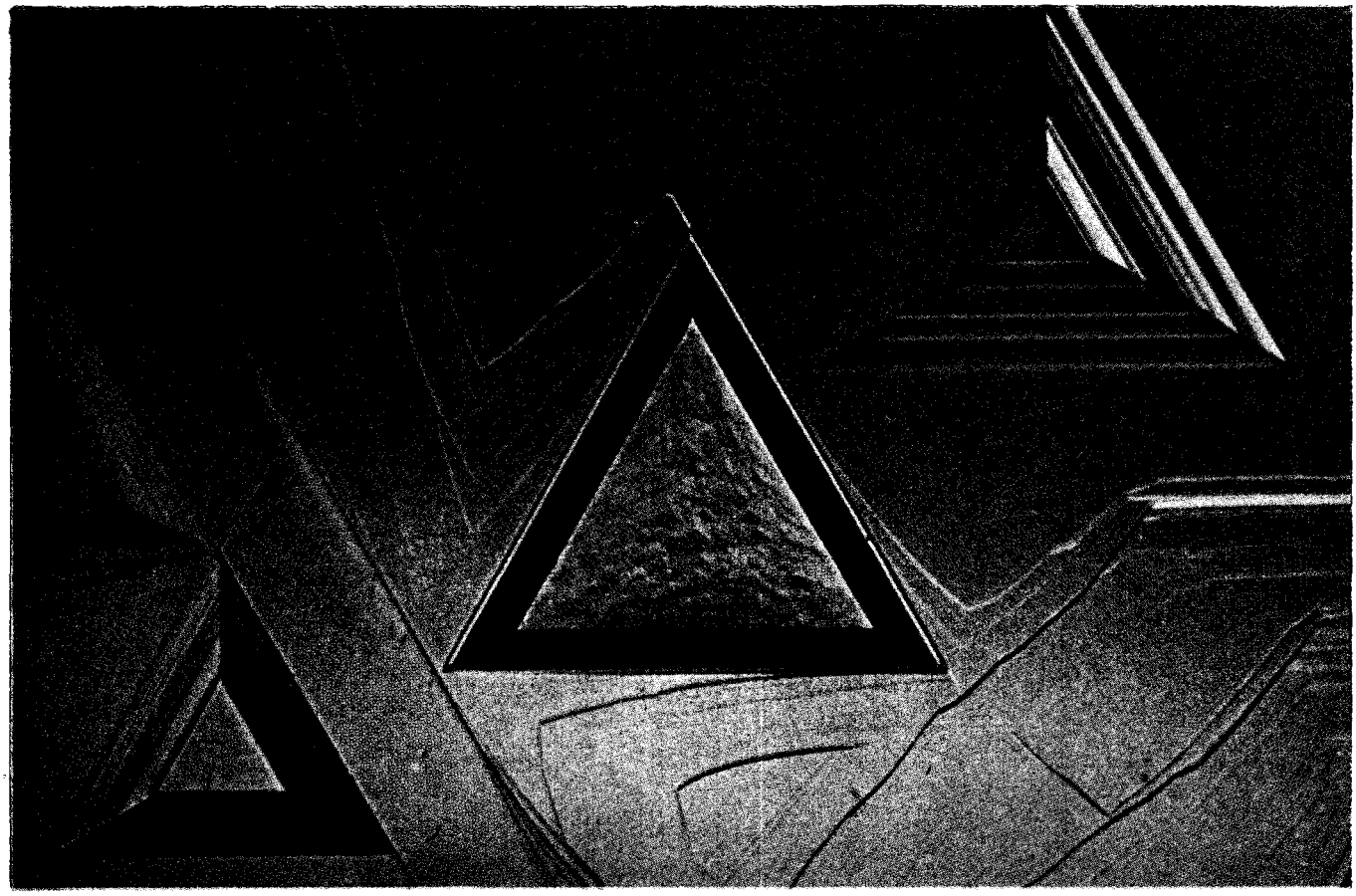
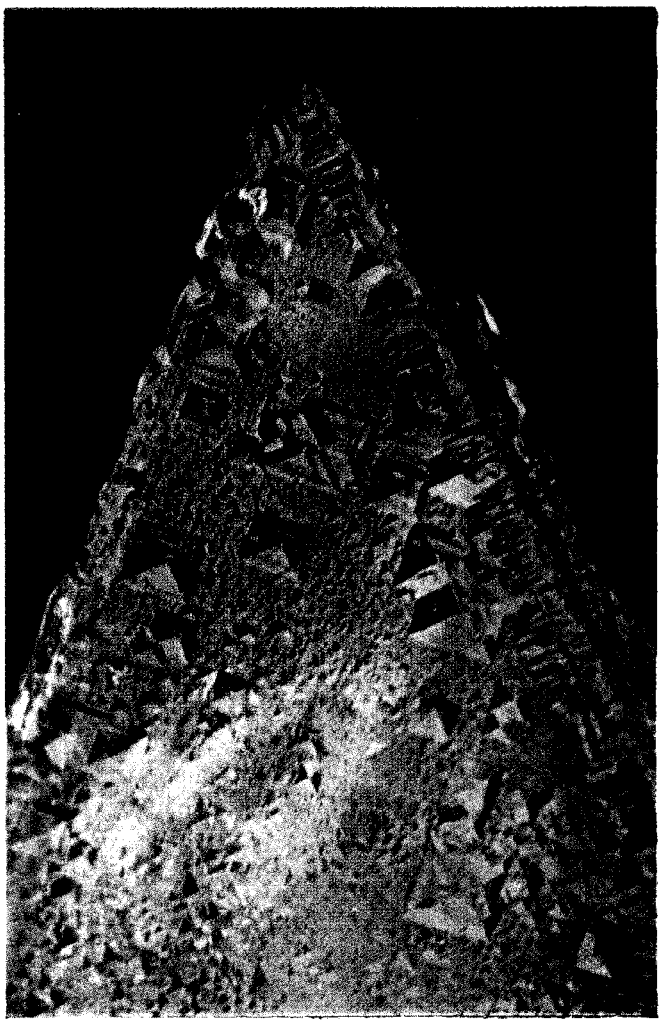


The triangles above are growth trigons on a natural diamond, magnified 125 times. The crystal was photographed through a Francon-Yamamoto interference microscope; the varying colors represent changes in height and depth, distinctions made possible by the optics of the system.
The same system was used for sperrylite (below), a platinum ore. The fluorite pyramid at right was shot under a Wilde microscope.



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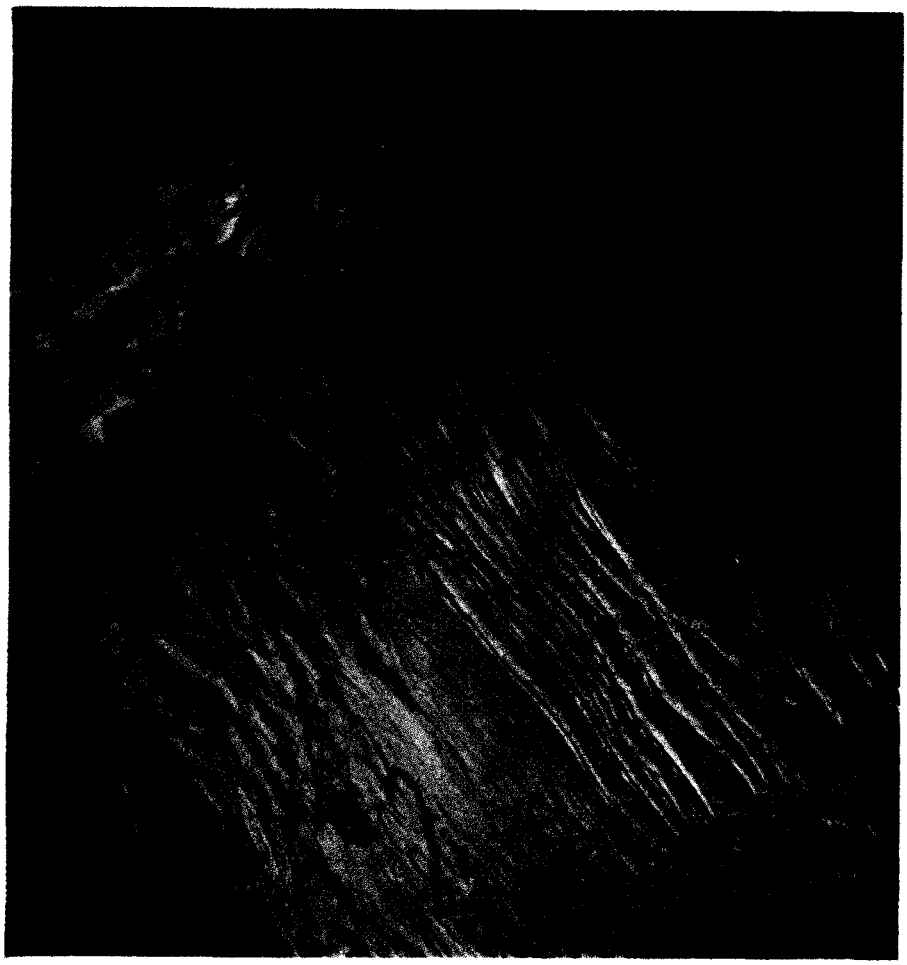
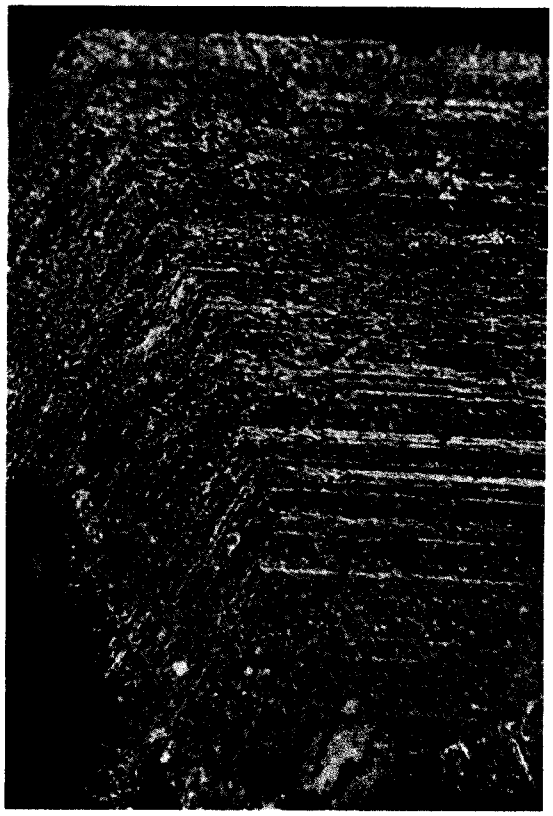
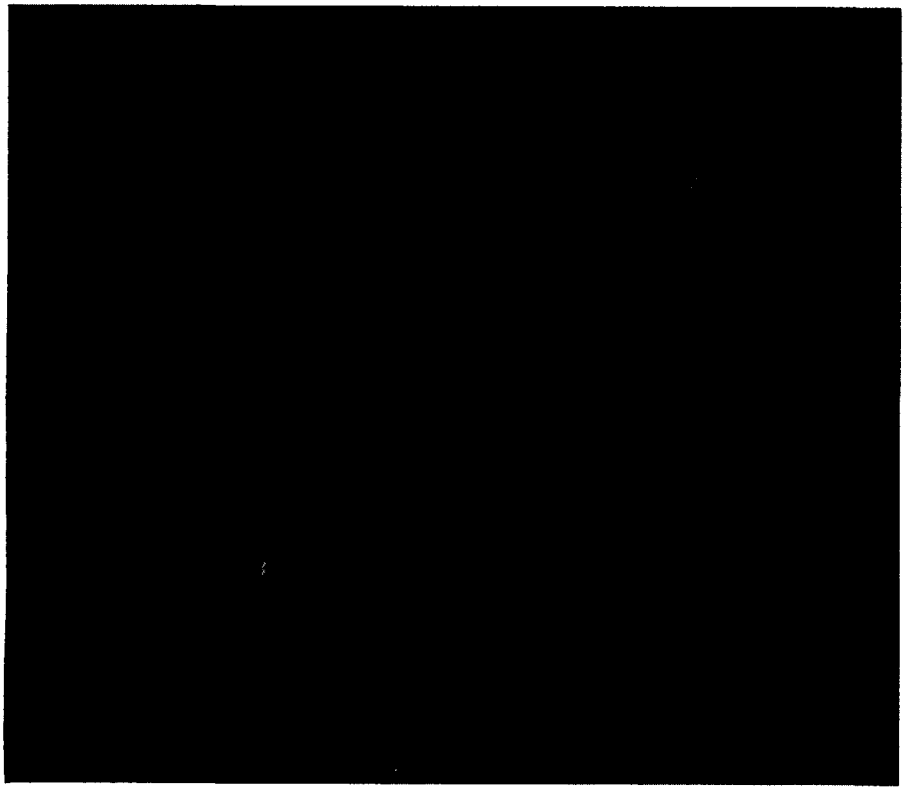
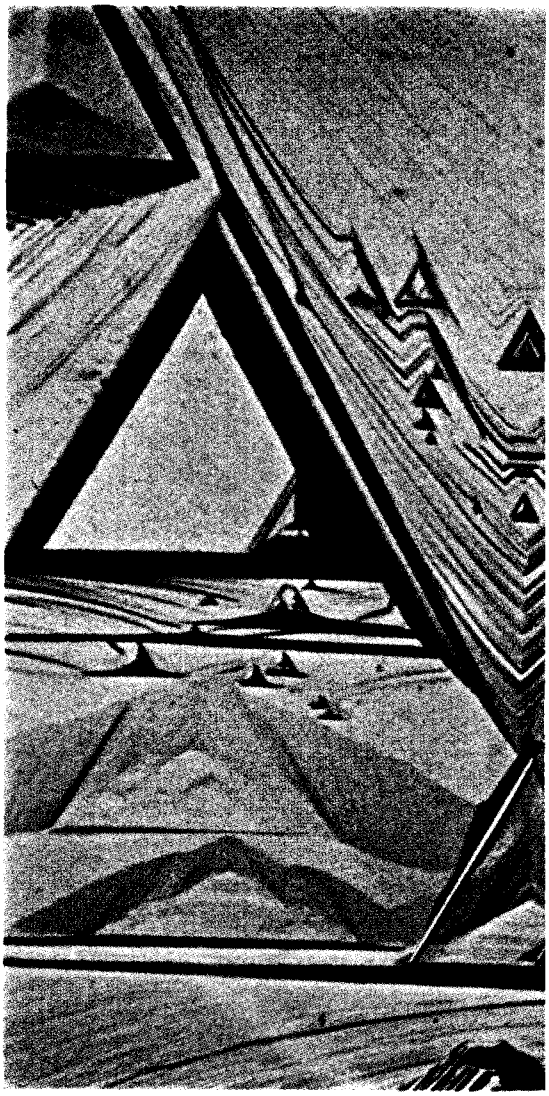




The quartz crystal above, magnified fifty times, displays the pattern of stress in the mineral's structure. It was photographed with a Francon-Yamamoto interference microscope. Autunite (below) is one of the uranium ores that is fluorescent. It was photographed under a Wilde microscope and illuminated by a quartz ultraviolet source. This specimen is also magnified approximately fifty times.





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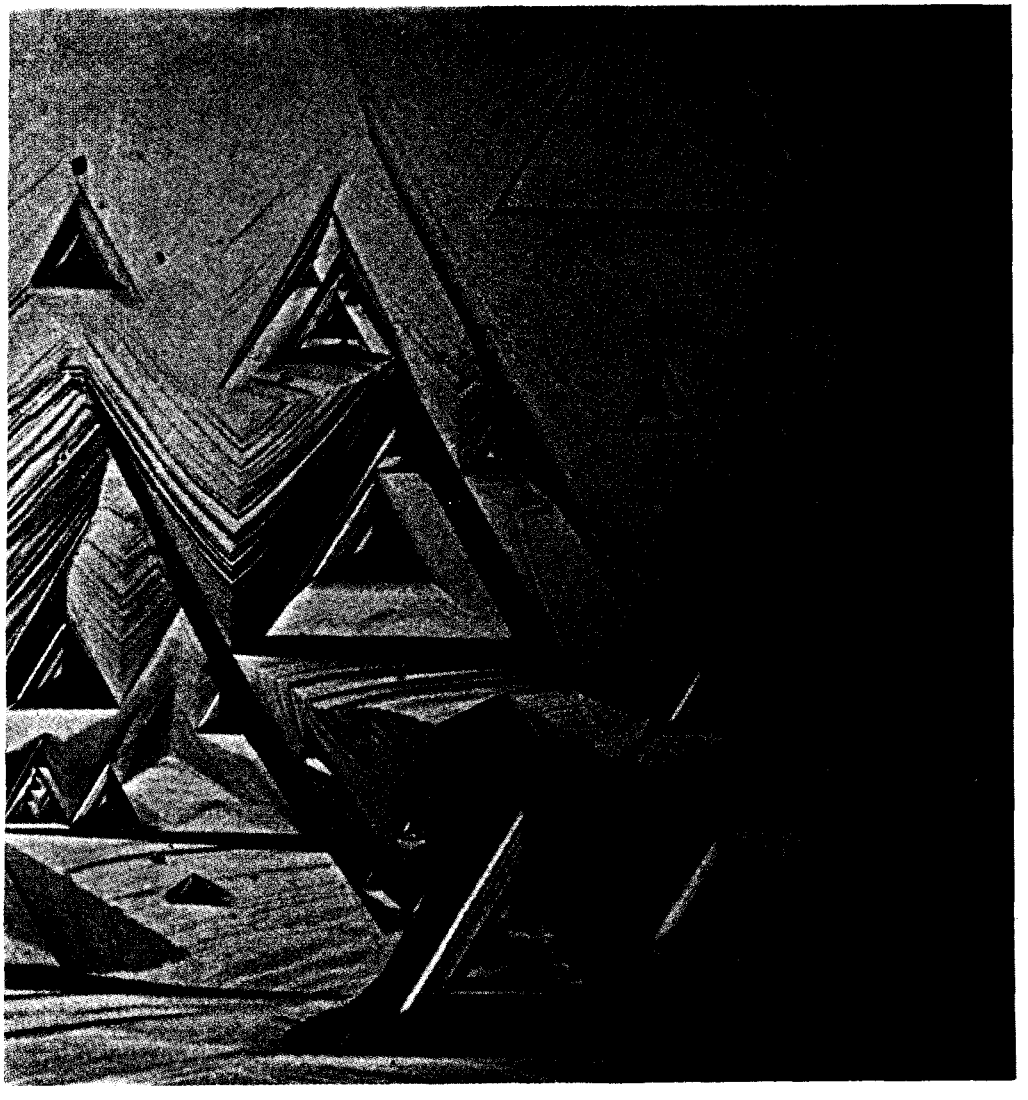
The hematite crystal at left and the diamond below were both photographed under the Francon-Yamamoto system. The flower-like cluster above consists of three uranium ores: curite, torbernite, and soddyite. Curite, an ore of uranium and lead, is red in color. Torbernite, an ore of uranium and copper, is green, and soddyite, a uranium silicate, is yellow. The three are usually found together in their natural state. They were illuminated by electronic-flash fiber-optic probes under a Wilde microscope.



tively new technique of micromounting. Micromounts are small groups of crystals, no larger than one cubic inch, which are viewed through a stereomicroscope. Julie saw this technique as a superb opportunity to apply his knowledge of photomicrography to minerals. First he had to devise a holder to protect the fragile crystal groups while he was turning them under the microscope. Then he had to find a way to pinpoint light on a single crystal face. No simple camera setup would perform these functions. Julie combined the most sophisticated components, enlisted the aid of a master machinist to hand-tool special attachments, and custom-tailored an apparatus of his own design.

Why go to all this trouble? The answer is simple: Large crystals are rarely as well formed as microcrystals are. Crystals often grow so large that one or more of their faces are obliterated. Imagine one edge of a crystal shaped like the letter A: The bar and the legs represent three faces of the crystal at an early stage of growth. As the crystal continues to grow, however, layer upon layer of material is added, and the legs gradually squeeze the bar between them until it eventually disappears. Where there once were three faces, there are now only two. Also, crystals take a long time to grow, and the larger ones have a greater chance of trapping impurities from the surrounding environment. Finally, light is absorbed more easily in a large crystal than in a microcrystal. You could read a newspaper through a glass filled with an inch of water, but try it through a pitcher of water.

Of course, the main reason for going to so much trouble is to produce a photograph like any of those shown here. Julie says he took these pictures "so that everyone can see how much beauty there is in the earth."

He was delighted when he recently heard that the New York Board of Education is planning to introduce the study of earth sciences into the public school curriculum starting with the lower grades. He hopes to see this movement spread nationwide. Then "ecology" and "conservation" would not seem strange and alien abstractions, as they do to many people today, but would be recognizable and workable concepts to future generations.

Julie has stated his personal philosophy succinctly: "The microscope is neutral. It accepts equally either of the two common areas of our search for understanding: the tiny bit of tissue with its living cells or the tiny bit of earth that nurtures life. There is no distance between the two fragments any longer."

Dr. Mandarino is curator of mineralogy at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

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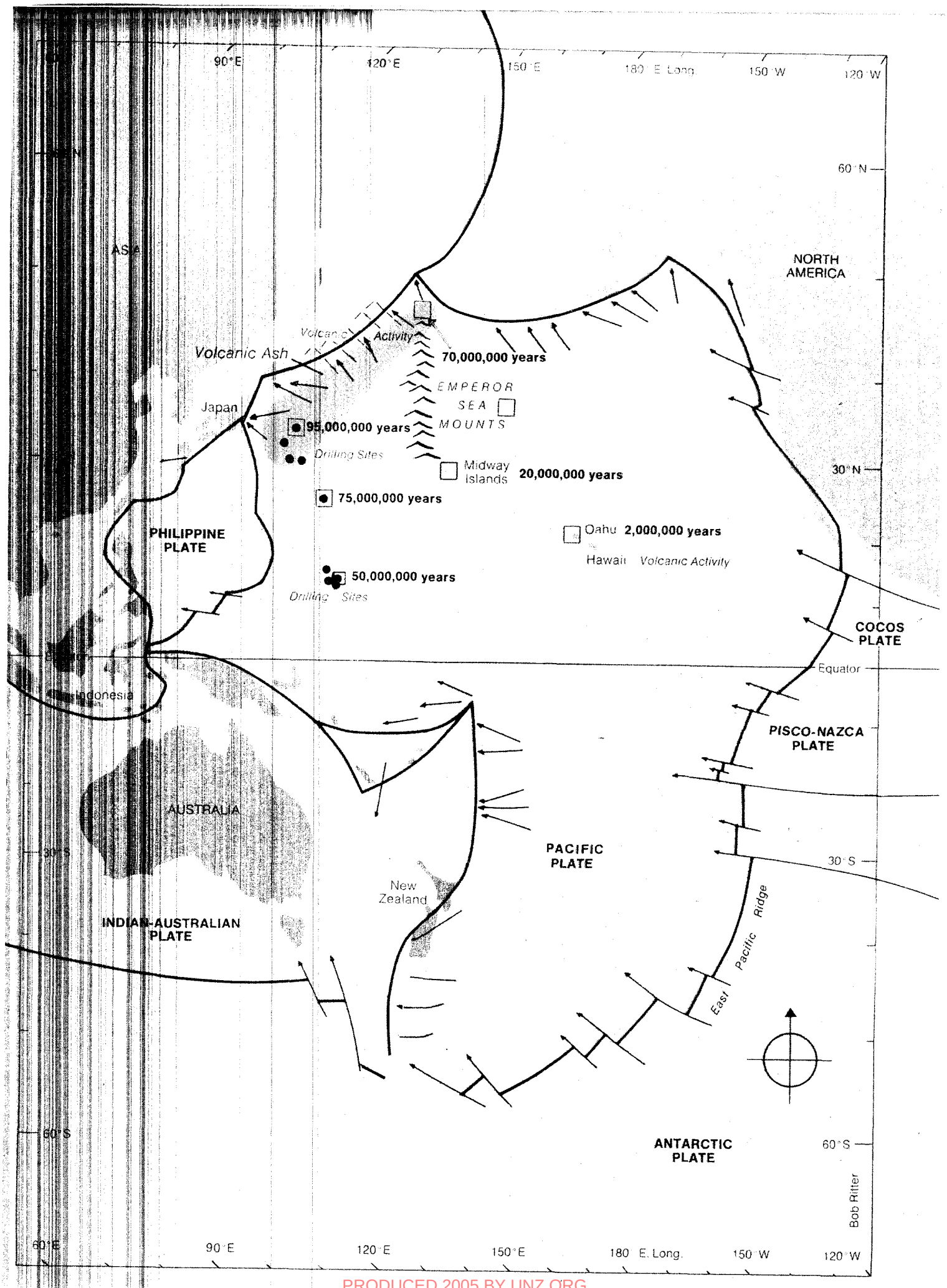

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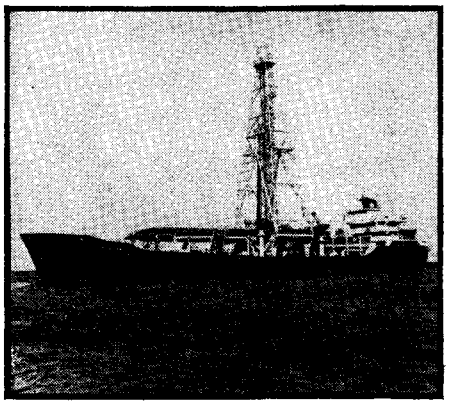
RIDDLES CHALKED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

BY BRUCE C. HEEZEN AND IAN D. MacGREGOR



The "Glomar Challenger" (above), was built especially for the study of the earth's paving stones, one of which carries the basin of the Pacific Ocean. The ship has sailed 98,000 nautical miles, crisscrossing above the stones to discover their motions. The map at left dates chalk marks (drilling sites) left on one stone by the equator during past eons. Other signs of the stone's northwestward roll are the age of volcano chains and the movement of volcanic ash toward the stone's downward turning edge. This edge disappears into the earth's mantle and is later regurgitated.

During the past two decades, research has shown that the ocean basins, previously considered the oldest geographic features of the planet, are far younger than the continents. Indeed, no part of any ocean is now thought to be more than 200 million years old. This belief springs from the fact that the earth's surface has been recognized to consist of a half-dozen very large paving stones (and many smaller ones), all of them somewhere between thirty and ninety miles thick. To fit the curvature of the globe, these immense blocks are shaped like soup plates turned upside down; hence the study of them is called plate tectonics. A large body of evidence indicates that the stones have been rolling over and over, very slowly, for millions, if not billions, of years. This rolling has been keeping the sea floors in constant motion and has caused the islands and continents that rest on them to be carried along.

The rolling originates along one edge of each stone where lava flows up from the earth's molten interior through a great rift in the top of a mountain chain that is rooted in the ocean bottom. At the opposite edge, the stone turns downward and the sea floor disappears into the plastic mantle beneath the rigid planetary crust. If a continent is located on the stone's sinking edge, it overrides the edge of the adjoining stone and may crumple into mountains. The Himalayas and the Alps, for example, seem to have been formed in this way. The intersections of all these stones, on both the rising and down-turning sides, are the principal sites of earthquakes.

To understand the past and present movements of these paving stones is a major objective of geologists and geophysicists today, because of what we may learn about not only predicting and possibly controlling earthquakes but also how and where deposits of metals and petroleum are emplaced. Future generations will use such information to determine where to dig for silver, gold, and platinum in continuation of present-day mining practices and where to apply new methods of drilling and drawing up water—water laden with copper, nickel, cobalt, manganese, and zinc in solution. Unsuspected petroleum already has been found, for example, by matching geological formations off one shore of an ocean with those off the opposite shore. Chemists attending a recent American Chemical Society meeting were urged to prepare themselves to exploit a mineral bonanza now suspended in hot brines boiling into the Red Sea through a sea-floor rift that marks the boundary between two paving stones, one carrying the Arabian Peninsula, the other the African continent.

One of the biggest planetary paving stones bears almost the whole of the Pacific Ocean basin, from the Aleutian arc off Alaska to Antarctica, from Japan and New Zealand to California. Because so much of it is covered by water, with only a few scattered islands to serve as direction finders, it is difficult to tell the angles at which the stone turns. In this vast emptiness, however, is one sign that cannot be mistaken. It is the equator. By definition, the equator always lies at right angles to the polar axis, and there is no evidence that the axis has ever shifted. And although the equator is generally thought of as an invisible line, it is actually marked, at least for 5,400 miles along the bottom of the Pacific from the international date line to the Galápagos Islands, with a layer of chalk several hundred miles wide and a half-mile deep at its thickest point. The chalk comes from the dissolved limestone skeletons of multitudes of sea animals and plants that lived and died in water upwelled by the natural forces generated by the earth's eastward spinning.

There is nothing like this equatorial chalk line anywhere else on earth, for the ocean depths generally are biological deserts, lacking the animal and plant life necessary to provide a graveyard of limestone. The uniqueness of this chalk line was deeply recessed in

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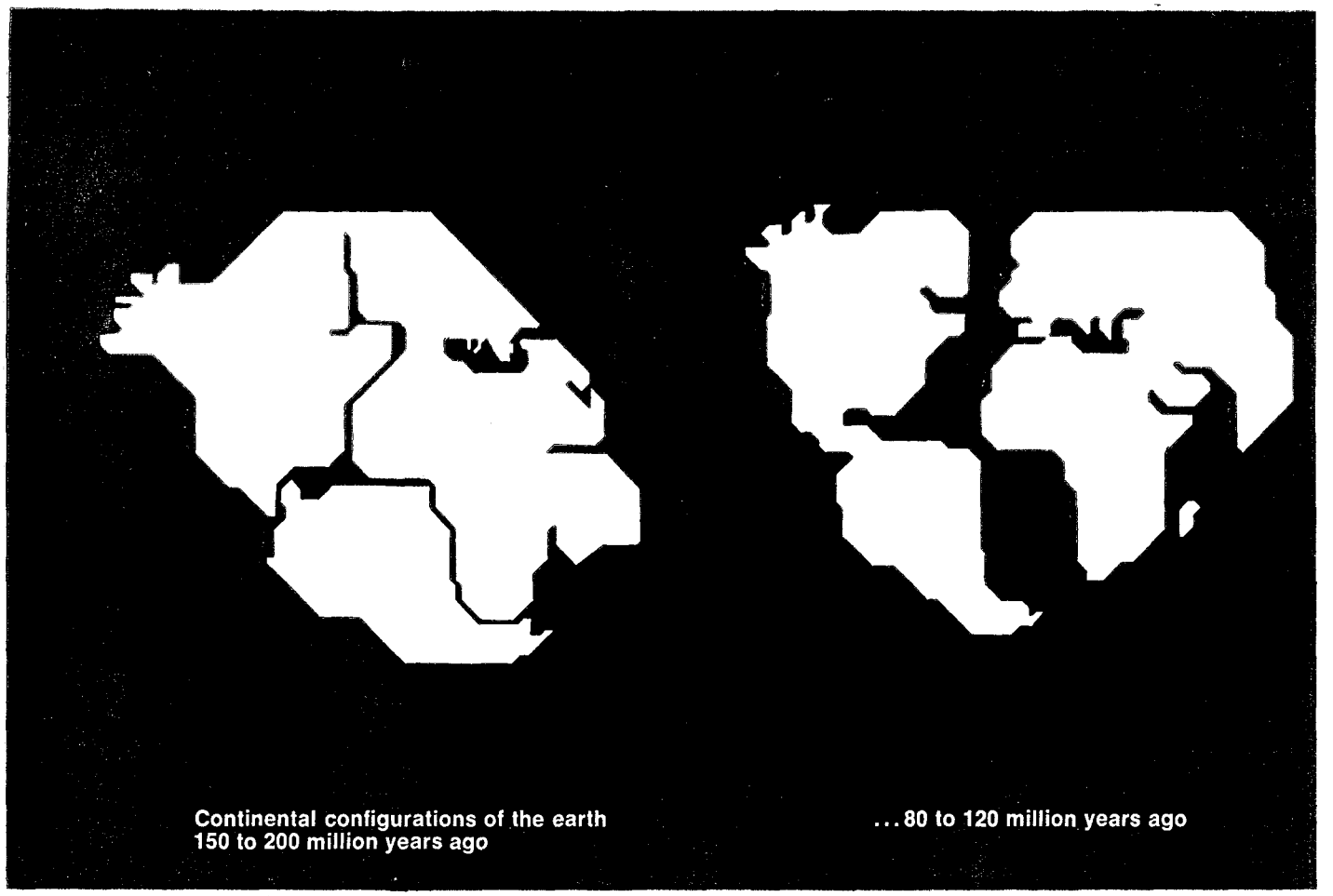

Continental configurations of the earth 150 to 200 million years ago

...80 to 120 million years ago

our awareness when we sailed from Yokohama in mid-September 1971 and headed across the northwestern margin of the Pacific paving stone with an eight-nation team of a dozen scientists. We were due in Fiji two months later. We were aboard the *Glomar Challenger*, a specially designed oceanic exploring ship built and kept at sea for the last three-and-a-half years with tax money appropriated by Congress to the National Science Foundation. The vessel had previously logged many thousands of miles, carrying in the midst of its main deck a derrick eighteen stories tall and capable of lifting half a million tons of drill string and coring pipe. We were on Leg 20 of a round-and-round-the-world voyage, and our main assignment was to locate, drill into, and take home samples of the oldest part of the Pacific's bottom. We were the co-chief scientists on this particular leg.

To appreciate the complexities of our task, it is necessary to understand how the Pacific sea bottom got where it is today and what happened to it en route. It began as spittle from an underwater mountain rift, the mountain chain in this case being the East Pacific Rise, which goes ashore under the southern coast of California and emerges again on the sea floor farther north. Where the lava flowed out laterally from the rift, the water was relatively shallow and harbored much marine life. Millions of skeletons were left behind when the aquatic plant and animal population died. The calcite in the skeletons crumbled, fell, and coated the moving sea floor with chalk. At the end of ten million years the chalk had accumulated to a thickness of about 300 feet. Interspersed in it was glass, for the skeletons of some of the sea creatures had been made of silica. Meanwhile, the lava under the chalk and glass was slowly cooling and shrinking, pulling the sea bottom down into deeper water, far below the level at which calcite ceases to precipitate and instead dissolves in the sea. The chalk layer by that time was buried under red-clay sediments devoid of any relics of life.

Cutting through the chalk on our way to the sea bottom was not an especially demanding chore. Penetrating the glass was a different matter. It had been encountered on earlier legs of the *Glomar Challenger*'s voyage and had dulled the drill bits. Consequently, the bits prepared for Leg 20 were made of tougher stuff and crashed through the glass easily. But the splinters they created clogged the drill pipes; the water with which we flushed the chalk out of the pipe was not sufficient to clear the glass away.

Our chagrin over the failure to anticipate this predictable difficulty depressed us. Our thoughts were on glass, not chalk. So when we hit chalk under 19,685 feet of water at 33 degrees north latitude, 147 degrees east longitude, the event aroused no sense of excitement in us. The age of the chalk—from the skeletons in it, we estimated ninety-five million years, give or take ten million—was far too short of the 135-million-year minimum basement we were looking for to suggest any meaning.

Frustration over the performance of the drilling rig still dominated our thinking when we found another chalk layer of similar thickness under 20,715 feet of water at 30 degrees north, 148 degrees east. In that instance, the age was even less impressive on our comparative scale: eighty-five million years, give or take ten million.

Our attitude was, if anything, even gloomier by the time we drilled again at 26 degrees north, 154.5 degrees east, and broke through a third chalk layer at the same depth at which we passed the first one. Here the age was down to seventy-five million years, give or take five million.

Not until we drilled our final holes in the ocean floor at 13.5 degrees north, 156 degrees east, and penetrated two different layers of chalk under more than 21,000 feet of water—the upper layer fifty million years old and the lower one seventy million, give or take three million in each case—did we stop

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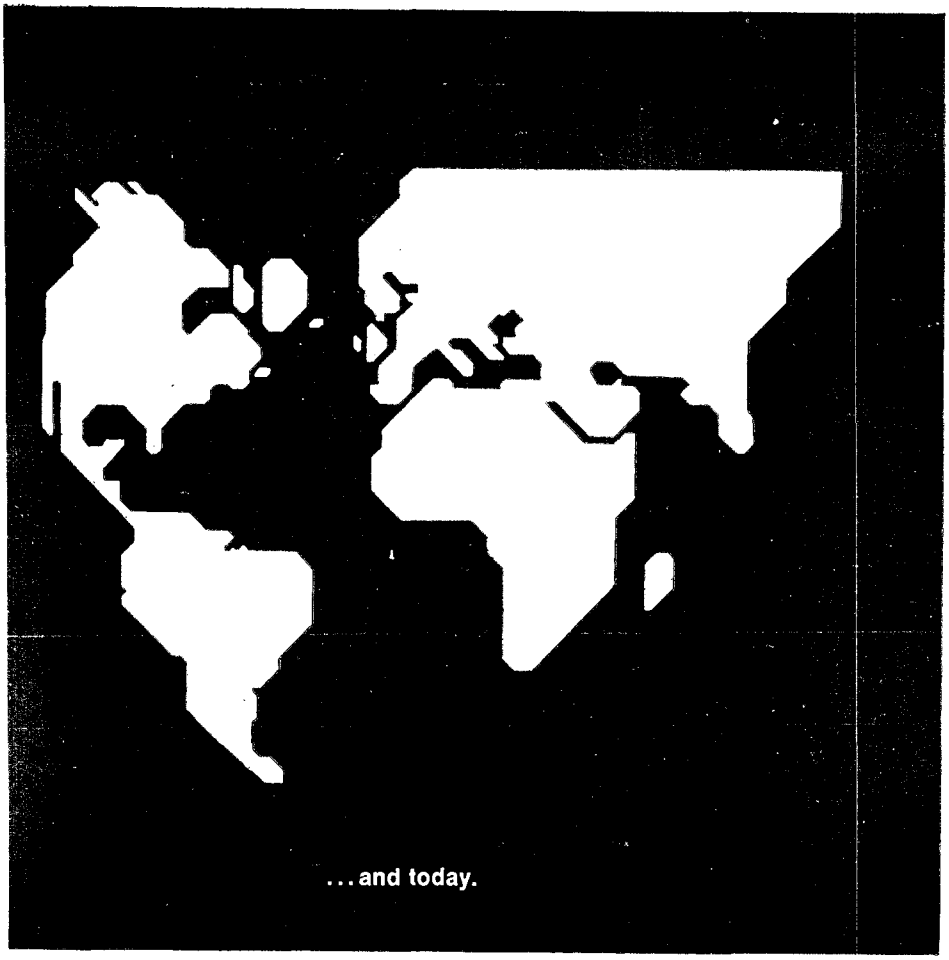

Exploration of the Pacific paving stone is part of science's effort to discover how the protocontinent called Gondwanaland broke apart ages ago and how its pieces, the continents, moved to their present-day positions.

to consider that something very curious was happening.

We were drilling at more than twice the depth at which calcite ceases to be precipitated from the water. Yet we were finding distinct layers of chalk overlain and underlain by red clay. Under the lower clay was still more chalk. We were trying to get through it, to see whether or not it was the bottommost 300-foot-thick layer that coated the ocean floor before the floor subsided, when rough seas frightened the drilling superintendent into pulling up the drill bits and abandoning the neighborhood.

How could all that chalk be accounted for?

If we had been sailing along the equator, we would have known the answer. But we were not on the equator or anywhere near it. We had found the chalk at four points distant from the equatorial circle. These stretched northward, like beads in a necklace, from 810 miles to 1,560 miles to 1,800 miles to 1,980 miles above the equator.

The only logical conclusion that seemed open to us was that the sea floor once underlying the equator had migrated with time, carrying with it across the barren ocean depths the relics of life that had thrived in another place.

Supporting our thesis was the progressive aging of the chalk "beads" as the necklace of sea-floor corings proceeded northward: from fifty million to seventy-five million to eighty-five million to ninety-five million years.

As we mentioned, however, the core closest to the present equator —at 13.5 degrees north, 156 degrees east—contains not only a fifty-million-year-old chalk layer but a deeper layer seventy million years old (give or take three to four million years in each case). Our interpretation is that the strip of sea floor on which this point now rests lay under the equator twice in the past. In other words, the Pacific paving stone rolled north, then rolled back, and later rolled north again. On the geological time scale, this bit of terrestrial surface stuttering coincides with the separation of Australia from Antarctica in one of the final stages of the breakup of Gondwanaland, the protocontinent that in the earliest days of the earth's existence is believed to have been the only land on the planet.

Much depends, of course, on the method of determining age. Experts, however, consider this virtually foolproof, for certain species of sea creatures and plants are known to have lived during only fixed eras of geological history. When fossils of those species are found, their surroundings are firmly dated.

We need not rely exclusively on our ancient equatorial lines in arguing the

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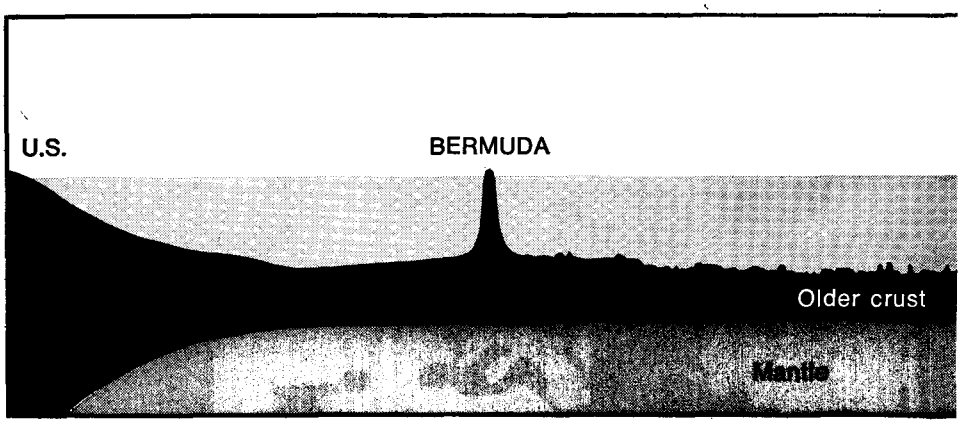

Two great revolutions have occurred in science in the twentieth century, one in nuclear energy and one in geology—the latter centered on the earth's paving stones. Both upheavals were triggered by women named Marie.

thesis that the Pacific paving stone has been moving northwestward for the past 100 million years or so. Observations made by other scientists on six earlier legs of the *Glomar Challenger* expedition confirm our hypothesis in several ways. For example, it has been established that the Pacific basin has been drifting westward from the rift valley on the East Pacific Rise (see map, page 54, for an understanding of how the Baja California peninsula is being pivoted away from Mexico by this motion) along a line skewed slightly north of the present equator during the past forty million years. Age readings have been taken at forty million years, thirty-five million years, twenty million years, and ten million years—all within 5 degrees of the equator. Not until we go back fifty million years does the direction of motion turn sharply northward.

Canadian geologist J. Tuzo Wilson years ago suggested that all the islands of the Hawaiian archipelago were pushed from the sea bottom through a single volcano vent while the Pacific basin moved over the vent. The volcano is still adding lava to the perimeter of the easternmost island, Hawaii; volcanic action on Oahu, west of Hawaii, ceased two million years ago; the volcano cones on Midway, which lies farther westward along the main axis of the Hawaiian chain, died twenty million years ago. Tops of volcanic formations beyond Midway are now below the water line and are known as the Emperor Seamounts. They trend sharply northward from Midway, at an angle not unlike the one followed by our chalk beads north of the equator. The northernmost of the Emperors is seventy million years old. Also riding along with the North Pacific basin is another line of seventeen sea mounts, exhibiting the same approximate relationship between compass direction and time. One now situated at 25 degrees north was once 10 degrees south of the equator; in other words, it migrated 2,100 miles.

All these observations fit the concept of a Pacific basin moving northwestward. Where is it going? How fast is the leading edge of this great paving stone dipping back into the planetary interior?

Up to now, we have been able only to guess at the answers to these questions. Directions and rates of motion have had to be deduced from the directions of shock waves generated by earthquakes along the island arcs that border the Asian continent. But our Leg 20 drillings provide us for the first time with direct confirmation of the earthquake messages.

In sailing out of Yokohama, we measured the ash falls from Japanese, Bonin, and Kurile volcanoes for 600 miles offshore, the longest distance traveled by volcanic debris. (Particles passing that limit are so small in size that winds can keep them aloft indefinitely.) We found a sea-bottom wedge of ash 1,500 miles long; its thickness tapered from a half-mile inshore to 150 feet at the seaward edge. Had this wedge been stationary, its base would have been the same age throughout. Actually, we discovered the base where the ash was 300 feet thick was five million years older than the base at half that thickness. In short, the deposited ash was being carried westward at a speed of approximately four inches per year. The rate of disappearance of the leading edge of the Pacific pavement had to be identical.

No one is going to get rich quickly on the strength of the information we gathered on Leg 20. But a scientific paper recently published in *Nature* pointed out one interesting fact that is apropos: Diamonds washed out of the hills of Thailand could not have originated from any source rock native to the region in which they appeared; they can best be explained by assuming that they were put in place long ago, when what is now Southeast Asia was contiguous to India's Golconda diamond field in Gondwanaland. The ways in which other minerals were deposited are becoming clearer almost daily. When they are fully understood, scientific principles now being discovered will guide the hunt for buried wealth more than ever before. □

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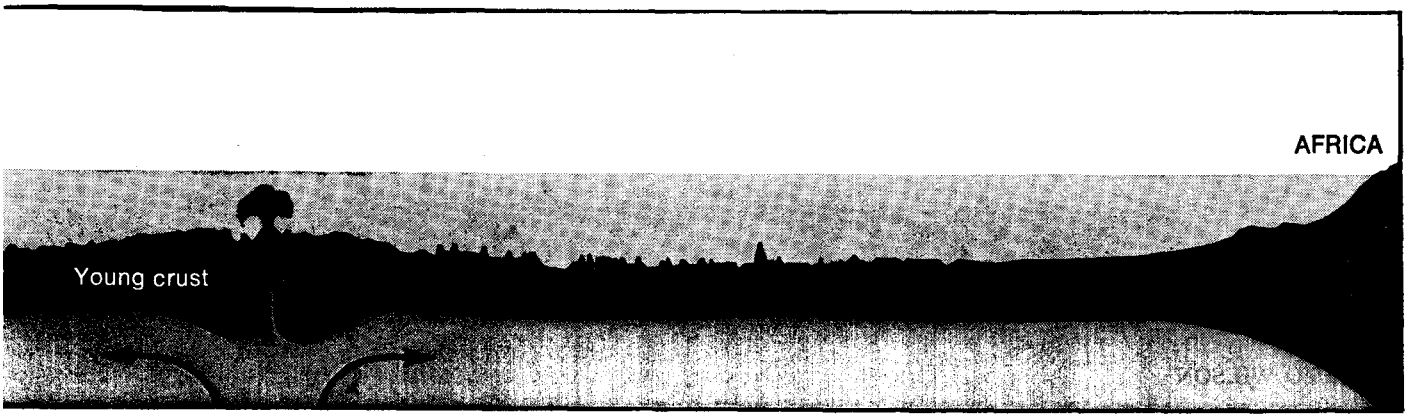
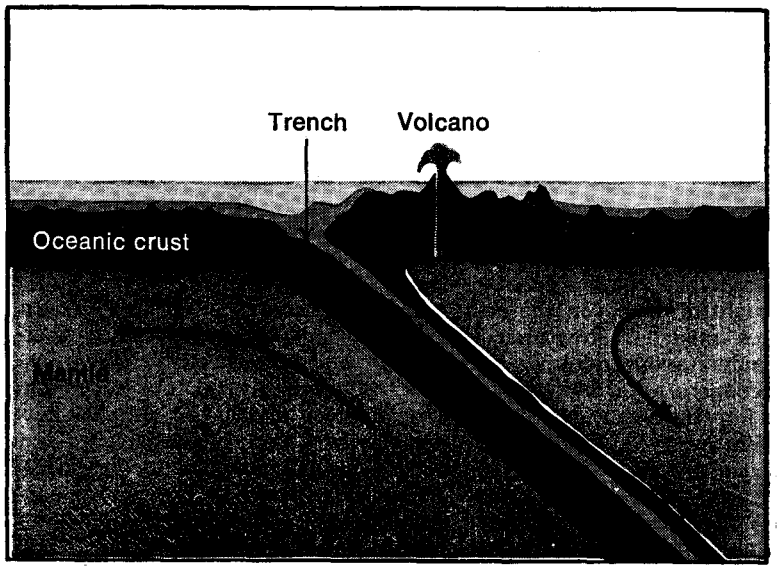
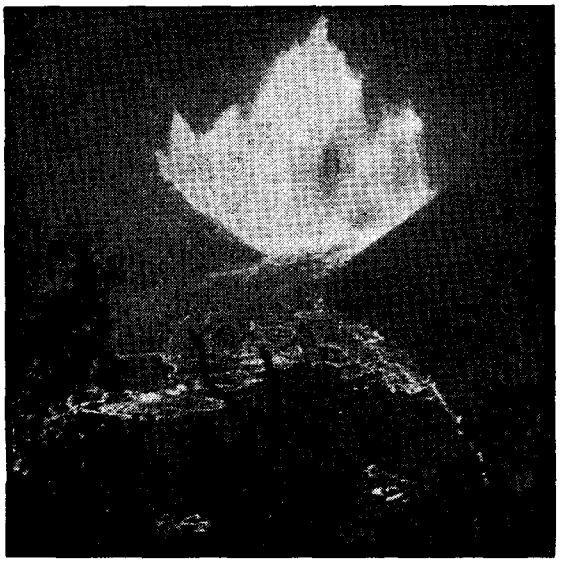
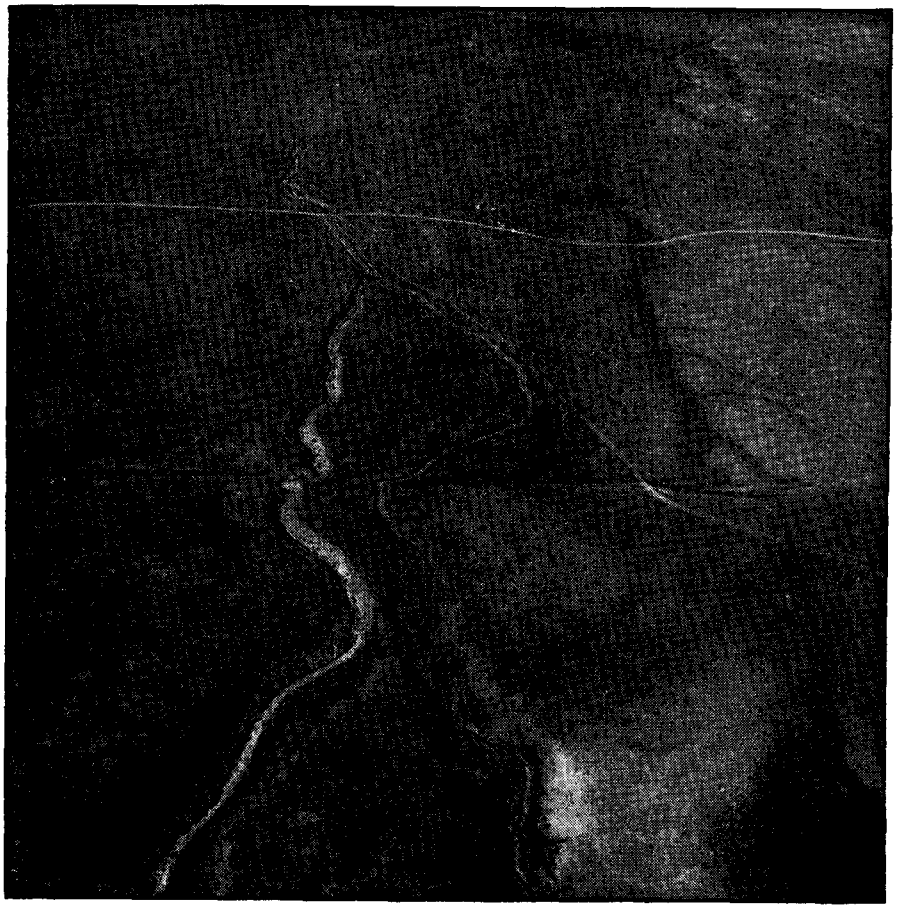






Revival of the old, once rejected theory of continental drift began eighteen years ago when geologist Marie Tharp, working with Bruce C. Heezen at Lamont Geological Observatory, mapped available soundings of the North Atlantic Ocean floor (top) and found a great rift in an undersea mountain chain. Lava rises through this rift (which stretches through all the oceans), spreading the sea floor and generating earthquakes. In the Pacific, the rift crosses under California and is known as the San Andreas Fault (right). This rising lava forms the paving stones and keeps them in slow, steady motion, sometimes pushing them over the vent of a volcano (middle right) and creating chains of islands such as the Hawaiian archipelago. The edge of the stone opposite the rift (middle left) turns downward into the planet's mantle.



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MAO'S ALMANAC
3,000 Years of Killer Earthquakes

BY J. TUZO WILSON

Earthquakes have always been one of China's great scourges. In the last three millenniums, there has been a major quake every six years on the average, including what is probably the most destructive temblor ever recorded anywhere. It shook Kansu Province so severely in A.D. 1556 that falling buildings and walls killed more than 820,000 persons recorded by name. Nobody knows how many were killed whose names were not recorded. Small wonder then that the regime of Mao Tse-tung has instructed the Institute of Geophysics and the Institute of Geology of China's Academy of Sciences to concentrate on the predicting of earthquakes.

I discovered this emphasis last autumn when, as a guest of the Academy of Sciences in Peking, I spent three-and-a-half weeks in the People's Republic of China. I had visited Mao's China thirteen years before, when I was president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics and was exploring the possibilities of bringing Peking back into the world community of science. On that first visit I saw the rudiments of a seismological network started in 1951 [see "Red China's Hidden Capital of Science," *SR*, Nov. 8, 1958] and was impressed by the dedication and skill of the scientists responsible for its operation. But my observations at that time did not prepare me for my 1971 discovery that the Chinese have information that we lack in our efforts to predict earthquakes. This information has not been reported in the West.

Of greatest interest are the Chinese discoveries about the distribution of earthquakes and the cycles of seismic activity. These are based upon records that go back more than 3,000 years and are considered reliable over the past 2,752 years. From them Chinese seismologists have put together a four-stage model of the process that first accumulates and then releases the energy that causes earthquakes. The only other study that is at all comparable covers the seismic history of the eastern Mediterranean over the past 2,000 years, and it does not reveal the clear cycles of activity shown in the Chinese records.

If the rate at which earthquakes release energy could be controlled, the damage they inflict might be considerably reduced. Before control can be seriously thought of, however, the nature of quakes must be better understood. This understanding requires international cooperation, which one hopes will be improved by the talks between President Nixon and Chairman Mao scheduled next week. Although the West has much to offer to collaborative research, only the Chinese can supply the long historical records and epicenter distribution now missing from planetary tectonic patterns.

My wife, Isabel, and I entered China via Rangoon, flying along the great Irrawaddy River to Mandalay, then over the Burma "hump" and across the plains of China. Monsoon clouds hid most of the landscape until we neared Shanghai at dusk, but I was surprised by the extent of water—rivers, lakes, canals, and flooded paddy fields—that reflected the bright moonlight off the vast delta. I was even more surprised by the twinkles of tiny electric lights that marked the countryside: none of the brilliance of Western cities, but proof of extensive electrification.

Shanghai's airport resembled that of a city in the central plains of North America except for one thing: It was virtually deserted. The absence of planes, automobiles, and bustle focused our attention on a long double line of cheerful young Chinese dressed in blue track suits, enthusiastically clapping. They formed a welcoming corridor for our traveling companions, a group of young Africans and Arabs bound for the great Afro-Asian Table Tennis Friendship Invitational Tournament soon to begin in Peking. Loudspeakers boomed martial music and exhilarating choruses.

The sound was more Russian than Chinese. It combined with the architecture of the airport's imposing new terminal and the four Ilyushin planes on the tarmac to suggest to us that we might have flown over the wrong mountains and landed in the Soviet Union. Frequently during the following weeks we had reason to recall the close connections that had existed between China and the Soviet Union up to 1960. Our hosts often reminded us, however, that those connections had been completely broken.

Isabel and I were met by half a dozen charming and attentive scientists, officials, and interpreters. They expressed sympathy for our fatiguing, long journey and led us into the terminal, where we sat in easy chairs and were offered Chinese tea and cigarettes. I had scarcely been asked for the baggage checks and my passport when the bags appeared. Isabel's passport, our health certificates, and all questions of foreign currency were waived. We were foreign friends, guests of the academy. It was the simplest and most gracious entry I recall making into any country.

We spent the night at a wonderful old hotel in Shanghai. It was identified only by a street number, but I have surmised, since leaving China, that it must originally have been Victor Sassoon's Cathay Hotel. It overlooked the Whampo River near a clock tower that chimed "The East Is Red."

The next morning we boarded a crack steam train, one of the more appealing aspects of a bygone age. The engine had four scarlet drive wheels, three red flags between its eyebrows, and gold Chinese characters on its tender. As we rolled past the fields and villages of the Yangtze plain on our way to Peking, we could see people working everywhere. A young interpreter who pointed out improvements on every side apologized rather unnecessarily for his lack of fluency in English. He mentioned his greater familiarity with Russian, from which he had recently switched because he could foresee no future for Russian interpreters in China.

We were met at the Peking station by the acting director of the Institute of Geophysics, the deputy director of the Institute of Geology, a senior scien-

J. Tuzo Wilson, an occasional contributor to *SR*, is one of the world's foremost geophysicists and has made major contributions to the development of the tectonic plate theory of the earth's behavior. He is principal of Erindale College, University of Toronto.

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tist named Mrs. Woo, several officials from the foreign relations section of the Academy of Sciences, two interpreters, and a Canadian Embassy counselor whose black-felt hat towered above the blue Mao caps. We were greeted cordially and then driven to our hotel, where we were told to "rest yourselves a little and then we shall return to discuss the program."

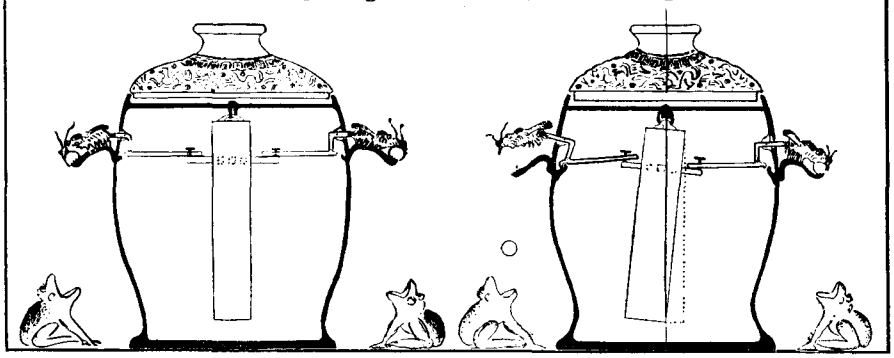
I had hoped to be able to return to the places I had visited in 1958, in order to assess the changes wrought by the Cultural Revolution. It had swept through the academic life of China like a typhoon, shutting off all scientific publications, essentially closing universities for four years, and sending the professors out to plant rice, work in factories, or otherwise gather firsthand knowledge of workers and peasants so as to be able to apply academic knowledge to the problems of the countryside while undergoing re-education in the thought of Chairman Mao.

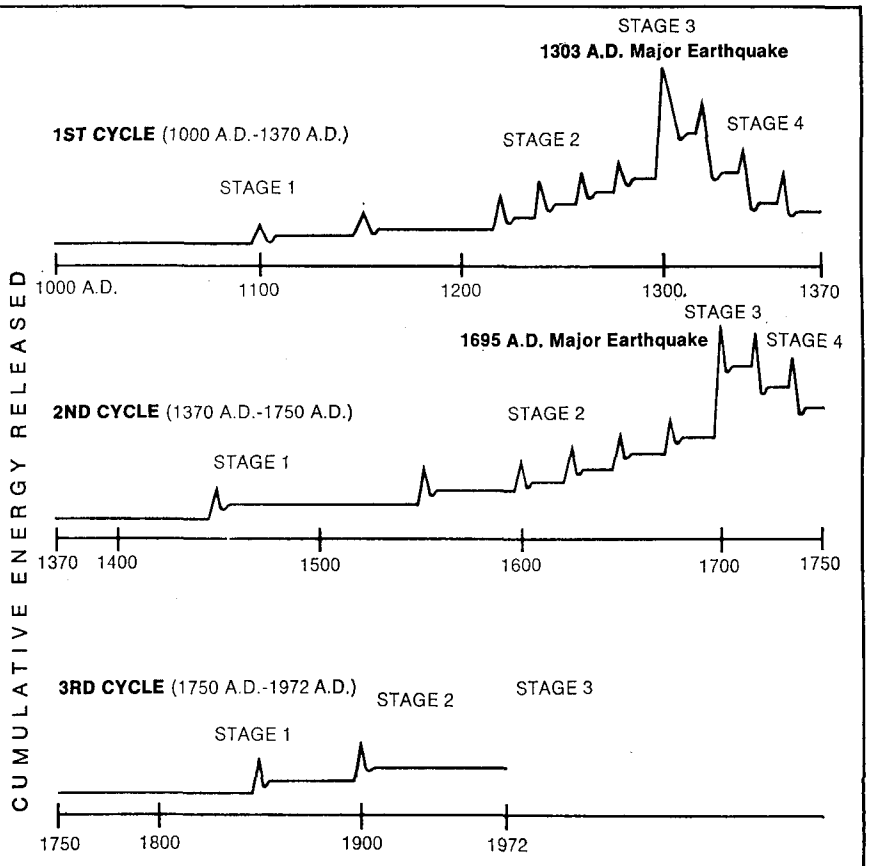
My 1958 visit had taken me to Peking, Sian, Lanchow, and Canton. However, I was told that Lanchow was out of the question for 1971, apparently because cities as far inland as it is are unprepared to receive visitors with traditional Chinese graciousness. The substitute itinerary we agreed upon included all the other cities I had seen in 1958 plus Yenan (famous as the point where Mao's monumental "long march" in the early 1930s ended), Nanking, Shanghai, and Hangchow. Relatively, this would expose me to the Chinese equivalent of a chunk of North America bounded by the cities of New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, and Winnipeg.

Once we were settled in our quarters, I mentioned to my hosts that I had brought along illustrative slides and would be happy to lecture on plate tectonics, the modern version of continental drift theory that is now popular in the West, if it were thought that there might be any interest in the subject. My offer was immediately seized upon and arrangements made for me to lecture to eighty scientists. Their reception was favorable, and I was asked to conduct two additional seminars, each of which was attended by about thirty

Concern over earthquakes long ago led Chinese scientists to invent a primitive seismograph: a bronze jar. Within it a suspended pendulum held an eight-spoked wheel at right angles.

Each spoke terminated in a dragon's mouth with movable jaws. Each jaw held a ball that dropped into the mouth of a frog below when the jar moved, thus marking quake direction.





An earthquake record that dates back thirty centuries has enabled China to recognize a four-stage cycle of quake energy buildup and release. The three cycles graphed above cover almost 1,000 years in one region of China's mainland.

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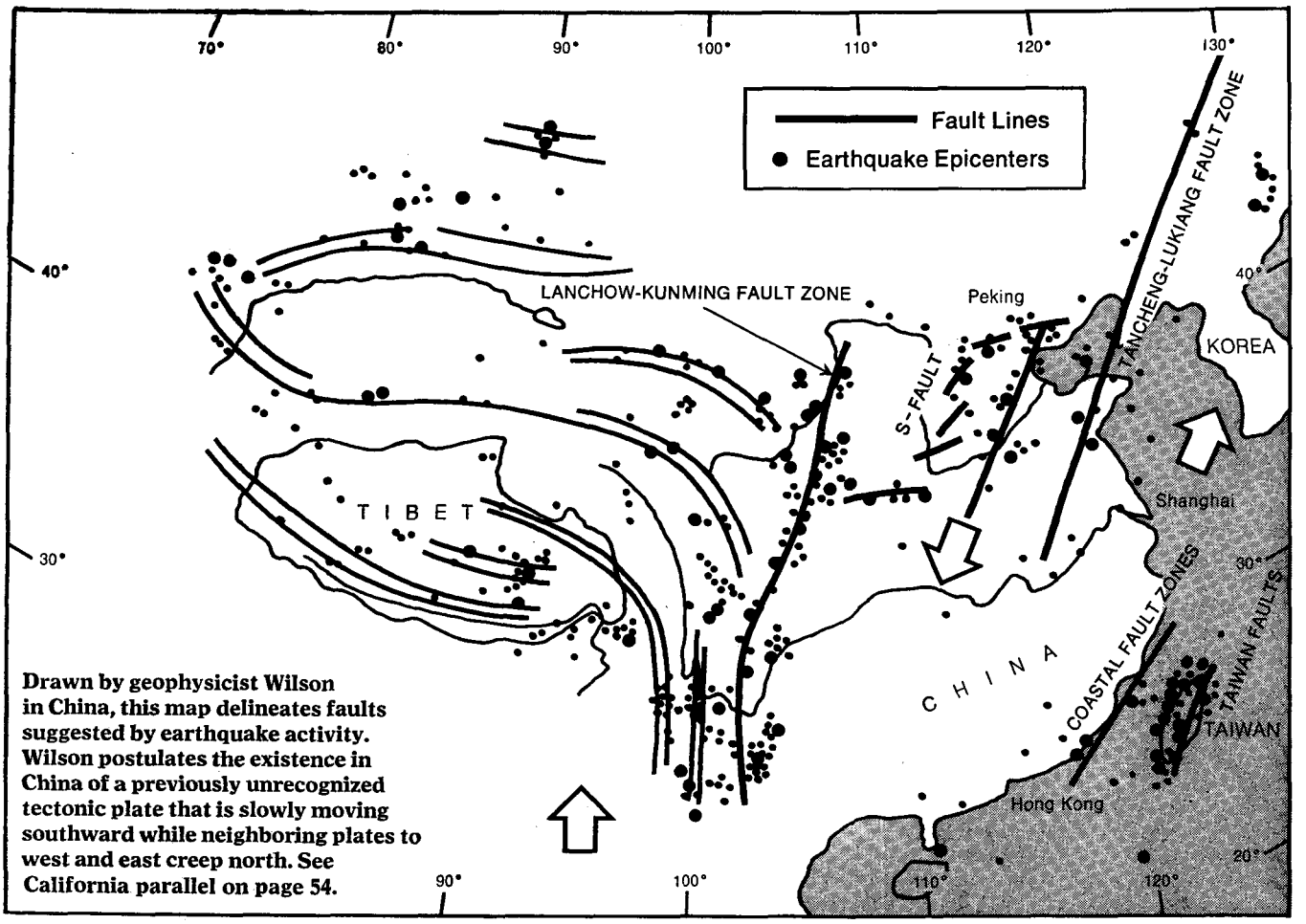

Drawn by geophysicist Wilson in China, this map delineates faults suggested by earthquake activity. Wilson postulates the existence in China of a previously unrecognized tectonic plate that is slowly moving southward while neighboring plates to west and east creep north. See California parallel on page 54.

persons. The questions raised were numerous, and the caliber of some made me aware that the study of earthquakes, the boundary markers of the rigid plates that occupy the earth's surface, had a very high priority in the Chinese scientific community.

Another evidence of that priority was visible at a research center I had visited in 1958. Then it was known as the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology. It had four sections, dealing with meteorology, seismology, geomagnetism, and geophysical prospecting. The Cultural Revolution streamlined it, and it is now called simply the Institute of Geophysics. "In keeping with socialist reconstruction," the acting director, Dr. Ku, told me, work in meteorology and in prospecting has been transferred to national government ministries, and provincial governments have taken over some of the regional field stations. The institute now concentrates on prediction of earthquakes, "because scientific work should serve the needs of the people." The phraseology has a certain propagandistic tone; yet it is rooted deep in Chinese history. Not that earthquakes in China are more frequent or severe than in many other countries. But their widespread distribution over a land with a dense population housed in buildings poorly constructed of heavy materials has resulted in the deaths of more people than have perished anywhere else on account of earthquakes.

The presently constituted institute occupies about one-third of the building that houses the administrative services of the Academy of Sciences. Dr. Ku, who wrote the letter inviting me to China in the academy's name, is a most cheerful and charming man of about my own age. He speaks English well, having studied for a year at the Colorado School of Mines.

Aside from heading the Institute of Geophysics, Dr. Ku belongs to the new executive body that runs it: the revolutionary committee. Such revolutionary committees, which include all categories of employment in three age groups, are now in charge of every institution in China.

The members of the revolutionary committee with whom we met were not at all formidable. All were extraordinarily keen about the development of their institute and anxious to tell us about it. They said the staff had recently been trebled to 300 people, only one-third of whom are employed in the building; the others were assigned either to factories where scientists team with mechanics in designing and manufacturing geophysical instruments or are attached to seismographic and geomagnetic stations in the countryside. There are twelve major seismographic stations, operated jointly by the institute and provincial governments. They conform more or less to the seismological networks of the United States, Canada, or the Soviet Union. Eight smaller stations are ranged within 100 miles of Peking and 150 still smaller regional stations are strung farther out. The most modern equipment is used to telemeter seismic observations from the outlying stations into Peking. The signals are apparently digitalized, for I saw a man working on telemetering equipment that had neon lights as counters. Two girls were making changes in circuitry according to his directions, with great dexterity soldering components into printed circuit boards about five inches square. Elsewhere in the building I saw the institute's electronic computer, installed in a newly painted, air-conditioned room. It had been made in Peking, and I was told that the number on it—DJS6—meant that it ran on transistors. Attached to it were a plotting table, a photoelectric printout, and a teleprinter, all of Chinese manufacture.

Four lines of research are being followed in pursuit of the institute's chief task—the predicting of earthquakes. One entails analysis of geomagnetic phenomena. Another employs tilt meters designed to register deformation of the earth's crust and thus identify quake warning signals. A continuous record of small earth shocks and

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Understanding quakes requires international cooperation, which one hopes will be improved by the talks between President Nixon and Chairman Mao scheduled next week.

micro-earthquakes is being kept in order to define active faults in the earth's crust along which much larger earthquakes might be expected to occur.

The attention to fault lines in China seems to be new. I heard nothing of it on my 1958 visit, and I have seen no reference to it in the literature since then. Although I was not told so, it could be a natural offshoot of the historical study of large earthquakes, which has long been the specialty of Dr. Lee Shan-pang, a former California Institute of Technology student of Professor Beno Gutenberg and author of a three-volume classic on the subject. I had a long discussion with Dr. Lee to try to clarify the point. He told me he had published a revised edition of his great historical work, in which he added records in the Manchurian language to those compiled in Chinese. Tibetan and Mongolian earthquake history remains to be incorporated.

The earliest records he had found were from 1198 B.C. These he did not consider reliable. But he plotted the location and magnitude of 530 major earthquakes that had occurred in China since 780 B.C. By his estimation, all of these had reached a magnitude of six or greater on the Richter scale of measurement. Dr. Lee, Dr. Ku, and the revolutionary committee of the Institute of Geophysics allowed me to photograph a manuscript map of those 530 quakes. Seventeen of them were graded as greater than magnitude eight, and about eighty were between magnitudes seven and eight.

The map had so little topographic orientation that I had difficulty reconstructing it and might have failed had I not unexpectably come upon two other printed maps elsewhere in China. These appeared to be different versions of the manuscript map, were drawn to a scale of 1:4 million and were dated 1970. I was surprised to see them because I knew that no scientific journals have been published in China since 1966. My comment on this circumstance seemed to embarrass my hosts, one of whom remarked that the maps had not been issued because their interpretation of the earthquake pattern continued to be a matter of hot debate. Not wishing to give offense, or to enter into any internal Chinese controversy, I glanced at the maps only long enough to see that both of them showed the location and magnitude of earthquakes with the date beside each epicenter and that one map related the epicenters to important features of the tectonic geology of China.

Anyone with a grasp of modern geophysics could have seen at a glance that the earthquakes marked on the maps were concentrated along definite lines of tectonic weakness. One of these lines goes straight north from Kunming and crosses the Yellow River. Another extends down the Red River to Hanoi. A third cuts across the Yellow River near Sian to the neighborhood of Peking. Other quake epicenter lines pass along the Altai and Tien Shan mountains, encircle Tibet, underlie Taiwan, and skirt the Russian border at Vladivostok.

It seems to me that the Chinese maps support the modern Western concept that the earth's surface is broken into a series of moving plates and that earthquakes occur along the boundaries of the plates—the very subject my lecture had focused on. But the Chinese grasped my Western ideas only slowly and vaguely. They were immersed in their own views, showing that although they get copies of Western scientific journals, they do not read them closely. I got the same impression when I repeated the lecture in Sian, Nanking, and Shanghai.

In contrast to that hiatus between Oriental and Occidental thought is the work the Chinese have done in applying the observational techniques of the late Caltech professor Hugo Benioff. With instruments derived from his, they have plotted the rate of energy release along the great faults revealed by their maps. Thanks to their long historical record, they have fixed the dates and magnitudes of earthquakes along each line over a range of time unequaled anywhere else in the world.

They have found that they can divide the earthquake history of each tectonically active area into cycles. Each cycle

Reported for the first time by J. Tuzo Wilson (above), earthquake discoveries made by Chairman Mao's scientists fit into earlier Western continental drift theories that Wilson helped to pioneer. This noted Canadian is, among other things, principal of the University of Toronto's Erindale College and holds the Order of the British Empire for his work in introducing physics as a force in geology.

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has four stages. During the first stage, which may last a century or more, the strain on the rocks accumulates. Only a few small earthquakes occur in this period. The second stage is one of transition, during which earthquakes become larger and more frequent. In the third stage the main energy is released. There is one huge earthquake, possibly followed by a few other large earthquakes within a short span of years. The fourth stage of the cycle is characterized by lesser aftershocks, completing the cycle.

In Shansi Province, west of Peking, for example, one cycle extended from A.D. 1000 to 1370. A second cycle ran from 1370 to 1750, culminating in a big shock near Peking that killed 100,000 people. A third cycle started in 1750. It is now in stage two and may be approaching stage three. If stage three is at hand, great shocks are expectable in the near future in the vicinity of Peking. The Chinese did not quite admit this to me, but such an anticipation would be an obvious explanation for the stress that is being laid on the predicting of earthquakes in China today.

Applying their earthquake energy release model to eastern Yunnan, the Chinese have recognized one cycle from 1500 to 1820 and a second that began about 1830. The disastrous third stage of this second cycle is not worrying them; they think it accounted for the so-called Assam earthquake of 1950, near the border of India and China. Dr. Lee says the epicenter of the Assam quake was not in Assam or anywhere else in India, but in Cha-yu County, Yunnan Province, China.

In contemplating ways to mitigate earthquakes in the future, it would be helpful to know whether the land mass of China is broken into a series of small tectonic plates or if there is another reason for the diffuse pattern of earthquakes centering in the vast region of China, Mongolia, and Turkistan. Often severe earthquakes occur in that region, apparently at random. The rest of the world is interested in this enigma because tectonic plates interact; the motions of one plate may generate motions in other plates. Moreover, correct interpretations of Chinese seismicity could provide an understanding of other, less active, but still potentially dangerous areas of scattered earthquakes, such as the lower St. Lawrence River and Mississippi River valleys.

Chinese earthquakes recorded during the past decade on the network of seismographs scattered through other lands around the globe have been mostly minor ones, and their pattern is too diffuse to be interpreted. However, the pattern of major shocks recorded by the Chinese over the past 2,752 years is much clearer. The Chinese themselves recognize the importance of a structural boundary separating the country approximately along the meridian of 105 degrees east longitude. West of this line, earthquakes follow the mountains in generally east-west trends. Most of the mountains are young or at least still volcanically active. East of the 105 degrees east meridian, the situation is different. In the southeast, the great plain of China is very stable. The same is not true of northern China. One important active fault crosses Shantung Peninsula in a northeasterly direction and at an angle to the Kunming-Lanchow break previously mentioned here. Some Chinese geophysicists call this line across Shantung the Tancheng-Lukiang transcurrent fault and compare it to the San Andreas Fault on the opposite side of the Pacific. These scientists attribute the Tancheng-Lukiang tectonic activity to the same source that has been invoked to explain the activity in California: northward motion of the tectonic plate that carries a slice of the Pacific coast of China, Korea, Siberia, and the Pacific Ocean floor past the rest of China.

Perhaps the most active locus of earthquakes in all of China is an S-shaped belt beginning north of Peking and extending to Sian and Lanchow. Great shocks occurred along it in A.D. 1303, 1556, 1679, and 1695. Isabel and I followed the lower loop of the S in flying from Peking to Sian. A flat-bottomed valley in which our plane landed was partly filled with sediment to a depth of 20,000 feet. The valley had started to form less than thirty million years ago, when the surrounding plains were uplifted.

From my very imperfect knowledge of the subject, I can draw only two possible explanations for the existence of the S-shaped fault line. One is recent uplift and volcanism beneath the faults due to deep-seated upwelling from the earth's interior such as produced the East African rift valleys and the basin now filled by Lake Baikal. The alternate explanation is that much of China constitutes a small tectonic plate that has broken away from the rest of Asia along this line of faults and that this plate is pushing southward toward Indonesia between the northward motion of India on the one side and that of the Pacific basin on the other.

The seriousness with which the Mao regime in China approaches puzzles such as these is emphasized by its issuance to the Academy of Sciences Institute of Geology the same directive that went to the Institute of Geophysics: "Predict earthquakes." On a wall of one of the rooms in the Institute of Geology headquarters I saw a geological map of China scaled 1:3 million and published in 1960. My hosts immediately pointed out some of its main features to me. I could see structural lines corresponding to the earthquake belts. My hosts confirmed my observations. I asked if anyone had tried to ameliorate or control release of earthquake energy by pumping water into or out of the ground near active faults, as has been done in Colorado. The reply was negative. Indeed, throughout my stay in China, I got no intimation whatever of any Chinese attempt to couple prediction with earthquake control.

It may be that the Chinese just do not feel close enough to a reasonable coupling of prediction and control to discuss the problem. However, I saw much ingenuity employed in seeking an understanding of earthquake mechanisms. In one series of laboratories, experiments are under way with plastic and clay models of the fault lines through China. The models are made by covering suitably shaped plates with clay or plaster. The plates are then set in motion and the changes in the clay or plastic observed. Another research group is using a vibration table to study various forms of vibration on rocks. Mass spectographs made in China are determining the ages of rocks in relation to the behavior of the rocks. A simple model of electron microscope made in Nanking is identifying clay mineral molecules. A 1,000-ton press capable of generating and maintaining temperatures up to 3,600 degrees Fahrenheit is testing the response of various rocks to high temperatures and pressures comparable to those prevailing deep in the earth's crust.

Future progress in China's quest for knowledge about earthquakes will depend only partly on Chinese scientists. The responsibility and the opportunity are shared by the revolutionary committees that ultimately govern the quality of scientific research. On the whole, I judge the committee members I met to have been well chosen. Clearly, however, the unaccustomed authority has placed a strain on some of the eager but untried young men, and some of them are quite nervous. Plainly, the system will be subject to many great arguments. The success of its operation must depend heavily on personalities. Everywhere I went I was reminded that the system is new and experimental. It is, like much else in China, in a state of change. Although the Chinese might not like to admit it, they are busy emulating the West in trying to create an industrial society as fast as they can. It is my opinion that the industrialization the Japanese have accomplished in the past century the Chinese can accomplish on several times the scale in the next. Ironically, all of this is occurring at a time when many North Americans are hankering for a simpler, even a rural, existence. □

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The Anguished Man in "Old Blood and Guts"

BY LOUIS MORTON

THE PATTON PAPERS, 1885-1940

by Martin Blumenson

Houghton Mifflin, 996 pp., $15

To an aging generation of World War II veterans, General George S. Patton, Jr., was the very model of a fighting armor general. Fastidiously uniformed, bedecked with medals and ivory-handled pistols, he epitomized ruthless drive on the battlefield and success against the enemy. His military brilliance and personal flamboyance, heightened by a deliberate public profanity and vulgar sentimentality, combined to make him extremely good newspaper copy. Invariably he was pictured in the thick of combat, racing at the head of his armored columns toward some distant objective. Photographs of Patton and pungent statements by him appeared with regularity in the press, making him one of the best-known generals of the time.

A younger generation discovered Patton in the fearsome personality George Scott created in the filmed version of the General, based on Ladislas Farago's *Ordeal and Triumph*. As depicted by Farago and played by Scott, Patton was tough but lovable, hard but sentimental, intemperate, violent, irascible, a charismatic figure and a superb showman. The portrait was almost a caricature of Patton, every quality exaggerated. Patton was more than "Old Blood and Guts"—the general who strutted and swaggered his way through the carnage of the Second World War, glorying in battle. He was also a military genius whose tactical handling of armor was superb and whose exceptional leadership contributed substantially to the Allied victory in Europe and undoubtedly shortened the war.

What sort of a man was this complex and contradictory general who could slap an enlisted man in a hospital and then redeem himself by leading the Third Army in a dash across France? Where did he come from? Did he really believe he was the reincarnation of the great generals of the past? What forces shaped his youth and career? From whom did he learn the art of war?

Since his death in a jeep accident in December 1945, nine biographers have tried to explain the phenomenon that was General Patton, yet only now, with the publication of *The Patton Papers*, can we begin to answer some of these questions. Quoting extensively from the General's papers, letters, memoranda and diaries, Martin Blumenson has skillfully sketched in the real man behind the ferocious mask.

There have long been rumors of the richness of General Patton's papers, but none of the previous biographers had access to them. At one time the Patton family sought to enjoin publication of Farago's book because of alleged unauthorized use of the General's wartime diary. Blumenson, however, has been given full access to the papers, comprising fifty metal filing cases holding 122 containers of diaries, journals, correspondence, military studies, articles, scrapbooks, and other material. Originally stored in the basement of the family home in Massachusetts, this fund of information, on Blumenson's recommendation, was given to the Library of Congress to be opened to the public in 1975, by which time the second and final volume of *The Patton Papers*, covering the war years, will have been published.

The Patton that emerges from these pages is quite unlike the swashbuck-

Louis Morton, Daniel Webster Professor of History and Provost of Dartmouth College, is the author of *Full of the Philippines, The Pacific War: Strategy and Command*, and other works on World War II.

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ling, hard-bitten, and hard-driving general we remember. This was the martial image he forged to impress his troops, the world—and perhaps even himself—for, like all soldiers, Patton feared death and disfigurement in battle. In his early years he was an anguished man, tortured by inner doubts and feelings of inadequacy and inferiority. Although later he was driven by visions of greatness, Patton was courteous and urbane in his dealings with others. Those who worked closely with him or served under his command found him fair and just and were intensely loyal to him. Extremely well-read, Patton could recite long passages from the classics. He also wrote poetry, most of it bad. A typical example, entitled "Fear," read:

I am that dreadful, blighting thing
Like rat-holes to the flood
Like rust that gnaws the faultless blade
Like microbes to the blood.

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of Patton's character, so much at odds with his public image, was his love for solitary pursuits—reading, hiking, hunting, swimming, sailing, riding, and fishing. But he also trained himself in competitive sports and was an avid polo player, one of the best in the Army. He believed he was destined for fame, and no man ever worked harder to achieve his destiny. "... I would like to find one thing," Patton wrote, "if it were only peeling potatoes, that I could do better than anyone else in the world. It is awful to see other people do not only some things but all things better than you do.... There is always someone who is better in at least one thing...."

It is in large part this dual aspect of Patton's character, along with the opportunity to trace the slow development of a genuine military hero, that makes this first volume of *The Patton Papers* so compelling.

Patton commands the book as he commanded his military units. His prose flows through its pages, infusing them with humor, warmth, and spontaneity. When they are not on professional matters, his letters and reports center largely on his own activities, with the result that Patton's ambitions, opinions, and emotions are almost excessively detailed. Not all of the material cited in the *Papers* is of equal interest: some of it deals with trivial matters, some is repetitive; and the record of the early years, before World War I, could have been profitably shortened. But Blumenson himself never gets in the way of the narrative. Skillfully moving the story forward, supplying links between the diary entries, letters, and journals, he lets Patton parade his hopes, disappointments, and despairs in his own manner and in his own words.

Patton grew up in Southern California, where he was born in November 1885. His paternal grandfather was a Virginia gentleman, a lawyer who died in battle at the head of his Confederate brigade in the Civil War. His maternal grandfather—a trapper, adventurer and Indian fighter—had migrated from Kentucky to California and married the daughter of a wealthy landholder who owned thousands of acres in the rich valley around Pasadena. These two strains, one derived from a cultured and established family tradition destroyed in the war of secession, the other from a self-made man of action, struggled for mastery in the youngster.

Like his father and grandfather, young Patton attended the Virginia Military Institute, but after spending one year there he entered West Point. Graduation from the Military Academy automatically led to a Regular Army commission, and he had always wanted to be a soldier—indeed, he thought himself unfit for any other profession. Patton's letters to his father and to his fiancée, Beatrice Ayer, during his school years reveal his personal growth and also tell much about life at West Point during these years. To Miss Ayer he wrote after the dismissal of eight cadets for hazing: "Those cadets who got it were in general no worse than any others but were unfortunate in being found out. The hazing they were doing and that was being done was not of a bad sort and hurt nobody not even the Plebes. In fact lots of them require just such treatment to make them wake up and find themselves...." Years later, after he had been in action, Patton wrote: "What West Point makes is a soul. We the graduates are efficient because we can't help it. We don't run away because we are a lot more afraid of our own conscience than we are of the enemy."

Assigned to the Cavalry after graduating in 1909, Patton learned his trade at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. The following year he and Miss Ayer, the daughter of an immensely affluent New England industrialist, were married. When maneuvers or other military duties took him away from her—which was often—he wrote to her almost daily. In 1911 he was assigned to Fort Myer, across the Potomac from Washington, D.C. Independently wealthy, with excellent connections and a talented and charming wife, Patton moved in the best social circles, kept his own horses, and soon came to know the great and near-great politicians and important military officers of the time, such as Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, and General Leonard Wood, Army Chief of Staff. He participated in the Olympic Games in 1912 at

Stockholm (placing fifth in the Modern Pentathlon), studied fencing in France during a vacation on the Continent with his wife, and became the Army's first Master of the Sword while still a second lieutenant.

After two years at the Cavalry School in Fort Riley, Patton was sent to the Mexican border, where he met General John J. Pershing. When the Punitive Expedition was formed to pursue Pancho Villa into Mexico, Patton went along as Pershing's unofficial aide. For one brief moment he tasted the glory of fame. In command of a party of fifteen men traveling in three automobiles to buy corn from Mexican farmers, Patton came upon a ranch believed to belong to one of Villa's lieutenants. He and his men surprised the enemy soldiers, and there followed a brisk skirmish in which three of the Mexicans were killed. "As you have probably seen by the papers," he wrote Beatrice, "I have at last succeeded in getting into a fight.... I have always expected to be scared but was not, nor was I excited. I was afraid they would get away. I never heard a bullet but some say that you do not at such close range."

Deliberately the young man modeled himself upon Pershing, a trim paragon of soldierly virtue with his physical hardness, ruthless training methods, and loyalty demands. Patton learned

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George S. Patton, Jr., in 1909 (left) and 1918 (above)—"a Patton who not only blusters but ponders, who not only poses for his public but is privately shy."

much, observing at close range how Pershing operated, how he gave orders, rated his subordinates, maintained troop morale, carried out inspections, and performed the rest of his military duties. Shortly before the expedition returned to Texas, Patton wrote to his wife: "I have learned a lot about my profession and a lot how much I love you. The first was necessary the second was not."

When Pershing went to France in May 1917 to take command of the American Expeditionary Force, he took Patton with him, again as an unofficial aide. When Patton asked for assignment to a combat unit, Pershing offered him service with the newly formed U.S. Tank Corps. It was only after prolonged and difficult inner debate—and against the advice of most of his friends—that Patton finally accepted the assignment, which made him the first Tank officer in the United States Army. "I did not do this in a hurry," he wrote Beatrice. "I thought about it for over a month and the night I decided I did not sleep at all. . . ." To his father he wrote that "with my usual luck I have again fallen on my feet. . . . There will be a hundred Majors of infantry but only one of Light T. The T are only used in attacks so all the rest of the time you are comfortable. . . . Also the T will be a great drawing card in the papers and illustrated magazines. . . . Also, in the tanks you are not apt to be wounded. You either get blown to bits by a direct hit or you are not touched."

No one in the AEF then knew anything about these unwieldy, unreliable vehicles, and Patton soon became the foremost American tank expert. His was a heavy responsibility: he had to create a new unit built around a weapon that the American Army had never previously used. The section of *The Patton Papers* devoted to this period in his life, which is among the most interesting, delineates Patton's growth as a commander, and at the same time traces the development of tank doctrine and warfare. Here Blumenson is at his best, presenting for the layman in clear, nontechnical language an account of how tanks were used in combat during World War I and how they are employed in general.

Patton's training program came to fruition in combat: his tankers performed extremely well under fire in the St. Mihiel attack and the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Already in that war, men trained by Patton exhibited the qualities that would make him famous in World War II—excellent training, high *esprit*, and an eagerness to close with and destroy the enemy.

For Patton, as for most of the serious-minded Regular officers, the years between the two world wars were full of frustration. Budgets were low, opportunities scarce, and a sense of lassitude pervaded the Army. Despite this discouraging atmosphere, Patton completed his military education by graduating from the Command and General Staff College and from the Army War College. He continued to read and to study military history assiduously. He worked hard, played hard, and prepared himself as best he could for the "next war."

Yet when that war did begin, in 1939, Patton nearly lost out. At fifty-four he was almost too old for a wartime field command. Brash and outspoken, he had made enemies. He had the wrong political connections. Most important, he had become identified with the horse cavalry, the old-timers, the conservatives who hated the automobile, the truck, and the tank. The conflict between Patton's interest in tanks and his love of horses emerges as a poignant instance of divided loyalties. The fact is, as Blumenson demonstrates, that Patton's loyalty to his Cavalry bosses came close to disqualifying him for high command in the war.

This first volume of *The Patton Papers* ends in the summer of 1940, when Patton was again, as in World War I, a colonel—and, as before, assigned to tanks. Our last view of Patton is of him departing for the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Benning, where his task, once again, was to bring tankers to high proficiency and fighting edge, to impart to young soldiers who had few weapons and little experience the belief that they were equal and superior to the German armor, the best in Europe.

While the book's focus throughout is, of course, on George S. Patton, Jr., as he was before he became a general, *The Patton Papers* provide fascinating vignettes of people and places—Paris during the First World War; George C. Marshall, who seemed to have no friends and was as comfortable as an old shoe; life on the Mexican border with cowboys and desperadoes; the Mormons in Mexico; Fox Conner, the Army's gray eminence between the wars; Douglas MacArthur, under fire at St. Mihiel and on the streets of Washington during the Bonus March. There are sharp comments on Woodrow Wilson ("He has not the soul of a louse nor the mind of a worm. Or the backbone of a jellyfish."), on Secretary of War Newton Baker ("a little rat but very smart"), and on others.

A military historian who has written a great deal on World War II, Mr. Blumenson has clearly delineated those events that shaped the personal and professional development of one of the great generals of that war. And he has given us a Patton who not only blusters but ponders, who not only poses for his public but is privately shy—a thoroughly delightful character who reveals himself in these *Papers* as never before.

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THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945

by J. C. Masterman

Yale, 203 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr.

■ After more than a quarter of a century the British Government has permitted the publication of a report prepared by Sir John Masterman in 1945 describing the most important intelligence operation in World War II. What has been suspected and hinted at for some time is now documented: from 1939 to 1945 London exercised complete control over all German espionage operations conducted within the British Isles (excluding Ireland, of course). Further, in what must be the most skillful use of double agents in the history of spying, the British not only succeeded in preventing the Germans from suspecting that their spies were under control, but used the system to feed false information to Hitler and the Nazi military leadership as to the time and place of the massive Allied landing in Europe.

During the course of the Second World War there were, to be sure, many great espionage coups: the United States broke Japanese codes; Russian agents in 1941 warned Moscow of the impending German attack; Allen Dulles had an agent placed near the top of the Nazi hierarchy, from whom he obtained thousands of top-secret documents. But the fact that the British were able to discover, apprehend, and then direct every German agent in Great Britain outranks these successes to stand in a class by itself.

Sir John Masterson is eminently qualified to tell this story. As a member of Military Intelligence 5, or the Security Service, he spent four years working to frustrate the efforts of the German intelligence service. Happily, Masterman was permitted to write his report on the double-cross directly following the conclusion of hostilities, when he left the Service on terminal leave. As he points out in his preface, that was the ideal time to write this account because he was uninhibited by official restrictions and still intimately aware of the details and difficulties of the operation.

It is necessary to glance back to the years preceding the outbreak of war in Europe in 1939 to pick up the first traces of the double-cross system. The most effective intelligence networks are those that are dug in well before their wartime services are required, and M.I. 5 had long been on the alert for German attempts to place spies in Great Britain. "Snow" (Sir John prudently uses pseudonyms when referring to agents) became the base of the system in 1936. A British-born Canadian who had returned to England, where he worked as an electrical engineer for a firm that had a number of Admiralty contracts, Snow frequently traveled to Germany on business. He advised British Intelligence, or M.I. 6, of his contacts in Germany but, when a letter he mailed to a post-office box in Hamburg that was known to the British as a German "cover address" was intercepted, it became clear that Snow was acting as a double agent. In January 1939 the Germans provided Snow, whose activities were being discreetly checked up on by the British, with a wireless transmitter. By then he had convinced his bosses in Hamburg that he had ten or fifteen agents working for him. "It is probable, though not certain," writes Masterson, "that all these persons existed only in Snow's imagination." In September 1939, when Snow returned from a visit to Rotterdam, he was arrested. The war had begun and he had been in contact with the enemy. The first message he sent off to Germany was from Wandsworth Prison, where his transmitter had been set up for him by M.I. 6 so that he could re-establish contact.

By the start of the war the Germans had developed sufficient confidence in Snow to provide him considerable material of value to the British Security Service. He was put in touch with other German agents in England and given a code—later used by the British to break other German intelligence messages—and he was asked to recruit additional agents, a task that Security promptly took over for him. Released from Wandsworth after a brief stay, Snow—together with a Welsh national whom the Germans thought reliable (he was actually a retired Welsh police inspector provided by Security)—was allowed to return to Rotterdam to meet his German contact. Thus Snow's work went on, and his network continued to expand.

In 1940 the Germans intensified their efforts to get agents into the British Isles. Six of them tried to enter England through Ireland. From September to November some twenty-five others were either air-dropped or attempted to land by boat. Tate, for example, parachuted in in September 1940 and was in radio contact with Germany (under British supervision) from October of that year until May 1945. Other agents arrived in the guise of neutral businessmen or refugees.

One factor which expedited the roundup of parachuted German agents was that their identity documents had been constructed on information supplied by the Snow organization. German spies arriving in England by different means usually contacted other spies who were already being controlled by the British and thus gave themselves away. Once caught, and confronted with the alternative of dying for Nazi Germany or working for the British, the overwhelming majority of these men chose to live and work (and to earn at least a percentage of the wages paid them by their German employers) under the tutelage of a "case officer." However, Masterson writes, "some had to perish, both to satisfy the public that the security of the country was being maintained and also to convince the Germans that the others were working properly and were not under control. It would have taxed even German credulity if *all* their agents had apparently overcome the hazards of their landing."

The Germans apparently had little knowledge of the problems of clandestine infiltration of agents. Those parachuted into Scotland usually were

"Remember all those things we thought, thank God, we wouldn't live to see? We're going to live to see them."

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quickly apprehended. Strangers in sparsely populated areas attracted attention. Those with muddy trousers, foreign-made clothes, and suitcases were even more conspicuous. The Home Guard watched for such individuals. Agents coming by sea fared little better. They had to move from the coast to urban areas. Some boarded trains at rural stations where the usual travelers were well known to the local stationmaster and constable; their questions about the time and direction of trains were sure to be noted. In a post-Dunkirk Britain, with the Germans across the Channel singing "We're sailing against England . . . ," everyone was on the watch.

"After June 1940," Masterson writes, "entry was only possible, except by illegitimate routes, through Sweden or Portugal, and the narrowness of the bottlenecks made it comparatively easy to exclude unwanted visitors or to find a concealed goat among the sheep." With the agent network controlled, and neutral travel blocked, the British had only four other sources to worry about: data the Germans had acquired before 1940, reports from neutral embassies and legations in England, information divulged by British prisoners under interrogation, and intercepted radio and telephone messages. By 1944 the threat posed by the first of these was inconsequential; and the other three could be, and were, controlled or used.

According to Masterman, the British Security Service was long skeptical about the extent of its success—a prudent attitude on the part of any counterintelligence organization. Convinced that the German intelligence against Great Britain must be both larger and more effective than in fact it was, the Service believed that it had uncovered only a portion of it. As time passed, however, the accumulation of evidence made M.I. 5 more and more certain that "our agents had no competitors in this country," and "the haunting fear that the enemy might have accurate and detailed knowledge of some intended operation" was replaced by a precise awareness of just how much the Germans did or did not know about such operations.

Maintaining this elaborate double-cross system for four and a half years, without ever arousing the enemy's suspicion that the information they were being fed was controlled by the British, was a phenomenal accomplishment that required unusual management. Sir John appropriately devotes a portion of his report to the organization that was developed to accomplish this task. A special section of M.I. 5—cryptically titled B.1.A.—was set up to deal exclusively with the double-cross scheme's day-to-day operations, while an upper-echelon interdepartmental committee—the XX or Twenty Committee, created in January 1941—decided what could and could not be passed to the Germans and insured consistency in the information transmitted to the enemy. A few statistics cited by Masterman illustrate the magnitude of the work involved. At the beginning of 1944 there were twenty channels of agent communications operating to the Germans, nine of these by means of radio. By August 1944 one agent, Garbo, had dispatched 400 secret letters and 2,000 radio messages. At the end of the war the Snow file consisted of thirty-five volumes of papers.

This is the very stuff of which deception is made. First comes the cautious conversion of German-employed spies into British-controlled agents and the careful testing to see whether their Nazi masters are satisfied; then the gradual expansion of the net (Garbo convinced the Germans that he had fourteen active subagents, plus eleven contacts—all comforting fabrications dreamed up by the British); next, the gradual, painstaking development of increasingly bold deceptions; and, finally, the great deception.

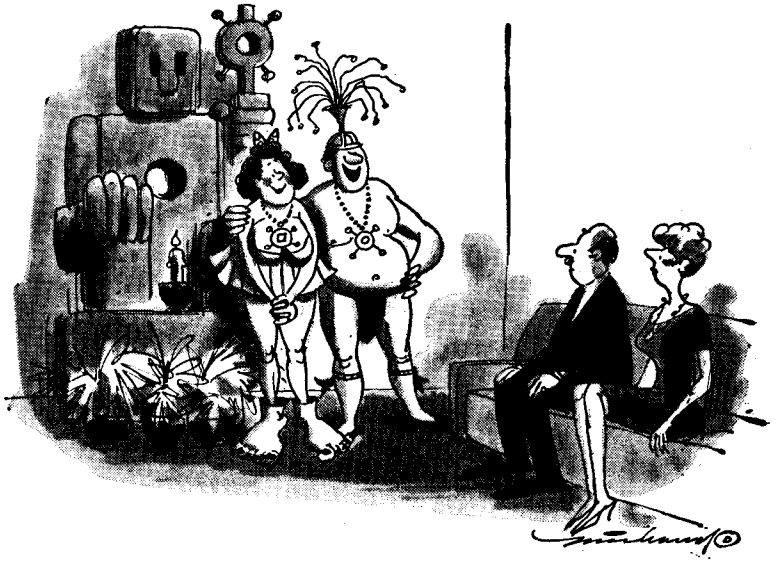
Double-crossing spies were not the sole method used for deceiving the Nazis, nor could they be employed without reference to other information the Germans might obtain. Radio and telephone traffic, which the Germans could intercept, was used to spread inaccurate information or give false impressions. Dummy tanks, trucks, and landing craft were emplaced to be spotted by German aerial reconnaissance. Complicated subterfuges—including, in one case, the floating of a document-laden corpse to a well-chosen spot on the Spanish coast where a German consul-spy would be sure to hear of its arrival—were concocted to let false information fall into German hands.

Before the great deception relating to where the Allies would stage their landing on the Atlantic Coast in 1944, a number of experimental ruses were carried out. One drew German bomber attacks to airfields in England and away from the cities. (The British reasoned that the airfields could protect themselves better than could the urban areas.) Another persuaded the Germans that the de Haviland works at Hatfield, where light bombers were made, had been blown up. A third misled the Germans as to the destination of the Allied armada headed for Africa in 1942.

By 1943, when the detailed planning for OVERLORD, the Allied landing in Normandy, was proceeding apace, the XX operation was ready to play a key role. Sir John Masterman now reveals just how large that role was.

The task of landing armies on the coast of Europe was a hazardous undertaking, as the raid on the Channel port of Dieppe in August 1942 by a primarily Canadian commando force had clearly indicated. In 1943 and 1944 each passing day increased the odds against a successful landing, for Hitler had assigned Field Marshal Erwin Rommel to Western Europe, and Rommel, convinced that the Allied landing must be stopped on the beaches or the Germans could be defeated, was strengthening Nazi defenses all along the coast. Thousands of underwater obstacles were placed along the shores. Vast minefields were laid in the beaches. Millions of tons of concrete were poured into new gun emplacements and roadblocks. Hundreds of mined stakes were set up to obstruct potential landing fields for airborne troops.

Allied success depended on surprise.



"We started out as Methodists. Then we switched to Ethical Culture. Then we met this couple in a bar. . . ."

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It was known that the landing would take place in the spring or summer of 1944. But the exact time, as well as its precise location, must be kept secret from the enemy. Potential landing areas were available from southern Norway to the Pyrenees. The most obvious site, however, was the Pas de Calais—the closest region on the far side of the Channel that afforded good beaches and ports and would permit continual air cover. Here the Germans built their strongest defenses and stationed their most powerful army within Western Europe.

The deception plan centered on assuring the Germans that the main landing would indeed be made on the Pas de Calais. It was hoped that they would then treat the Normandy landing as merely a diversion and thus delay committing their main units in France to the battle. A fictitious First United States Army Group was created to conjure up the image of a potent force that would be unleashed after the "diversionary" Normandy attack. Furthermore, false information concerning the battle order of the Allied forces in England was leaked to the enemy. Whereas the actual forces destined for Normandy were located in the Midlands and in west and southwest England, the Germans were persuaded that these armies were in Scotland and east and southeast England: logical mobilization places for an attack on the Pas de Calais.

These ruses, together with a host of subsidiary deceptions, worked. The weather helped; a storm that churned up the Channel in the days preceding the invasion convinced the Germans that the Allies would postpone their landing. Moreover, even after Omaha Beach had been established, the agents' reports, plus radio traffic between notional units, persuaded the enemy that the main attack was yet to come. The Third Reich's Fifteenth Army was held in Pas de Calais for nearly six weeks, then to be committed to battle and ground up as the Allied steamroller swiftly advanced across France.

Sir John Masterman's book fills a vacant spot on the bookshelf of World War II history. He has described in detail the development and implementation of a double-agent and deception operation that cannot be paralleled. While Masterman alludes to a few spies who were executed in the playing of this deadly game in a war for survival, one can only speculate as to how many thousands of Allied lives the double-cross system saved.

Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., served in the Office of Strategic Services and in Army Intelligence during the Second World War. A former executive director of the CIA, he is now professor of political science at Brown University.

GREEN HELL: Massacre of the Brazilian Indians

by Lucien Bodard
translated from the French by Jennifer Monaghan

Outerbridge & Lazard/Dutton, 291 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Betty J. Meggers

■ The author of *Green Hell* might have prefaced his book with the standard phrase "The story you are about to read is true; only the names have been changed. . . ." because the events themselves have been repeated countless times during the past several thousand years. Other versions are being enacted today in Vietnam, in Africa, in New Guinea—everywhere that populations possessing cultures of unequal levels of development come into competitive contact. The demise of the Amazonian Indians is not a unique event, even in its cruelty, and this fact should be kept in mind by the reader. *Green Hell* is not an indictment of the Brazilian government or its "civilized" population; it is an indictment of the human race.

Brazil today is going through a period in many respects parallel to the westward expansion of our own frontier, and indeed Brazilians often jutify their development program by pointing to the economic consequences of settlement of the land west of the Mississippi. Unfortunately, Amazonia is distinct environmentally from temperate western North America, and the consequences of making it accessible to intensive settlement and agricultural exploitation are viewed by ecologists with grave misgivings. The process, however, brings land-hungry colonists into what has traditionally been Indian territory and, as was the case in the United States, Indian rights are not recognized by "civilized" law. The Indians are obstacles to be removed, and any means that accomplishes this removal may be, and has been, employed. Often nothing more is required than simple contact, because of the lack of immunity to European diseases. Even the common cold may decimate an Indian village; measles, chicken pox, and other minor European sicknesses are also frequently lethal, to say nothing of smallpox, tuberculosis, and more serious infestations.

In presenting his depressing and often horrifying account of the post-European period in Amazonia, Lucien Bodard touches upon the basic incompatibility between the way of life of the Indians and that of the colonists, which reinforced in the latter the view that Indians were at best stupid, uncooperative, or unteachable. In reality, the Indians were part of a fabulous and intricately integrated forest community, intimately associated and in harmony with their fellow creatures.

The Europeans in the nineteenth century saw the area as a source of quick profit, with the Indians as a prime commodity in the form of slave labor. Their swift demise in captivity enraged the captors, who retaliated with increasing cruelty. The initial friendliness of the Indians turned to hostility as they learned what to expect from the white man—and they also began to kill. This vicious circle brought depopulation of the more accessible portions of Amazonia, and survivors retreated to remote areas, where they have remained in relative isolation up to the present. Now they are threatened by the new roads traversing their lands, and the cycle of exploitation, cruelty, and death is beginning again.

Recently the Brazilian government, particularly the Indian Service, has been accused in the world press of fomenting this situation. It is true, as the author points out, that some Indian Service agents have been a party to the exploitation and even extinction of indigenous groups under their supervision. This, too, has its parallel in the settling of our own country: in numerous promises broken, treaties ignored, and treachery on the part of authorities charged with enforcing the law. Where salaries are low, temptation is great, and distance from centers of authority permits illegal acts to go unpunished. The kind of temperament required to face the uncertainties surrounding penetration into "virgin" lands seldom incorporates the qualities of tolerance, gentleness, or sympathy. "Shoot first and ask questions later" has always been the best insurance when survival is the primary concern of each individual.

Mr. Bodard, a journalist, tells his story in the vivid language and breathless pace of a reporter. He spans the period from initial European intervention in the 1500s to the present, and speaks from the European (which includes urban Brazilian) point of view. Moreover, he minces no words, with the result that the reader may find himself surfeited with cruelty, bloodshed, treachery, and man's inhumanity to man long before completing his book. Although the author shares the biases of other foreign observers about the "terrible Amazonian jungle, the most poisonous and pestilential anywhere on the surface of the earth," there is little doubt that most of what he relates is true. Bodard makes clear there are Brazilians who deplore the situation, who recognize its injustice, but who are helpless to stem the tide. Such individuals have also existed

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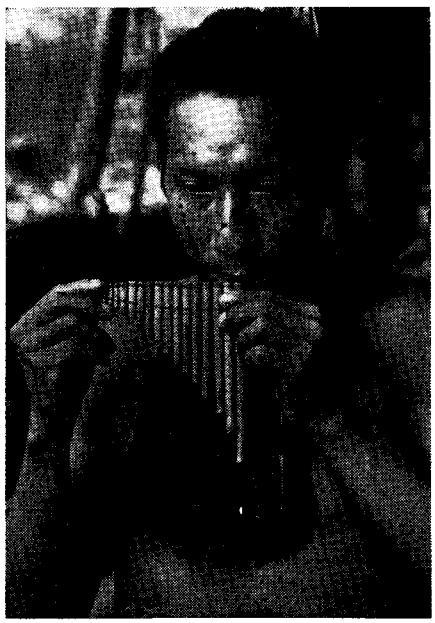
in other times and places where similar events have occurred or are currently taking place.

This, it seems to me, is the lesson to be learned from the Brazilian situation. Anyone who lays down *Green Hell* with the impression that what is happening in Amazonia is unique has missed the point. Modern transportation and communication permit more complete documentation of such tragedies than was possible in earlier times, and the jungle setting encourages more extravagant language than less colorful contexts, but the result is the same. The helplessness expressed by witnesses to the decimation of the Brazilian Indians reflects the power of invisible cultural forces that propel us along paths we may deplore but are unable to divert. Although other recent popular books have attributed this kind of behavior to our biological heritage, implying that it is unchangeable, evidence indicates that cultural rather than biological factors are basically responsible. Anthropologists are striving to learn how they operate, but until such understanding is achieved the story will continue to be repeated. Only the names will have to be changed.

Betty J. Meggers wrote *Amazonia: Man and Culture in a Counterfeit Paradise.*



Amazonian Indians—"part of a fabulous and intricately integrated forest community, . . . in harmony with their fellow creatures."

THE IROQUOIS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

by Barbara Graymont

Syracuse University Press,
359 pp., $11.50

Reviewed by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

■ For long it has seemed to many of those familiar with the history of Indian-white relations that the nature and conduct of America's involvement in Southeast Asia and, indeed, the American posture of self-righteous, often arrogant superiority when dealing with technologically less advanced peoples are, in many respects, direct extensions of attitudes and behavior that germinated in Jamestown, New Amsterdam, and Plymouth in the early seventeenth century.

During the 1630s the Atlantic colonists decided that the Indian was an agent of Satan, that as such the white man could not live peaceably with him, and that the duty of the civilized Christian was to change him into a quasi-white man, or exterminate him. The pattern set by the ferocious treatment of Indians in Virginia, New England, and lower New York between 1637 and 1686 (most of it now conveniently forgotten by non-Indians) marked Indian-white relations along the westward-moving frontier for the next 200 years. Excuses for the whites' aggressiveness changed. But the character of their conduct was determined always by their conviction that, because the Indians' cultures were different from their own, the former were inferior and must not endure.

To missionaries, teachers, and government agents the crushing of the last vestige of Indian military power in the late nineteenth century served as a green light to try to induce the Indians to accept the white man's beliefs, political structure, and economy. What we did not learn about the Indians—that they may not have needed or wanted our values and institutions —we have not learned about other peoples, including the Vietnamese.

During the two centuries of war upon the Indians, U.S. history (though not the kind that has yet been related in our textbooks) was filled with epical episodes of resistance by indigenous Americans. Until recently, they have not only been shrugged off but reduced to melodrama in dime novels, films, and television programs. Today, however, we are finally getting a glimpse of reality.

Among the studies that are starting to set aright the telling of Indian history, Barbara Graymont's *The Iroquois in the American Revolution* stands near the top. The Iroquois, a politically

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advanced confederacy of six tribes in upper New York, were at the height of their power and prestige in the decades prior to the Revolution. They occupied a geographically strategic position and, because of their strong political organization, the statesmanship and wisdom of their leaders, and their military capacity, firmly controlled their own territory and either dominated or exerted influence on huge areas inhabited by other tribes.

Miss Graymont's thoroughly researched and highly readable account reveals how the Revolution destroyed the Iroquois. Some of the peoples, the Oneidas particularly, were beset before the war by pro-colonist missionaries and Christianized Algonquian Indians (survivors of coastal tribes already debauched and decimated), who weakened them as loyal Iroquois and shamed them as Indians and, when the colonists broke with England, tugged them toward the side of the Revolutionists. Others, similarly played upon by agents of the Crown and by educated Indians, such as Joseph Brant the Mohawk, were cajoled, threatened, even impressed into supporting the British. Despite their reluctance to get involved, the Indians were already too dependent on the whites and could not remain neutral. They split apart, and—as Miss Graymont shows—the confused members of the confederacy not only entered the service of opposite sides in a war that was not theirs but engaged in angry combat with one another. When the Revolution was over, they had all lost. The Americans proved ungrateful to the Oneidas and the other Iroquois who had battled and bled for them, and the British simply abandoned the Senecas, Cayugas, and Mohawks who had fought on their side. The Iroquois were finished as a powerful, free people, and the acculturating process, already started, could now quicken.

The story has been told before, but never so fully and accurately. Miss Graymont provides many new perspectives on such familiar events as the battle of Oriskany and the Indian assaults on the Wyoming and Cherry valleys. Her account of General John Sullivan's slashing, burning expedition through the Iroquois country in 1779 (to the cry of "Civilization or death to all American savages!") conjures up images of more recent "search and destroy" missions. For Sullivan's immediate purposes his foray accomplished little since, despite the trumpetings in that pre-Pentagon era that the operation had dealt the Iroquois a crippling blow from which they would not recover, they came back against the New York colonists stronger than ever the next year.

This is not, perhaps, the book that an Indian historian would have written. The emphases would have been different, and we would have perceived with greater clarity and empathy the Indians' point of view. Their leaders are not made as real to us here as the whites. The heroic Seneca commander, Sayenqueraghta, almost unknown to non-Indians today, is dimly portrayed by Miss Graymont. It is as if Robert E. Lee were depicted as an obscure figure in a history of the Civil War. Red Jacket is treated rather like a running gag, and even Joseph Brant and Cornplanter never emerge as full-fleshed human beings. Miss Graymont explains that she has not dealt fully with the racial attitudes of the conflict because she believes they should be the subject of another book. It is a grievous omission of a basic ingredient.

Nevertheless, hers is an honest and conscientious work and, until one with a stronger Indian perspective comes along, it will serve as a reliable, and often illuminating, narrative of the white man's crippling of one of America's greatest native peoples.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., is senior editor of the Book Division of American Heritage. His books include *The Indian Heritage of America* and *Red Power: The American Indians' Fight for Freedom.*

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AN ORANGE FULL OF DREAMS

by Antoni Gronowicz

Dodd, Mead, 276 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Donald Stewart

■ In her foreword to Antoni Gronowicz's novel, *An Orange Full of Dreams*, Greta Garbo describes a lifelong, compelling wish that she could have lived out her life as a stage actress in the mid-nineteenth century rather than as a film star in the twentieth. Gronowicz has fleshed out this obsession, recycling the Garbo legend, at her request, "to realize her happiest fantasy . . ." One would hope that Miss Garbo merely agreed to put her name to this project on the condition that the author kept his farrago wholesome.

An Orange Full of Dreams is, if nothing else, a challenge to anyone who would try to parody it. What could even an S.J. Perelman, for example, do to improve upon this passage in which Garbo's dream-self—the famous Polish actress Greta Galingala—goes for a stroll with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?

As Greta and Longfellow walked along the Boston docks, she abruptly came to a stop.

"Is something the matter?" Longfellow asked.

"Do you hear those men talking?"

"Yes. They seem to be talking very fast. I don't recognize the language."

"It is Polish," said Greta, her eyes shining.

"It has a beautiful sound," said the poet charmingly.

But Greta shook her head, "No more beautiful than the language of Shakespeare and Longfellow."

"Then it is my turn to thank you, my dear, for putting my name by that of Shakespeare."

The plot of *Orange* is as simple as the prose is labored. From Cracow, Poland, ravishingly beautiful Greta Galingala acts her way to world fame, loving and suffering passionately (and occasionally marrying) en route, then abruptly retires, *à la* Garbo, at the peak of her career. The backdrop Gronowicz provides for this dream drama—at least when the action takes place in Poland—is as pedantically credible as a Belasco stage set. Vide the wide variety of prominent, real-life Poles the twenty-six-year-old Greta attracts to her salons after marrying Count Charles Bozenta:

Frequent visitors were Zygmunt Wroblewski and Karol Olszewski, who some time later became known as "the Siamese twins of Polish science." Among the artists were the influential Adam Chmielowski, Stanislaw Witkiewicz, and Jozef Chelmonski, who lectured at receptions about the art of painting.

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But then, in and out of salons, Greta manages to meet just about everybody of note in her day: among others, Anton Rubinstein, Victor Hugo, Jan Reszke, Thomas Edison, and Bernard Shaw. "Greta had in her possession a photograph of Ignace Paderewski, on which he had written: 'To a loving Greta with a plea for fond remembrance.'" In America, she tours with none other than Edwin Booth.

Perhaps the most farfetched scene in the book is the one in which Greta Galingala and Sarah Bernhardt strip to the buff to audition selections from *La Dame aux Camelias* for an admiring audience of fellow actresses serving as an informal jury charged with deciding which is the greater of the two prima donnas. Aware that readers may wonder why on earth Greta and Sarah must be nude in order for the jury to render a true verdict, Gronowicz provides a spokeswoman named Marie Colombier, who explains:

"For the complete appraisal of greatness it is necessary to take into consideration the many, so to speak, invisible elements of acting as an art—the beauty of the body, motion, and rhythm—which I would call the secrets of femininity. . . . I propose that the two contestants entirely divest themselves of all concealments in the way of clothes, and in this attire of Eve demonstrate their prowess.

It goes without saying that Greta Galingala wins hands down, so to speak. Whether the Garbo legend wins any luster from this gaga tale is a mooter matter.

Donald Stewart is a novelist and a freelance journalist.

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY OFF THE PLANET!

by Bob Ottum

Random House, 239 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ Bob Ottum, a *Sports Illustrated* editor who works in the Time-Life building and observes its curiosities daily, has written a novel about an extraterrestrial fellow who is hired as a science writer by *Time*. But, for all Ottum's inventiveness and ticklish vision, for all his publisher's insistence that the book is merely comic science fiction, I now am convinced that this is really a *roman à clef*.

The way Ottum tells it, the leaders of an unnamed planet, terrified at how earthlings have bollixed up their world, decide to intervene peacefully. They transform one of their own into a handsome humanoid named Bing Walter and equip him with piercing cobalt-blue eyes, a touch of athlete's foot, an antenna fashioned as a heart-shaped mole on his backside, and enough disabling and destruction gear to put James Bond to shame. Bing's mission: to get a job as a *Time* writer so that he can announce the upcoming intergalactic visit in "a *Time* cover story that the world will believe, simply because it appears in *Time*."

To do this, Bing enlists the unsuspecting support of J. Lew Trindle, a rumpled science writer who has never had a story published in *Time* the entire nine years that he's been there; Sally Lou Oddly, a dewy, pneumatic researcher who jounces around with her

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

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2. I grow old . . . I grow old, ( )
3. My darling—my darling, ( )
4. Forlorn. Forlorn! ( )

5. America! America! ( )
6. In lilac-time, in lilac-time. ( )

7. Tiger, tiger— ( )
8. A horse! a horse! ( )

9. I remember, I remember ( )
10. The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! ( )

11. Water, water— ( )
12. Yes sir, yes sir! ( )

A. Katherine Lee Bates
B. Blake
C. Byron
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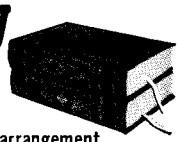

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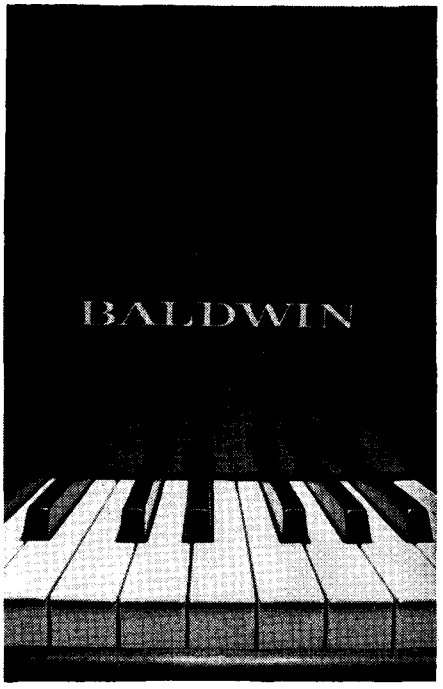

Peter Serkin's Accompanist

libido and her breasts unfettered; and a clever Cal Tech computer named Rufus. Rufus is the book's most amusing character. One suspects he spends his time gleefully getting even with society's benders, spindlers, and mutilators. He has the sensibility of a creative artist and the sense of humor of a stand-up comic.

WHY CAN'T YOU DECODE? [Bing asks Rufus.]
SIMPLE. NO SUCH CODE EXISTS. WHAT THE HELL LANGUAGE YOU USING, ANYWAY? SIGNED: RUFUS.
ENGLISH. WHAT YOU THINK?
WELL, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, ALL RIGHT. STILL CANNOT DECODE TO SAVE MY ASS. EVEN TRIED TO HELP THEM OUT BEYOND THE SCOPE OF MY PROGRAMMING AND BLEW A COUPLE TUBES. SIGNED: RUFUS.
THAT'S WHAT THE STORY SAID. YOU HURT YOURSELF?
NO, NOT REALLY. BUT WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FATHER CHILDREN NOW. HEH, HEH. SIGNED: RUFUS..

As for Ottum, he has a natural talent for gentle satire and a knack for getting large laughs from small jokes. Indeed, this is a very funny book, an insider's book, but a hilarious one nonetheless. But, is it really fiction?

Arthur Cooper is a habitual earthling who is an associate editor of *Newsweek*, for which he often reviews fiction.

WE CAN'T BREATHE

by Ronald Fair

Harper & Row, 216 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Leonard Fleischer

■ Apparently autobiographical, *We Can't Breathe*, Ronald Fair's fourth work of fiction is a somewhat fragmented series of character sketches and vignettes narrated by Ernie Johnson, a Chicago-born black man. Ernie tells us what it was like to grow up in a Chicago ghetto in the 1930s and early Forties. More specifically, he describes the familiar rituals he and his friends needed in order to survive—the insults and boastful expressions of *machismo*, the petty thievery, confrontation with white youths, pot smoking, and joyless sexual conquests. Expressions of tenderness and sensitivity violated the unwritten rules: embarrassed by his interest in reading, Ernie feigns illness lest his friends discover his private self.

We are introduced to an intriguing group, any one of whom might have made for a more interesting protagonist than Ernie himself: Willie Webster, a liar of near-mythic proportions whose adventures provide the novel with its comic moments; a fat, light-skinned boy, Jake, the object of envy, who betrays his black friends; gentle, illegitimate Sam, who, despite a horrifying family life, is beginning to carve out a humane identity when he is killed in military service; and George Washington Benjamin Brown, Ernie's closest chum, a bitter youth who meets a violent, but not unexpected, death.

The novel succeeds best in conveying a tone, compassion and regret. We witness families destroyed, lives wasted, justice denied. Although not primarily a protest or political novel, *We Can't Breathe*—like Fair's earlier Chicago novel, *Hog Butcher*—dramatizes the hypocrisy of a legal system based on a double standard of punishment. Yet—despite the formidable obstacles—Ernie Johnson (and Ronald Fair) did manage to survive. While this is of immense human significance, it is responsible for the major weakness of the novel. We never really understand why Ernie alone was able to preserve a sense of self that could not be destroyed.

Part of the book's difficulty is structure; the focus of this brief work is constantly switching. Such a narrative method allows a wider canvas, but it distracts from the narrator's own story. The result is that Ernie Johnson is not a particularly interesting figure, and his impressive achievement is of far less import—in terms of the novel, that is—than are the failures of the others.

Judged as a document of ghetto life, *We Can't Breathe* is detailed and informative. But Fair has chosen to write a novel, and his work must be judged as such. Although the opening section, describing winter games in an ugly slum, is a lyric gem, the writing in general is very uneven. A segment given over to a short story written by the narrator as a young man is particularly banal. Fair has failed to transform the deadening sameness and stultifying predictability of life in an urban slum into an experience that is imaginatively revealing. At its best, *We Can't Breathe* is a poignant album of memories; however, like most albums, the pictures radiate more meaning and emotion to the collector than to the casual observer.

Leonard Fleischer teaches black literature at the University of Akron.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 22: regal, large, glare, lager.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 L, Lullaby from *The Princess*; 2E, *Love Song of . . . Prufrock*; 3J, *Annabel Lee*; 4G, *Ode to a Nightingale*; 5A, *America the Beautiful*; 6I, *Barrel Organ*; 7B, *The Tiger*; 8K, *Richard III*; 9F; 10 C; 11 D, *Ancient Mariner*; 12 H, *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.*

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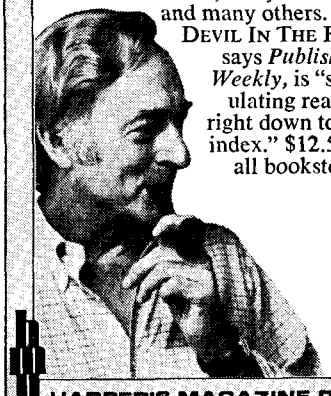

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS

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Blue-Collar Learners

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

William Peters's *A Class Divided* (Doubleday, $4.95) isn't one of the Great Books of the Western World. It is, however, a capably written record of an engrossing experiment in human relations, one with which some TV viewers may be familiar, since the story of Jane Elliott's classroom exploration of prejudice was pictured in the television documentary "The Eye of the Storm."

Mrs. Elliott, the teacher of a small third-grade class in Iowa, had been troubled that her all-white class couldn't possibly comprehend the bitter experience of minority children who were targets of discrimination. "I don't think we really know what it would be like to be a black child, do we?" she asked. "Would you like to find out?" Suppose, she suggested, the class were divided into brown-eyed children and blue-eyed children. And suppose that on one day blue eyes were better than brown eyes, and, on the next, brown eyes were better than blue. The class thought it sounded like an interesting game. Discrimination Day.

The elite group was granted special privileges and favored attention from the teacher, and frequently reminded of its superiority. The other was criticized, ignored, and coldly held up to ridicule. Each group, in turn, wore pinned-on blue collars, visible marks of inferior status. One hardly needs the testimony of subsequent classroom behavior to see the result; it is apparent in the photographs of individual children and groups. The blue-collared third-graders are sullen, hesitant, depressed, and angry. The others are happy and confident.

What is so impressive about the experiment is that these children *knew* it was a game, and a one-day game at that. Yet, in varying degrees, every child wearing a blue collar experienced not only tension in his relationships with his classmates and his teacher but a correlative retardation in his academic performance. The way each child drew a self-portrait (small one day, large the next; black one day, white the next) corroborated the findings of Robert Coles, who depicted similar anxieties in *Children of Crisis* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $8.50).

One day. A single day of being patronized, of being shown that if you had blue eyes—or brown eyes, or brown skin—you weren't expected to measure up to performance standards. And you didn't, because you were convinced you couldn't.

The experiment has been tried now with three successive third-grade classes, and it's apparent that the children have understood and remember. How long they will do so nobody can say; permanently, one hopes. Not many teachers could handle the situation, and undoubtedly many would not want to. A large gold star to Jane Elliott, who risked jeopardizing the happy relationship she had established with her pupils so that they might extend their boundaries of understanding.

While gold stars are being distributed, one to Anita and Arnold Lobel, for quite another reason. Known for their books for younger children, the Lobels are both among the most successful of contemporary author-illustrators. When they started out, however, assignments were scarce, so whoever had the job worked, while the other took care of the children, cooked, and cleaned house.

When it was Arnold's turn to take the children to the park, he found serried ranks of mothers looking askance. Why wasn't he *working*? Where was the children's *mother*?

Where, you may ask, was Women's Liberation? For two pioneers whose children undoubtedly see it straight, three cheers. Not many parents can smile with serene amusement at the memory of guests' startled faces when a child appeared to ask, "Daddy, where do you keep your aprons?"

Ick's ABC. *Written and illustrated by Fred Gwynne. Windmill. 32 pp. $5.95.* Ick, a rather wistful blob of a creature, meanders through the pages of an alphabet book that should alert any child not already conscious of pollution. "Air Pollution, Bulldozer, Concrete . . . Urban sprawl, Vermin, Water Pollution" are all there, cataloguing man's wanton destruction. Pert and pointed, this is as useful a way as any to present the alphabet. Ages 4-6.

Franklin Stein. *Written and illustrated by Ellen Raskin. Atheneum. 32 pp. $4.95.* In a ramshackle, turreted, tipsy house, one open window flaunts a huge scarlet contraption. But what is it? Franklin Stein, who's busily building the thing in the attic, calls it "Fred." The other tenants jeer at Franklin's creation, and passersby gasp that it is grotesque and horrible when he carts Fred down the street to be entered in the pet parade. The judge, though, carols, "Original, creative, artistic, superb," and gives Franklin Stein the award for the most unusual pet. "Superb," the erstwhile critics agree. In a story told and drawn with brio, the bright red Fred is a startling contrast to the greens and blues used for everything else. Ages 5-8.

ABC's of the Earth. *By Isaac Asimov. Illustrated with drawings and photographs. Walker. 48 pp. $4.50.* Two earth terms are given for each letter of the alphabet, from Antarctica and avalanche to zeolite and zone. A picture, sometimes two, illustrates each term and some have a diagram as well. While the text is not comprehensive, it's simply written and gives good, accurate coverage, including some of the more dramatic events or formations in nature. Ages 8-10.

from "The Iron Lion"

The Iron Lion. *By Peter Dickinson. Illustrated by Marc Brown. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 46 pp. $5.50.* Deviating from the traditional fairy tale theme of princess, suitors, and ordained obstacle, Peter Dickinson tells a witty story that will be best appreciated by those familiar enough with the genre to appreciate the sophisticated ribbing. The beautiful Princess Yasmin of Persia has agreed to marry the prince who brings to court, dead or alive, the dread Iron Lion of Ferdustan. The prize finally goes to Mustapha, a peasant prince, who wins the beast's confidence by rubbing him with a foul-smelling stuff he has discovered—oil. Though the illustrations are virile, they're often cropped so that only a part of a face or figure is visible. Good for reading aloud to younger children, as well as for readers of 8-10.

End of the Game. *By Hila Colman. Photographs by Milton Charles. World. 92 pp. $4.95.* We all know a Mrs. Stevens, a woman with a social conscience, proud of her liberal outlook and anxious to inculcate in her children attitudes of acceptance. In Hila Colman's astute exposé, Mrs. Stevens

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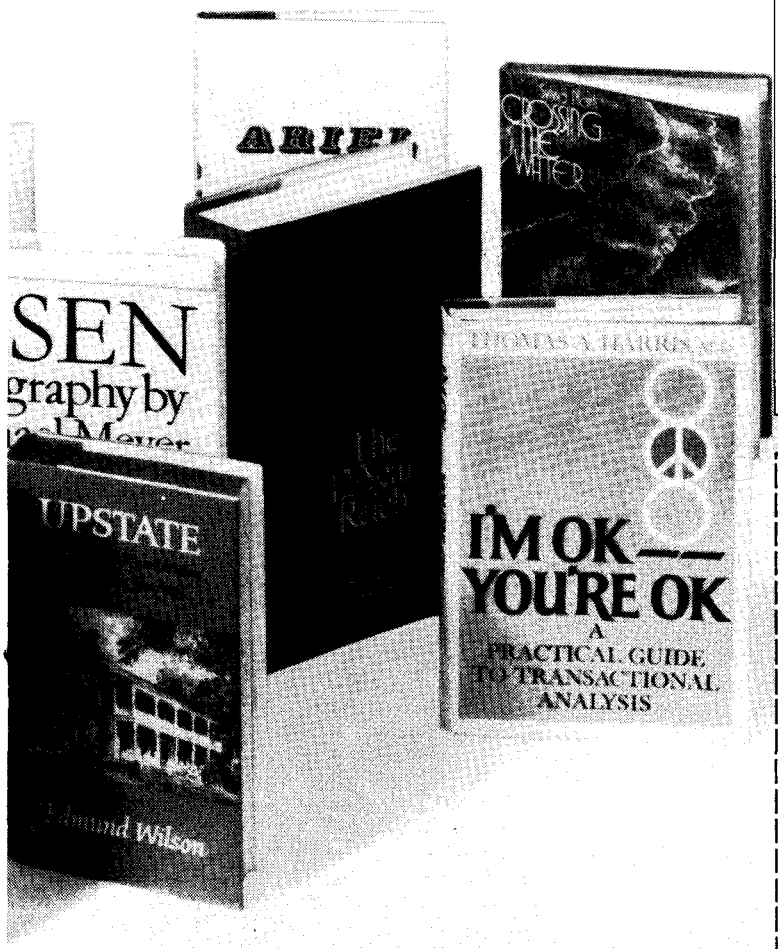

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has decided to be nice to Donny, a black ghetto child, and invite him to share the pleasures of a country summer. Her twin daughters are indifferent, but her young son Timmy is at once exhilarated and apprehensive about having someone his own age as a house guest. Donny arrives and the two boys, after the usual preliminary shyness, become fast friends. But the visit is brought to an abrupt end by Mrs. Stevens's determinedly polite treatment of her visitor, a genteel form of discrimination. Perceptive and candid, the story closes with the hope that Timmy and Donny are unspoiled enough to see people rather than color. Ages 9-11.

Someplace Else. *Written and illustrated by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row. 167 pp. $4.50.* For eleven-year-old Arnie Schiffman, moving to a new neighborhood and having to give up his pet rabbit were hard enough. Now, unhappily preparing for his bar mitzvah, he has to contend with crabby old Rabbi Bleisch, about whom his new friend Elliott had warned, "Whatever you do, don't go to Rabbi Bleisch. He's a loser." Other problems: creepy Gloria, the girl his mother thought was great, and "Nervous Noonan," his teacher at school. The story of Arnie's year, which ends sadly with his father's death, is so full of sharply observed details that it seems almost autobiographical. Ages 9-11.

Moominvalley in November. *Written and illustrated by Tove Jansson. Translated from the Swedish by Kingsley Hart. Walck. 175 pp. $4.50.* Remembering the geniality of Moominpapa and Moominmamma, six lonely friends find their separate ways back to the loving household. But the Finn family Moomintroll is gone, and the November gloom of the visitors deepens. Although none of the six is a sociable creature, they more or less put up with each other, and, perhaps recalling the warmth of the family, they eventually learn how pleasant communal life can be. Tove Jansson, winner of the Hans Christian Andersen Award, has a polished style, gentle humor, and an ever-fresh imagination. And her creatures, from the fussy Hemulen and Fillyjonk to cowering little Toft, are as delightful as ever. Ages 9-11.

Who Really Killed Cock Robin?: An Ecological Mystery. *By Jean Craighead George. Dutton. 150 pp. $4.95.* The residents of Saddleboro were ecology conscious, and none more so than the mayor, whose particular pride was the robins nesting in a hat on his front porch. Nevertheless, despite the carefulness of its citizens, the town is subject to some undetected pollutant, for one day the father robin is found dead. Young Tony Isidoro, assisted by his friend Mary Alice, decides to investigate the cause. While Tony's interest and application in tracking down the elusive killer are believable, his omniscience is less so. The theme, however, is so important and the unraveling of the mystery so deft and authoritative that the story captivates. Ages 10-12.

To Sunset and Beyond. *By Alec Lea. Walck. 157 pp. $4.75.* Peter Varden, looking back on his boyhood, recalls the longest day of his life. It was haymaking time, and every member of the family had risen at dawn to work against the threat of rain. Sent to fetch the cows, Peter had found them gone, and during his search on the lonely, fog-bound wastes of Dartmoor he became lost. His night of terror is vividly described, and the book would be worth reading for the atmosphere and suspense alone. But the episode is also set off by a colorful depiction of the life of a Devonshire farm family in the late nineteenth century. Ages 10-14.

A Child in Prison Camp. *Written and illustrated by Shizuye Takashima. Tundra Books. 76 pp. $7.95.* First published in Canada, this story of a Japanese-Canadian internment camp is based on personal experience—as was Yoshiko Uchida's *Journey to Topaz* [*SR*, Dec. 11]. Although no Japanese-Canadians were ever accused of espionage or sabotage, thousands of them were sent to prison camps for three years, their homes confiscated, their careers ended. The tragedy of the displaced prisoners, as they struggle to make a bearable life for themselves in bleak surroundings, is seen though Shizuye's eyes. Despite the harsh regime, there were moments of tenderness and humor, and at the end of the war, given the choice of returning to Japan or relocation, the internees reacted more with resigned despair than bitterness. Ages 10 up.

The Strange Affair of Adelaide Harris. *By Leon Garfield. Illustrated by Fritz Wegner. Pantheon. 223 pp. $4.95.* "You snare and trap us with your charms," the foppish rake Ralph says hopefully, as he guides his latest victim, Tizzy Alexander, to a hidden dell in the fields. But his evil intent is balked, for there lies a deserted infant upon whom Tizzy swoops with such fervor that she knocks her swain down. The infant is Adelaide Harris, placed there by her older brother, who—emulating the Spartan practice described by his history teacher—hopes to see the child suckled by a wolf. Leon Garfield's Dickensian tale romps through a web of cross-purposes, misunderstandings, and low-comedy chicanery, as Adelaide's removal to a poorhouse perpetrates a chain reaction of volatile events. Ages 11-14.

All the World's a Stage: Modern Plays for Young People. *Edited by Lowell Swortzell. Delacorte. 610 pp. $12.50.* Most collections of plays intended for children and young people are tremendously useful but—let's face it—utterly mediocre. Fortunately, Lowell Swortzell, who has written and directed plays for children, does not underestimate their ability to comprehend or their interest. His twenty-one selections here are by such authors as Strindberg, Garcia Lorca, Saroyan, O'Casey, and Brecht. He also includes a rock musical based on *Twelfth Night*, adaptations of two Noh plays, an opera libretto, a fairy tale, and a tragicomedy with a ghetto setting. Rich fare. Ages 11-15.

The Land of Canaan. *By Isaac Asimov. Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $5.95.* That strip of land called the Fertile Crescent (now divided between Syria, Lebanon, Israel, and Jordan) has a long and intricate history, which Asimov presents with his usual

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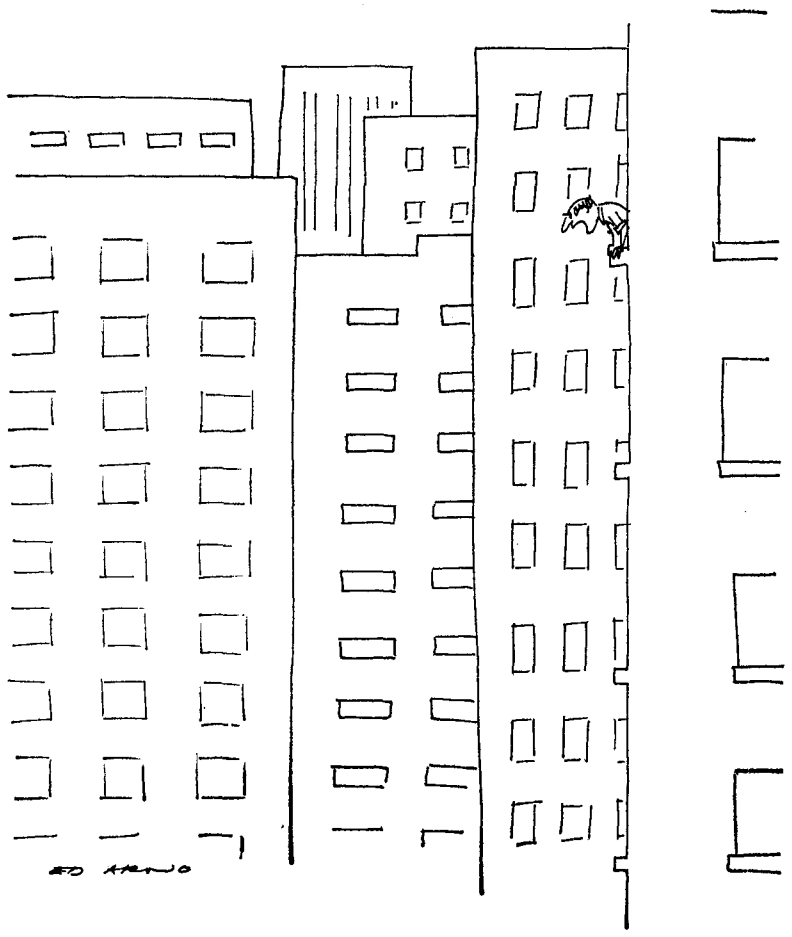
ebullient confidence. The text focuses primarily on the western horn of the Crescent and, because its span is from Neolithic times to 135 A.D. and the Roman dominance of Jerusalem, it includes such a mass of names, dates, and events that the reader may be overwhelmed. But the writing is lucid and cohesive, the information authoritative, and the discussion of Judaism and Christianity especially perceptive. Ages 12 up.

The Young Masters. *By Alan Scholefield. Morrow. 210 pp. $5.95.* In the first part of this book an orphaned, South African schoolboy is on a long, hot, dusty trek to an unknown relative, accompanied by his beloved mentor, an old black man named Luther; in the second, which covers Paul's years at school, the boy and Luther have long been separated. Each section is distinct, providing a cruel and vivid picture of the injustices of South African life. The vigorous writing, fraught with unspoken indictment, is laced with acid, brilliant sketches of minor characters. For young adults.

Jean in the Morning. *By Janet Sandison. St. Martin's. 246 pp. $4.95.* Set in a small town in the Scottish lowlands prior to and during the First World War, Jean Robertson's story vividly evokes the narrow lives and rigid class system of Lochfoot residents. Though Jeanie, a tenement child, accepted without question her fellows' disdain for authority and for those who were better off, she suffered from the cold, dour atmosphere of her home and scampered off whenever possible to the comfort of her grandmother's cottage. The war came, bringing Belgian refugees and a bevy of prostitutes, and from both groups Jean learned that life could hold gaiety and kindness. The place and the period are recreated with convincing fidelity, and the lives of the boldly drawn characters are described in a vigorous style. For young adults.

The Runaways. *By Victor Canning. Morrow. 222 pp. $5.95.* Fifteen-year-old Smiler, who has escaped from an English reform school, is finally picked up by the police, but he makes a dash for freedom when a branch, felled by lightning, blocks their road. In the same storm a bolt of lightning also knocks down a fence at Longleat, the animal refuge, releasing a cheetah named Yarra. Smiler takes shelter in a barn loft, Yarra prowls below, and their paths cross repeatedly. It is only after the cheetah has had cubs, and she has died, that boy meets animal. Smiler feeds and trains the orphaned cubs, then stealthily returns them to Longleat. Both story lines, told in alternate chapters and scarcely meshing, hold interest, but the emphasis is on Smiler, who proves himself a decent chap by getting a job and winning adult approval, even though he has lied about his identity and been detected. What gives *The Runaways* vitality is its judicious mixture of appealing characters, suspense, light humor, and precise detail. For young adults.



"How about a little quiet down there!"

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(Continued from page 83)

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CAMPS

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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

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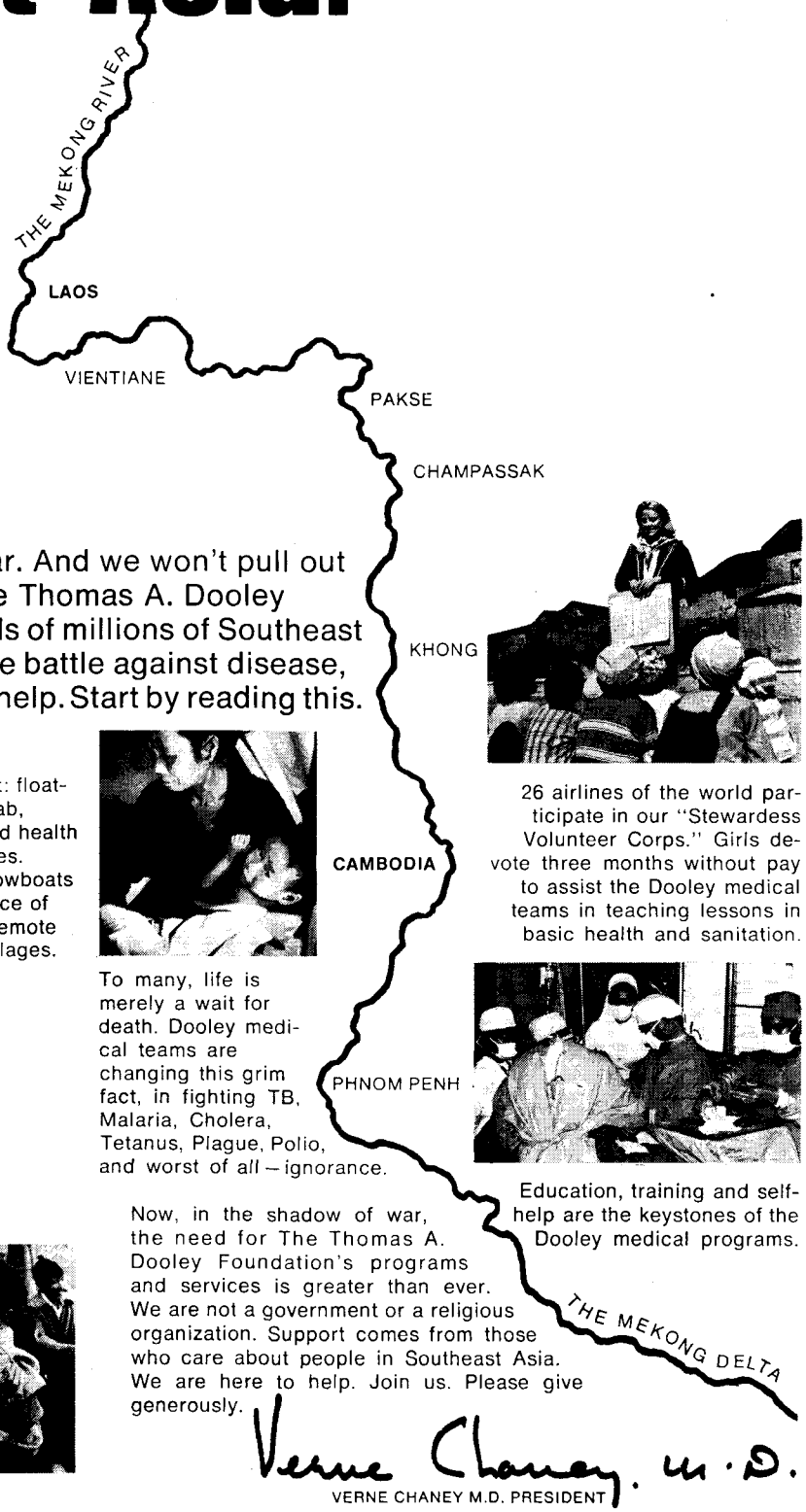

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H. Riddled	179 196 55 64 82 100
I. Bertolt Brecht heroine (2 wds.)	11 23 35 45 58 80 107 125 136 150 194 208 3
J. Line on a map connecting points of equal depth below a water surface	6 26 33 127 201 210 48
K. "Thou wretched fraction, wilt thou be ___ even of a tailor?" (3 wds.; Carlyle, "Francia")	51 57 61 69 140 167 152 180 109 12 17 31
L. By far; outstandingly (3 wds.)	76 88 18 104 15 126 165 42 78 181 220 98 186 197 32 47
M. Subject of a Shirer book (3 wds.)	52 148 20 183 192 207 40 114 119 138 151 168 200
N. Existing for the sake of something else	204 10 72 84 90 224 123 143 110 153 39
O. Overflowing with fervor; high-spirited	70 131 171 141 129 164 63 133 77
P. Removed by pressure or friction (2 wds.)	95 89 149 170 118 191 41 67 139
Q. Sources of ornamental plumes	166 214 50 121 135 154
R. With renewed vigor	25 159 172 193 81 155
S. Slogans	156 184 86 211 16 49 142 36 44 209 43
T. Made a choice	79 117 202 66 9
U. Caught	173 169 1 27 93 13
V. Seaport city of S Eire	182 101 203 99 62 163 219 137 223
W. Ancient people of Asia Minor and Syria	22 146 56 115 174 177 157 71
X. Former name of Nanning, treaty port of Kwangsi prov., China	132 53 189 75 112 213 175 7

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 U	2 F	3 I		4 C	5 B	6 J	7 X	8 D	9 T	10 N		11 I	12 K	13 U	14 D		15 L
	16 S	17 K	18 L	19 C	20 M		21 G	22 W	23 I	24 A		25 R	26 J		27 U	28 E	29 C
30 F		31 K	32 L	33 J	34 G	35 I	36 S	37 D		38 A	39 N	40 M	41 P	42 L	43 S		44 S
45 I	46 C		47 L	48 J	49 S	50 Q	51 K		52 M	53 X	54 C	55 H		56 W	57 K	58 I	59 F
	60 F	61 K	62 V	63 O		64 H	65 F	66 T		67 P	68 A	69 K	70 O	71 W	72 N		73 C
74 B	75 X	76 L	77 O		78 L	79 T	80 I	81 R	82 H	83 G	84 N	85 A		86 S	87 B		88 L
89 P	90 N	91 G	92 B	93 U		94 D	95 P	96 C	97 E	98 L	99 V	100 H		101 V	102 G	103 D	
104 L	105 E	106 A	107 I	108 F	109 K	110 N	111 D	112 X	113 C	114 M		115 W	116 B		117 T	118 P	119 M
120 E	121 Q	122 A	123 N	124 G	125 I	126 L		127 J	128 A	129 O	130 D		131 O	132 X		133 O	134 F
135 Q	136 I	137 V	138 M		139 P	140 K	141 O	142 S	143 N	144 D		145 B	146 W	147 A	148 M		149 P
150 I	151 M	152 K	153 N	154 Q	155 R		156 S	157 W	158 D	159 R	_	160 G	161 B	162 F	163 V	164 O	165 L
166 Q	167 K	168 M	169 U		170 P	171 O	172 R	173 U	174 W	175 X	176 B		177 W	178 C		179 H	180 K
181 L	182 V		183 M	184 S	185 B		186 L	187 G	188 E	189 X	190 D	191 P		192 M	193 R	194 I	195 B
196 H	197 L	198 E		199 F	200 M	201 J	202 T		203 V	204 N	205 B		206 C	207 M	208 I	209 S	210 J
	211 S	212 B	213 X	214 Q	215 F	216 D	217 E		218 F	219 V	220 L	221 D	222 C		223 V	224 N	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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Brandy for the boys.

What you see in the picture below is an example of brandy as a beverage. Note the people talking. Munching. Actually drinking. Not a couple of sniffs, mind you. Not a couple of sips. But swallows.

This is possible with Fundador. Fundador is Spanish brandy. Unlike most imported brandies, it's so gentle you can drink it by the mouthful.

The sight of brandy and shirtsleeves might seem strange to you at first. And you might have to get used to the idea of brandy before you eat. Or when you haven't just come in out of the rain.

But human beings adapt fast. Before you know it, your vocabulary will be swelled by phrases like brandy and pretzels. Brandy and sausage pizza. Brandy and tuna fish on rye.

And perhaps someday, a "Brandy Driver."

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Brandy people actually drink.

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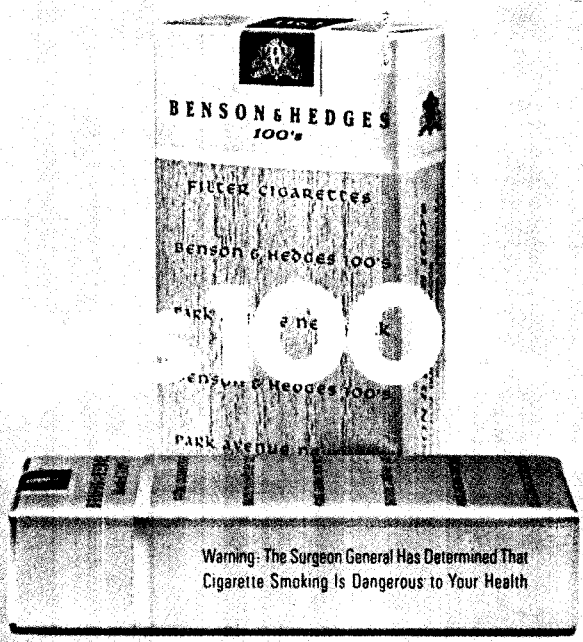

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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